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WHAT SHALL I DO WITH MY BOY?

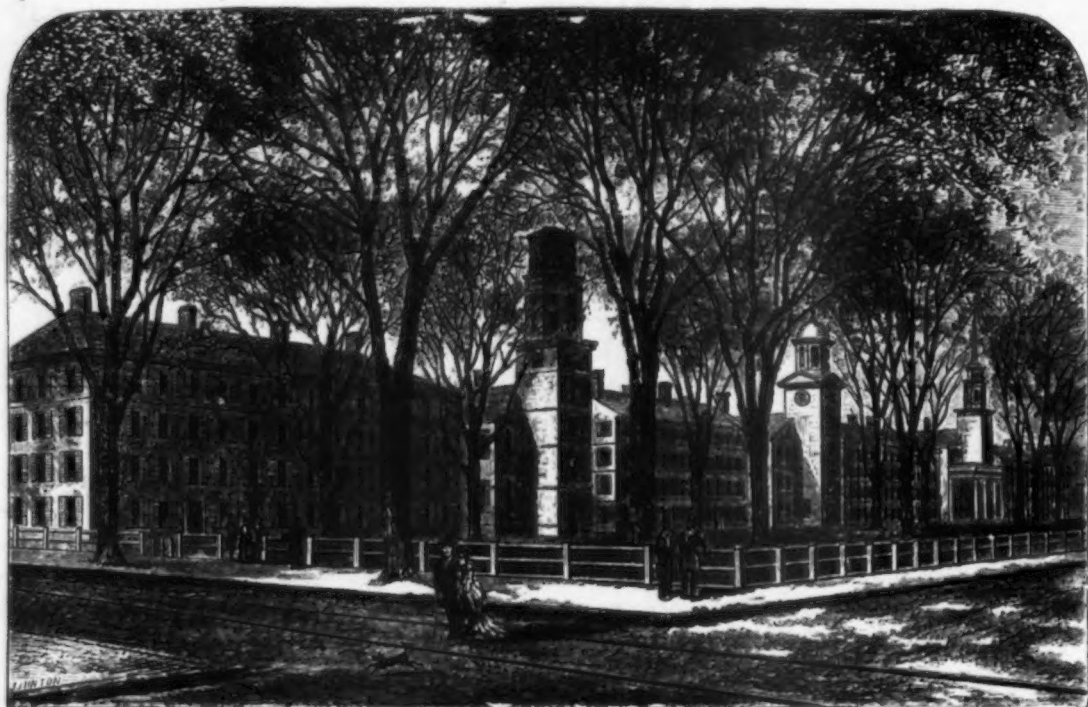
By JOHN MACMULLEN.

THE number of our studies has increased so much, and the demands of all kinds upon the human brain are so much more numerous than they were, that education has become a very much more complicated affair.

About fifty years spent in teaching have enabled me to try many plans, as well as to see others tried, and I propose to give the best advice I can as to the momentous question, "What shall I do with my boy?"



MEMORIAL DINING-HALL, HARVARD.



OLD YALE COLLEGE.

First of all, give him health, for without health he can do nothing. The parent or the teacher that urges the brain of a sick boy is a monster either of ignorance or of evil, and the greater demands now made upon the brain require just so much greater care on our part to keep it in the highest condition.

The laws of health are few and simple. The great difficulty is to get people to follow them.

A sufficient quantity of good, plain food, properly cooked, plenty of fresh air and exercise, and a skin properly cared for by washing and rubbing, are all that is necessary for high health and for a long and useful life, yet there is nothing in which the weakness of poor human nature is more decidedly shown than in our constant over-eating and under-exercising, and our suffering in consequence thereof.

If you can send your boy to a school with a gymnasium or playroom attached, do so. If you have the means let him learn boxing and dancing, as well as single stick and fencing, provided he does the last two as much with the left hand as the right, otherwise he will be developed much more on one side than the other.

Beside strengthening and developing the body, these exercises have an excellent moral effect. They entirely prevent all morbid desires or passions, and give a manly tone to ideas and to actions.

Let your boy be also taught, or let him teach himself, those various simple movements of the arms and legs that can best be made in his bedroom at night, or in the morning, when his clothing is loose and his limbs are freest. They are called free gymnastics, or (by the Germans) chamber gymnastics.

These will render him independent of all gymnasiums, and of all teachers. No matter where he may be he can always insure himself sufficient exercise, and prevent any evil effect of sedentary employment, especially if he will practice the four simple movements called

the "set up drill," which are used in all the armies of the world to straighten up the stooping clod-hopper into the erect soldier.

Another mode of exercising is from within, by means of deep-breathing, that is, by expanding the chest to its utmost capacity, and holding it so expanded as long as nature will allow.

This exercise is more and more eloquently advocated by some of our physical educationists, and has the very great advantage of enabling us to exercise and expand

our chests and lungs without attracting observation, even in a car or in a church.

The young man who increases the capacity of his chest by frequent deep breathing is not only fortifying himself against pneumonia and consumption, but is adding to the power and depth of his voice, so that he can use it more effectually for any purpose that he chooses.

As to fresh air, it has well been said that a man should be as choice of the air he breathes as of the food he eats.

Bad air is a constant poison, while good air is a steady tonic and the best of tonics. Good, red, healthy blood cannot be produced in the lungs when they are filled with the exhalations of many people and unwholesome effluvia from many sources. There is no such thing as fresh air in a large city, and even in a large village, or in your own house, it is often not fresh on account of deficient drainage.

If you are compelled to live in a city, try hard to have your boy get outside of it for, at least, one hour per day. Let his Saturday holiday be devoted as much as possible to this great restorer, and half the blessed Sunday should be given also, if need be, to teach him obedience to the wise laws of his Creator about his body, which is the temple of his soul.



PRINCETON COLLEGE.

As to the skin, we are told that a full-grown man discharges from his cuticle, in 24 hours, from 18 to 20 ounces (1½ to 1¾ pounds) of solid matter, by insensible perspiration, which is going on constantly. If this be not removed, either by rubbing or washing, or both, the skin is clogged, and its undone work makes an additional burden for the intestines, the kidneys or the lungs.

Supposing that you have done all you can to insure the health of your boy, let us now consider what you can do for his brain education.

This cannot commence too soon. In fact, it commenced at his birth, and is constantly going on. Your duty is to help it and direct it.

Though home education should continue as long as possible, it is of the greatest importance, of course, before he goes to school.

He has three sources of information—observation, conversation and books. As to the first, take him about with you as much as possible. Enlarge as much as you can his field of observation. The more things you give him to compare, the more he will learn, the greater will be his experience in any given time, and the more expanded will be his views. Let him read, or have read to him, the story of *Eyes and No Eyes*, showing how

much more one boy observed than another, although both went over the same ground together; and get him into the habit of giving an account of what he sees, so as to get command of language, as well as to fix the facts more firmly in his head.

As to conversation, answer all his questions promptly, pleasantly, and with sufficient fullness, but do not overload him with too much information at one time. Follow his lead as much as possible, and stop short when he seems to have enough. Do not allow yourself to be too impatient at the number of his questions, or at his heedlessness and apparent folly.

Try to remember that he is a little savage, born into a high state of civilization, and that all these complicated results that surround him excite his constant wonder, and impel him to ask their causes.

You are accustomed to them. To you, they are no longer mysteries; but to him, his very clothing is a mystery, and also the house in which he lives. Why should he not ask innumerable questions, and why should they not be pleasantly, clearly and instructively answered? If you have not the time and the patience, try hard to get some one else to do it.

"Robinson Crusoe" is necessarily one of a boy's favorite books, for that world-renowned instructor tells how he made his own pots and pans and kettles, and his own clothing and his own house.

If you can have your boy as eager for knowledge at fifteen as he is at five, you need not fear about his education, for he will get it in spite of all obstacles.

When he begins his school, do not consider your duties as one of the home educators at an end. On the contrary, you should show the greatest possible interest in his studies.

You should ask about each one particularly, whenever you can spare the time, and you should make it a special point to compliment him furiously whenever your conscience will allow. Praise is always pleasant, and it is infinitely superior in its effects to blame.

Above all, try to show him from your own daily experiences, or from those of your fellow-men, the pleasure and usefulness of the different kinds of knowledge. A short story, a little personal history, a recent incident, a fresh application of past wisdom, give life and interest to all studies. They link the boy to the man, and show that the little school is really one of the small ante chambers of the great world without.

If you have no choice, and must send him to a public school, secure him, if you can, a place in that public school where the best teacher is, and find this out by a

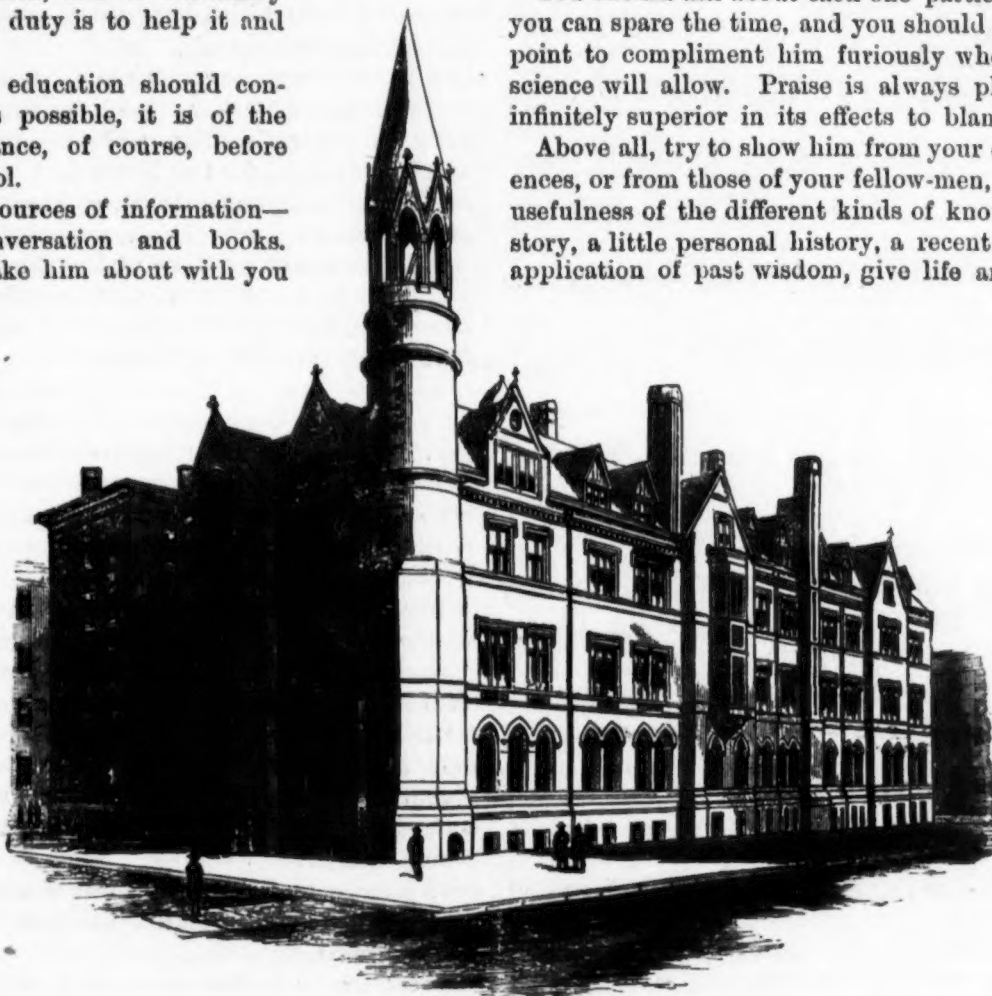
personal visit to her class, so that you may see her method of instruction. Follow as closely as you can his footsteps in the path of knowledge, and prevent, as far as in you lies, his learning anything that he must afterward unlearn.

Visit his schoolroom frequently, or get some one to do it for you, so that you may see that everything is done for proper ventilation and for cleanliness. Bad companions, also, may, to a certain extent, be avoided by observing those whose seats are nearest, and asking the teacher of the class to change his place if it should seem desirable.

Children sometimes get bad habits at a very early age. I once had a pupil of nine who, when he came to my school, suffered from a bad habit which he must have learned from his companions.

When a teacher notices that a child is carefully looked after by judicious parents she naturally pays more attention to it, and the child thus profits more.

If you have a choice, and can afford to send your boy to a private school, then comes the question, which is best for him, a public school, a private school or private teaching.



COLUMBIA COLLEGE.

The arguments in favor of public schools are :

1. That they are more democratic or republican than private schools.
2. As a man has to come into contact with all kinds of men in after life, he should become accustomed to this while young.
3. There is a regular, fixed drill in all the studies, which will give him precise habits.

The arguments against them are :

1. As the classes range from thirty to eighty, the average being about sixty, each pupil gets only one-sixtieth of the attention of the teacher.
2. There is very little chance for individual attention or individual development.
3. There is a necessary ignorance outside of the line of drill.
4. There may be danger, of course, of vulgar or vicious companions.
5. Where there is overcrowding the air must be deadly.
6. There may be more danger from contagious diseases.
7. The shameful neglect of all physical education in all our public schools.

One day I heard a gentleman say that the drill in the public schools was excellent, but if you took one of their pupils one inch outside of his drill he was lost.

Not long after this, one of my old college chums brought his boy to me, and said that he had been educating his boy in the public schools, but had changed his mind, and now wished to have him prepared for college.

I found, on trial, that what had been stated was strictly true. In the line of his drill this boy was ahead of mine, but outside of it he was curiously deficient.

The arguments in favor of private schools are :

1. Greater individual attention.
2. A wider range of studies.
3. Better chance for ventilation.
4. Less danger from contagion.
5. Freedom to choose special studies.
6. Greater liberty of choice in the schools which are of different patterns.
7. Better companions.

The arguments against them are :

1. That the scholars and teachers are not under the same pressure as in the public schools, and, therefore, in some cases may not work so hard.
2. As there is not a definite drill in each study, the excellence of the school depends more on the character of the teacher.

The advantages of private teaching are :

1. A better opportunity for superintending and directing studies.
2. More absolute choice of studies.
3. Choice of the kind of discipline.
4. Avoidance of all danger as to companions.

The disadvantages are :

1. Want of emulation.
2. Loss of the pleasure of companionship.
3. The loss of valuable lessons in keeping one's temper in managing others, and in getting along with them, as to selfishness, generosity and prodigality, and in the workings of human nature generally.

4. The terrible feeling of monotony that comes after a while from keeping company with grown people only, and seeing such a limited number of faces every day.

The question of discipline is, perhaps, next in importance. This cannot be commenced too soon. A child can, and should, be taught obedience long before you can

reason with it, and the longer you leave this lesson untaught the harder it is to teach.

Any parent that does not teach his child, as soon as possible, prompt obedience, is guilty of treason to the highest interests of the child, and of the community in which it lives.

I am not in favor of corporal punishment. I was so well educated in this direction that, finally, I could stand and take, without wincing, any flogging that my teacher could give me. When he saw this, he gave it up, and we got along together sufficiently well thereafter. At that time, if I had been able, I should have knocked him down and kicked him, but he was quite a strong man and I was forced to submit.

A better revenge came to me in after days, when I was myself a young teacher. He knew that I had been carefully trained in elocution, and asked me if I could teach this in his school for two hours each week. I arranged so as to make this engagement, and had the satisfaction of managing, in his own school, a class of his boys, that he said he could not get along with without flogging, in such a manner that not one of them was flogged or punished in any way during the entire school year. My secret was that I kept them all so pleasantly occupied that they had none of the temptations of idleness, and I treated them with so much consideration, accompanied by sufficient firmness, that we never had any trouble.

All boys wish to find out whether those in authority have the necessary backbone. When this has been sufficiently demonstrated, they usually settle down to their work, and the machinery of education goes on.

Wrong actions come necessarily from wrong notions. The best way, therefore, to change conduct is to change ideas. This, of course, must first be attempted by patient reasoning. If this should not succeed, then the next best thing is to give plenty of time for solitary reflection.

A healthy boy shut up in a room "to think it over" soon gets tired of the process, provided he has been justly treated.

This last point, however, is just where so many parents and so many teachers fail. There is nothing in the whole world more divine than simple, even-handed justice.

The burning indignation that flames up in the youthful heart against injustice is a grand and noble thing, provided that it is right, and the greatest possible pains should be taken to leave no reasonable doubt as to this matter.

Solitary reflection, with nothing to irritate him, will soon bring a boy to reason, but he must see in you no sign of flinching. If you once tell him that he must stay by himself until he comes to some conclusion, or if you tell him that he will be shut up in the "Reflectory" half an hour for the first offense, one hour for the next, and so on, you may visit him from time to time, but he must see no sign of weakness.

Rewards, however, are better than punishments. Hearty and unstinted praise, when really deserved, making him a bow, shaking hands with him, giving him pleasure in any way that you can think—all these are heart-warming and encouraging, and will urge him onward in the right direction.

Military discipline is an excellent thing, but in the military schools that have come under my observation the literary part appeared always inferior to the military.

In every school, however, there should always be some degree of military command, and each pupil should be made in turn "Officer of the Day," for few things are more improving to a boy than to accustom him to

command, so that he may learn to resist its temptations and its excesses, and be better prepared to obey when he finds how much trouble the want of prompt obedience may cause.

Reading, writing and arithmetic are, of course, at the foundation, and in these you can do much for him. No matter what school he goes to, or who teaches him, let him read to you occasionally, if for only five minutes at a time, and be sure to see to it that he moves his lips freely, pulls back vigorously the corners of his mouth, and sticks out his under jaw sufficiently when the syllable requires it.

Let him understand that syllables and words do not tumble out ready made, but must be shaped as come out. With very little labor and time on your part they you can insure for him a clear and distinct enunciation that will be a blessing to himself and to others all his life.

If you will let him write for you occasionally, and see that he writes a legible hand, you will prevent profanity and loss of time. The best rule in this matter is to allow no letter to pass that cannot be recognized immediately by itself without any aid from the other letters.

Edward Everett Hale, in one of those interesting papers in the *Forum*, entitled "How I was Educated," says that he was largely indebted in this study to his elder brother, who always maintained that any one who disliked arithmetic, or could not get along with it, had never been properly taught common fractions and the rule of three.

This accords with my experience. All through my youthful life arithmetic was one of my bugbears. It was only when I began to teach, and had to learn arithmetic all over, from the very beginning, that I saw how it should be taught, and one of the consequences has been to give me any amount of patience required in teaching it. It is of the utmost importance to get your boy well started in this study. No pains and no patience should be thought too great to enable him to master thoroughly these two things.

Question him whenever you can, and do not find too much fault with him for stupid answers. A question asked by one person is very seldom exactly the same as when asked by another, and the different surroundings, as well as sometimes the mere anxiety to answer correctly, will confuse the young intellect and make it seem paralyzed. It is not fair to judge of your boy, or of his teacher, by such results, as the following anecdote will show:

Some years ago I was asked to call at a certain house to see about preparing a young man for the entrance examination of Columbia College. It was about 7 p. m., in warm weather, and all the family were out on the front steps when I called. While trying to find out what the young man knew about interest I asked him a question that he did not answer at once. The impatient father said, "Why, my son! Can't you answer that?" and immediately gave, himself, a wrong answer.

I thought it best to say nothing then, intending to teach the true answer at another time.

When I was giving my pupil his first lesson, he said: "Mr. M—, did my father give you the correct answer to your question last evening?"

"No, he did not," said I, "but I thought it best not to set him right before you all."

"Well, sir, after you had gone, my brother-in-law discussed the matter with him, and he was obliged to confess that he was wrong."

Now, here was a Wall Street broker, accustomed to

calculate interest every day of his life, and who could far surpass me in rapidity in answering the ordinary questions about interest, who yet broke down when asked in an unusual way.

One way of establishing a primary school is for persons living on the same block, so that there need be no crossing of streets, to club together, and hire a primary teacher. The Normal College is supplying us every year with so many well-qualified young teachers that one of them can be secured for five dollars per week to teach from nine to twelve. Small children could thus have good teaching near home, and companionship enough to secure emulation.

When your boy gets larger, if he still remains at the public school, continue to look after his health with unremitting vigilance, and to interest him in every way in his studies.

If you give him weekly pocket-money, make it a percentage of his school-marks, and see that he calculates it correctly for himself.

It is also a good plan to have him keep an account of his expenses, with a weekly balance, and also a journal. The formation of this daily habit is worth all the time and trouble it may take. If he should afterward recollect something that he should have put down on a particular day, show him how to make a forward reference to a certain passage from that day, and, after he has written out what he has to say, to make a backward reference to the date.

If you wish to select for him a private school, recollect that the best information about any school is obtained from an intelligent boy who has been through it. Next best to this, is to go, or get some one to go, to hear a recitation there, and to see the ordinary working of the school.

If you have the money to spare, it may be advisable to have a teacher to help your boy with his lessons after school, so that he may be assured of sufficient time for fresh air and exercise, a watch being kept to see that he is not injured by being helped too much. Such an arrangement might be made with one of the younger teachers of his own school.

Now comes up the question, "What shall he study?"

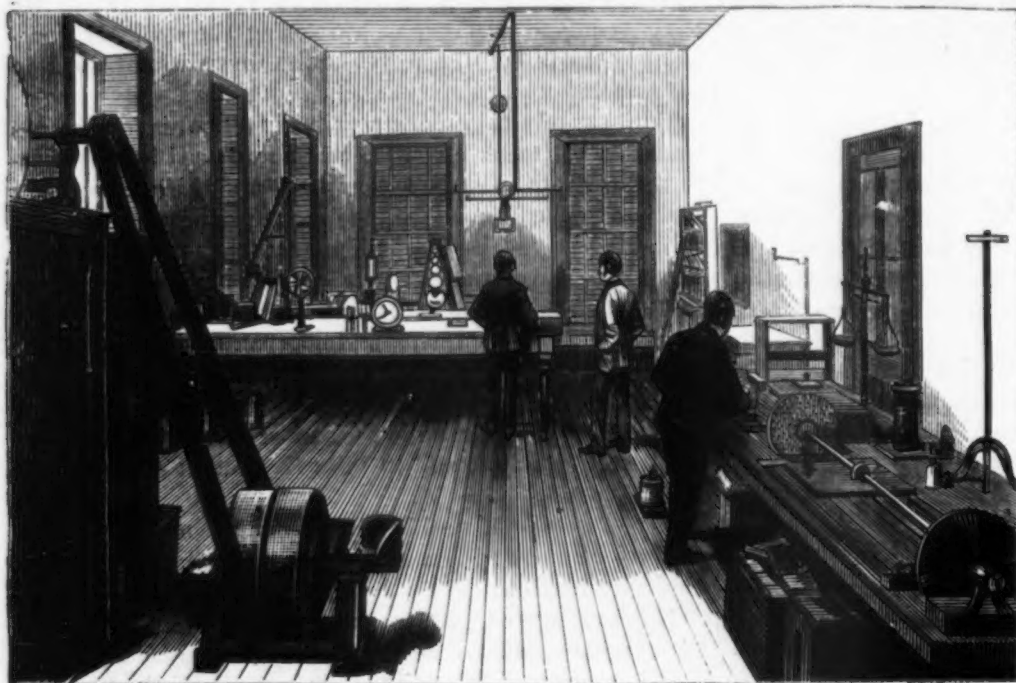
If you intend him for business, and mean to send him down-town early, he must be well drilled on map questions and short histories, for there is no time for long ones. His arithmetic must be thorough, and he must be as strong as possible in interest, commission, brokerage, etc.

He should be taught to write both rapidly and legibly, and you can yourself help him very much in this matter by taking out your watch, and timing him for a minute while he copies something as rapidly as possible. By crossing off every letter that is not sufficiently well made to be read by itself, without hesitation, and deducting from the whole number of words those that have any crossed letters in them, you get at the commercial value of his writing.

Some of my scholars have gone as high as twenty-six well-written words in a minute, and one went even as high as thirty-two. I have heard that Edison, the great electrician, can write legibly forty words in a minute.

Your young merchant should also be well drilled in spelling, which is best taught by dictation, which any one at home can give him as well as at school.

In place of compositions, let him write letters, for a properly written, properly spaced and properly punctuated letter is one of the best preparations for down-town work.



PHYSICAL LABORATORY, FREE INSTITUTE OF INDUSTRIAL SCIENCE, WORCESTER.

As to languages, the most important, generally, is French, but the most important business language in New York city is German. It is a curious fact that this city is the third German city in the world. Vienna is first, Berlin second and New York third.

If you wish your son to learn French or German thoroughly, one way is, if you have the money to spare, to send him to France or Germany, either to go to school or to travel. This brings up the general question of foreign education.

It is a grand thing to be able to learn a foreign language so thoroughly as to be able to make use of it for any purpose that you choose; but our American boys are brought up in such a very different atmosphere that educating them with foreign boys is, as a general thing, not desirable; nor does the training they get there prepare them in the best manner for what they must do here.

Our boys are from two to five years ahead of the French and German boys in all that requires efficient action. We treat them as our companions, and allow them the utmost freedom, so that all their faculties have abundant opportunity for the fullest development.

In France and Germany both teachers and parents appear to think that constant repression is nine-tenths of education. This necessarily harasses and annoys a boy that has not been used to it, and explains the constant difficulties that occur between foreign teachers and American boys.

There are a few schools in Switzerland that are highly spoken of, though the French accent there is

not of the best. A gentleman told me that in one of these schools, besides being well taught in the ordinary studies, he was so well educated at the turning-lathe as to be able to earn his living thereby.

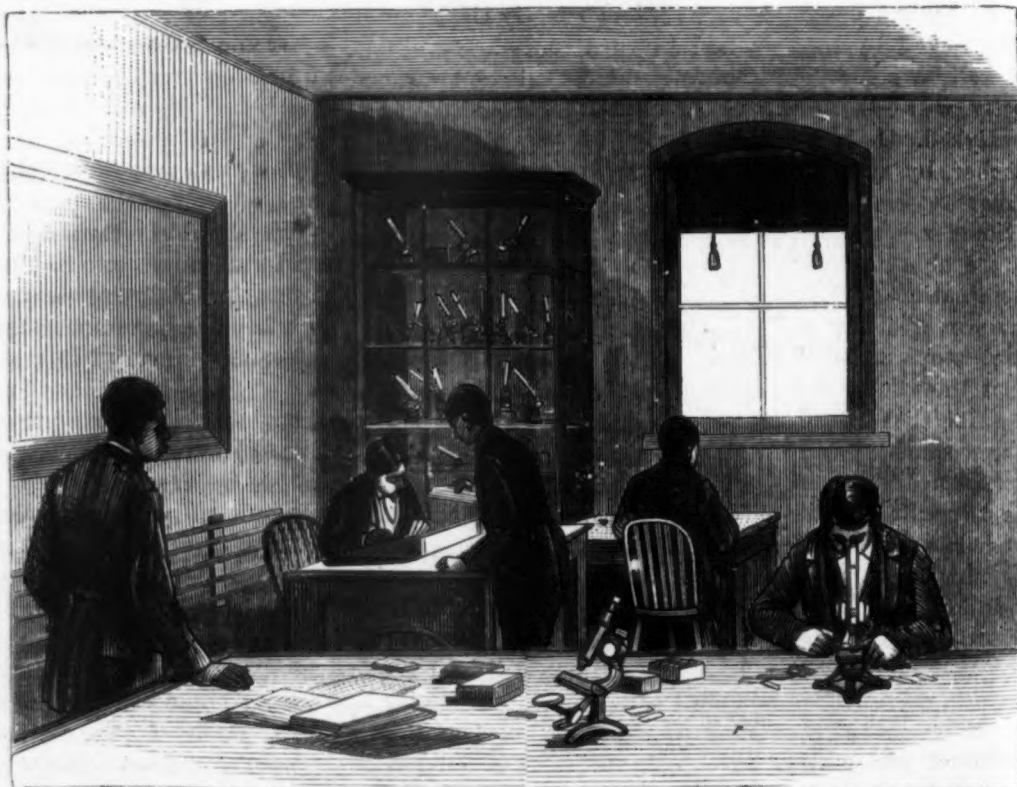
Two of my pupils went for two years to a German school, and corresponded with me while there. Both their father and they finally concluded that it would have been much better to have continued their education here.

The worst possible testimony against foreign schools was given me by a bright young Englishman, whose acquaintance I made in the cars while traveling in Europe in the Summer of 1883.

He had been sent, at sixteen, by his family, to a school in Belgium, near the French frontier, to learn French. His first night in school showed him that he had fallen into such company that he would have been glad to escape from the place at once, but a part of the money had been paid in advance, and his family were not wealthy enough to throw away such an amount.

He therefore concluded to remain, but insisted on having a room to himself, which he secured for a small additional payment.

He said that most of the larger boys were full of corruption, both moral and physical, and from them it filtered down through the school so as to reach some of the smallest and the youngest, and when he spoke to the principal about what was going on he was simply told that he must be mistaken.



MICROSCOPIC ROOM, PRINCETON.

He did not write home about this, but concluded that he could resist it, and did so. He learned French quite thoroughly, but had he been younger or weaker the price for this acquisition might well have been too high.

Having your boy board in the family of a French or of a German teacher in Paris or Berlin, taking private lessons from him, is a much safer plan.

If you can send him abroad for a year, or even for six months, with a private tutor on whom you can depend, you will find it a good method; for after you once get a boy started so that he has the courage to talk, no matter how imperfectly, you can easily bring him on.

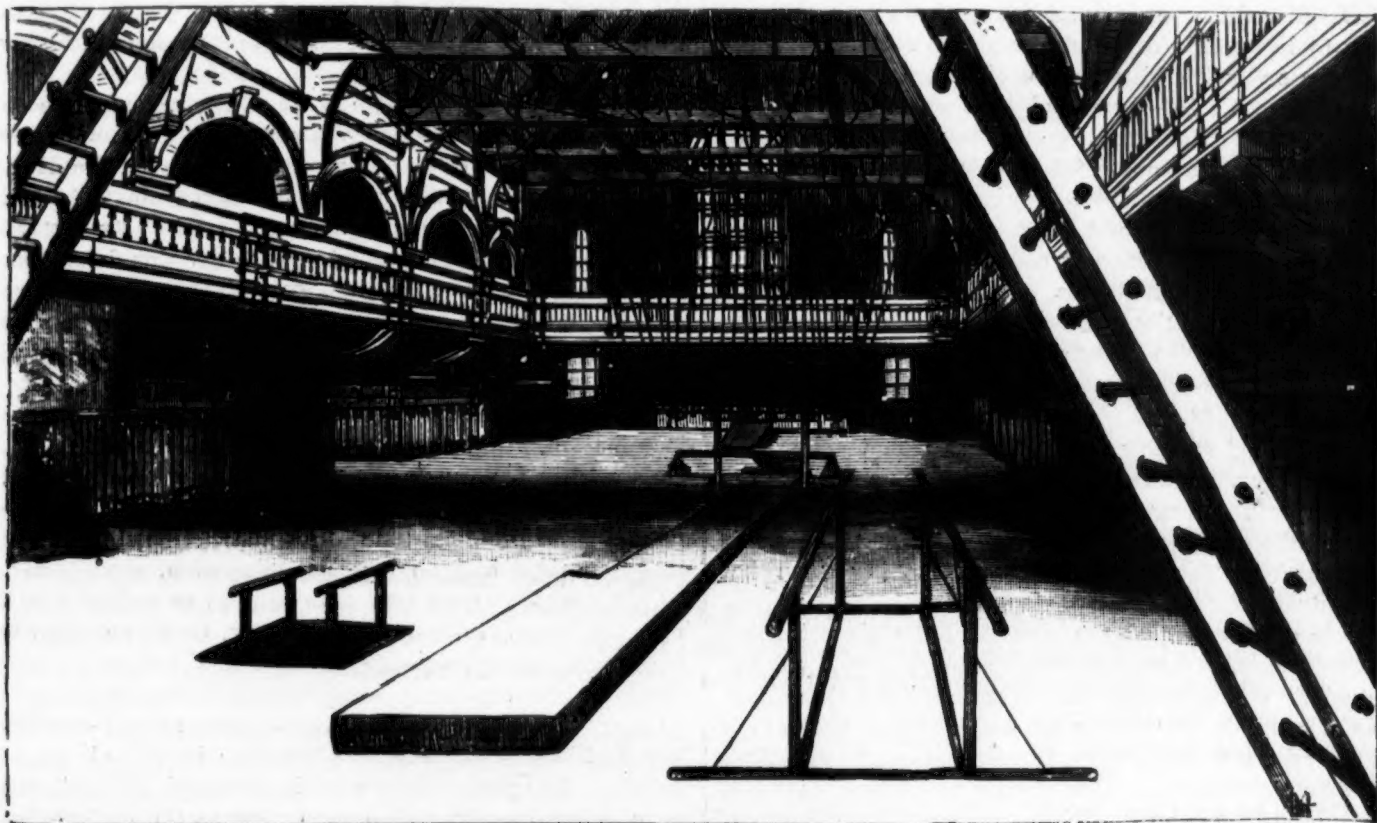
Three pupils, each paying \$800 or \$900, could go to Europe with a tutor during the Summer vacation, and return in time for school in the Fall.

Another way of doing this in New York city is to let your boy board in the family of a French or German teacher who can attend to all his studies.

New Mexico, Arizona and California, and our trade with Cuba, Mexico and South America, already large, is constantly increasing.

Except for purposes of personal cultivation, it is not worth while for a business man to learn more of Greek and Latin than will enable him to look out in a dictionary any word of which he may wish to know the meaning.

Be careful when you send your boy down-town not to let him be cooped up in an office, for, if you do, he will pretty certainly get sick. I have tried it with two of my own sons. One of them had his digestion disarranged by confinement, as well as hurried and uncertain lunches, and the other was well enough as long as he was errand-boy, but, when he was promoted and kept inside, he immediately developed hereditary consumption. You must, therefore, keep an eye constantly upon your boy, and the moment he begins to break down, remove him before it be too late.



HARVARD GYMNASIUM.

If you live in the city and cannot spare him for the whole week, he might spend Sunday with you. You might, also, make the same arrangement with some French or German school.

As soon as you are really in earnest about his learning to speak any language, the best way is to put everything else aside for six months, or a year, so as to give him a sufficient start, and, in this city, it might be arranged so as not to cost more than about twice what your boy's board would cost at home.

The same result may be accomplished more slowly in an ordinary school, provided there be two teachers of the language, one of whom can talk English, so as to teach the beginners, and another who can talk no English, and thus obliges his pupils to talk to him in his own language.

A single teacher can also do this if he will conscientiously talk more and more to his pupils in the foreign tongue, and oblige them also to talk more and more.

Spanish is, next to German, the most important business language in this country, for it is largely spoken in

If you conclude to have your boy prepared for college, send him to the most progressive and energetic teacher that you can find, so that he may be prepared as rapidly as possible. Do not listen for a moment to the old, exploded idea that the more trouble you can give a boy in learning anything, and the more time you make him spend upon it, the better he will know it.

It is just this idea that has condemned the classics with so many, and its utter folly is best exemplified in the well-founded joke about the old German professor, who, on his deathbed, said to his sons:

"My children, I wish to warn you against the great mistake that I have made in life. I did, it is true, give all my time to the study of the Greek article, but I am now convinced that I should have devoted all my energies to the study of the dative case."

An occasional philologist may be a very good thing, but to attempt to make all our boys such is a terrible waste of time.

Do not be afraid of sending your son to college too young. Let him get through everything as soon as

possible. The number of things to be studied, and the amount to be learned in each, are both continually increasing.

If he can skip a class in college, let him do so. It will be a clear gain of a year in the best part of his life; but be careful about his health. Watch this with a jealous eye, and see to it that bodily exercise keeps pace with mental exercise; for if not, all your hopes may turn to bitter ashes like the Dead Sea fruit, and you may stand with a sad brow over an early grave.

Years ago Alexander Hamilton, coming from the West Indies at fifteen, was, in a New Jersey school, prepared for college in a few months. When he presented himself at Princeton College and asked "That he might be permitted to advance from class to class with as much rapidity as his exertions would enable him to do," he was refused. When he applied to Columbia his request was granted.

In my own case, in preparing for college, I was kept at the Greek and Latin grammar for a whole year, and was made to learn this dry and detestable stuff with many floggings and with bitter tears. Then, for three years more, at least half of my school time was taken for these languages, with little reading and much parsing.

In college, about one-third of my time was given to them, with the same small amount of reading and abundant parsing. At the end of these eight years I could not read, without constantly consulting a dictionary, in any book in these languages except where I had read. I could not talk in them, I could not write in them, and I was, at one time, so utterly disgusted with them that I would willingly have burned up every Greek and Latin book in the world.

What should we now think of a French teacher who could calmly show us such a result for his eight years of labor? Is the present revolt against the classics surprising when we consider the suffering and the waste of human life that such a mode of teaching them has caused?

If you cannot control the pronunciation given to your boy in Greek and Latin, you must submit; but if you can control it, recollect that there are at least three millions of people that talk Greek, and that it is the part of common sense to adopt their pronunciation, so that if we talk at all we can talk with them.

If any one tells you that Greek is a dead language, you can take him down-town to the office of one of our Greek merchants, and let him listen to the Greek that they rattle off as they discuss, in the liveliest manner, cotton, stocks or grain.

Let your friend also take with him his old Greek dictionary. Let him pick up one of the Greek newspapers that are lying around and see if he can find a single word in that newspaper that is not in his dictionary.

As to Latin, there seems no probability of any end to the discussion of how the ancient Romans pronounced their language. What we do know is that the language and pronunciation of the modern Romans is nearer to it than those of any other people.

By adopting this we have the additional advantage of teaching the pronunciation of a living language, with a most valuable and interesting body of literature, and one that gives us the libretto of so many delightful operas.

The utter absurdity of having so many different pronunciations for our Latin was amusingly shown in the last Ecclesiastical Council that was held in Rome.

All the business correspondence of the Roman Church is conducted in Latin, and all her decrees are promulgated in that language.

Every properly educated priest is expected to read his prayers constantly in Latin, as well as to write and to converse in it, but the Church authorities, being, in this matter, as foolish as the rest of us, have allowed each priest to adopt the pronunciation of his own country, so that when they came together from all parts of the world to this council, though their only common language was Latin, they had built up barriers between themselves, by means of these different pronunciations, which they had to scramble over as best they could, and, for some days, they had rather a hard time of it.

What should we think of a convention of diplomatists whose only common language was French, if each man should insist on pronouncing his French according to his own notion?

Now comes the question, "To what college shall I send my boy?"

If you live in New York city, and wish to keep him with you, you have your choice of three—the University, the City College and Columbia. The first two are free to all without expense. The fee for Columbia is \$150 per year.

For the University, there is an entrance examination of the usual kind. Some years ago, as I know by the actual experience of one of my private pupils, the discipline under one of the professors was shamefully lax, nor, when complaint was made to the head of the institution, was the matter remedied. Whether this defect has since been done away with, I cannot say. Apart from this, the education given in the University appears to be fairly good, except that it entirely ignores physical education.

Entrance to the City College is to be won at a rigid examination, and, as the number of students is limited, the pressure is very great. It has able professors, and has developed a laboratory and a workshop which have given a more practical tone to its instruction, but it has no gymnasium and no physical education.

Columbia College is now a university, as well as a college, the best definition of these being, that "a college is where you learn something about everything, and a university, where you learn everything about something."

Columbia College has able professors, a good curriculum, and allows considerable freedom in the choice of studies. Any young man who is disposed to work can there get an excellent education, and, as the college has a large income, the professors feel sufficiently independent in getting rid of lazy students, so that the standard of industry is quite respectable.

There is, however, not sufficient supervision of the younger professors, and of the teachers of modern languages, so that some of these occasionally fall below the mark.

The great and glaring deficiency of Columbia College, however, is its utter disregard of physical education. Up to this year (1887), it hired the use of a gymnasium of a private school, but now they have not even that.

The trustees have given money to the boat-club, but that is simply giving money to those who have made themselves athletes; it is not education. Harvard College has a splendid gymnasium and an excellent professor, who is, at the same time, a well-educated physician and an accomplished gymnast, while Columbia has nothing at all.

One great difficulty about Columbia College is that it is ruled by a close corporation. Its trustees elect themselves, being thus responsible to no one, and one of the most constant lessons of history is that irresponsible power is almost always badly used.

The Alumni of Harvard control its government. The Alumni of Columbia are not allowed any share in its government. They have, however, established a separate organization, and have recently commenced a movement toward securing a gymnasium worthy of the college, so as to take away from it this very great disgrace.

If you conclude not to keep your boy at home you have a wide range to choose from.

At the larger colleges of Harvard, Yale, Princeton and Cornell your boy will come into contact with more students, and from a greater range of country.

In the smaller colleges, such as Amherst, Williams, Hamilton and Bowdoin, he will be in smaller classes, with more quiet surroundings, and, perhaps, with more examples of steady industry and devotion to study.

Harvard has won the reputation of a rich man's college, but it is liberal and progressive, and has great advantages. There, however, as everywhere, a young man of moderate means can make his way, and profit by these advantages if he has sufficient firmness to avoid unnecessary expense. He must learn to say "No" and to stick to it, and this is a lesson that he should learn, or should be taught, before he leaves his home.

The gymnasium at Harvard is large enough to allow 250 persons to exercise at one time, and its director, the accomplished Dr. D. A. Sargent, stands, as he should, on the same level as the other professors.

Yale is, perhaps, the most cosmopolitan of all our colleges. Its students seem to come from a wider range, and it has a high character for earnest work. It is more conservative than Harvard, and does not allow such a wide range of electives, but clings a good deal to the old curriculum. It has a gymnasium of moderate size.

Princeton College has able professors and an excellent gymnasium. In 1881, though its circular stated that gymnastics were compulsory, those of its students that I conversed with assured me that they were not. Since that time, however, this regulation may have been enforced, and its gymnasium is certainly one of the best in the country.

Some years ago its authorities received a terrible lesson as to defective drainage, which, it is to be hoped, will never need repetition. It is at present presided over by a hard-headed, energetic old Scotchman, who is so averse to having American boys learn how to govern themselves, that he requires from all that enter a written promise that they will not, while in college, join any secret society.

Cornell University, in its inception, was looked upon as a manual-labor college. This idea, however, appears to have died out almost entirely, and it is now simply a very well-endowed institution, with a tendency toward the more practical studies.

Of the smaller colleges, Amherst is one of the best, and enjoys the distinction of having been foremost in the cause of physical education. President Elliot, of Harvard, says: "It is to Amherst College that the colleges of the country are indebted for a demonstration of the proper mode of organizing the department of physical training."

If your boy inclines to science, you have near you some of the best schools in the world.

Some years ago, at a dinner given by the Alumni of Columbia College to her boat crew, that beat the Oxford men on the Thames, President Andrew D. White of Cornell University, was one of the invited guests.

When called upon for a speech, he said, in the course of it, that "it had been his duty, as one of the Examiners at the World's Fair at Paris, to examine and report upon the scientific schools of Europe."

When he returned to this country he went again to examine the School of Mines of Columbia College to see if his former impression with regard to it was correct, and he found it to be so.

That impression was that this school was, at least, equal to the best that he had seen in Europe.

No one who has not examined for himself can have any idea of the thoroughness and the amount of work that is done in one of our scientific schools.

Let us take, for example, what is improperly called the School of Mines of Columbia College. Its title should be the School of Applied Science.

This carries on steadily and fully at the same time seven different courses of instruction: Mining Engineering, Civil Engineering, Metallurgy, Geology and Palaeontology, Analytical and Applied Chemistry, Architecture, and Sanitary Engineering.

You can go there and see the mining students, and the metallurgists with their coarse working clothes on, toiling away in front of the hot furnaces where they are reducing ores or testing metals in various ways.

In the other parts of the large laboratory a throng of students (there are over 200 of them) are busy, each in his small compartment, weighing, testing, analyzing and making notes for the reports that are to be made about all these things. Able professors, with earnest and enthusiastic students, present one of the most interesting sights to all the friends of human progress.

Besides the text-books, and in the laboratory, these young men are expected to study, during the Winter, all that the huge workshops of New York and its vicinity can supply for their information and improvement.

When the Summer comes, parties are organized to study mining practically by going down into a mine to work there for a while, and by examining every part of it, and everything connected with it, so as to make a written report, accompanied by a sufficient number of drawings to elucidate the subject. They also report upon the economical management of the mine, and, whenever possible, compare this mine with others.

The young civil engineers are taken to the locomotive repair shops and construction works and railroads, as well as to do field work in surveying.

The young architects, besides the plans and models that they copy from, have hundreds of stereoscopic views of buildings in all parts of the world for them to examine, and they are required to test their building materials, so as to know what they can depend upon.

To all this there is one drawback, and it is a great one. These young men are brought together at nine in the morning, and they are kept steadily at work until 4 P. M., with only half an hour for lunch. Most of them are obliged to stay until 5 to get ready for their next day's work, so that they have neither energy nor time for any health-giving exercise.

At West Point, the lowest class has every day a half-hour drill in the morning with fencing and bayonet exercise. The next class has riding from 2 to 4 o'clock P. M., every other day, and the two higher classes have the same from 11 A. M. to 1 P. M., while all of them have various drills from 4 to 6 P. M., with some time for recreation.

This makes the difference between those young men who have the stamina to make use of their knowledge after they get it and those who have not.

When will our instructors become sufficiently instructed in the simple art, or, rather, duty, of taking care of themselves and of those intrusted to them?

Perhaps the only method of insuring this will be



PHYSICAL AND CHEMICAL LABORATORY, CORNELL.

compulsory gymnastics for professors, and also for trustees, so that they may learn how necessary they are.

The scientific schools within easy reach from the City of New York are classed as by the number of their students, according to the last report (1884-5), of the Bureau of Education, as follows:

Boston Technological (368 regulars and 211 partial) . .	579
Cornell	389
Columbia	227
Yale (220 regular and 10 partial)	230
Rensselaer Polytechnic (Troy)	207
Stevens Technological (Hoboken)	163
Worcester Industrial	142

Curiously enough, Harvard is down at the bottom of the list in science, having only twenty-one students all told.

Princeton has eighty, but the number is said to be increasing.

In the Stevens Technological Institute at Hoboken there are some very able men. Working in wood and iron is also taught there, one of the first lessons to a student being to give him the unground plane-iron of a new carpenter's plane and setting him at work at the grindstone to grind it at a certain angle, which he can constantly test by an iron having the proper angle, which is fastened upright in a block of wood within his reach.

In the Worcester Industrial School it is said that they make for sale excellent turning-lathes.

Electricity is becoming such a power in the earth that if your boy should have any inclination in that direction it might be well to make that his specialty.

About three years ago I had in my school a very intelligent boy, whose whole soul was devoted to electricity. His mother was quite distressed at his neglecting all his other studies for that, but I told her I thought he would learn enough of other things to serve his purpose, and congratulated her on having a son who was so much in earnest about any study.

This young electrician told me that he could put up an electrical bell in my schoolroom. We calculated the cost, and for a little under five dollars we had our electrical bell, which gave, of course, a great deal of amusement to the youngsters.

The only subject that now seems left to be spoken of is the world of art. If your boy should have a turn in this, direction do try to make a gymnast of him and to interest him as much as possible in all manly exercises, that he may not join the crowd of pale-faced artists who are so often dragged down from their loftiest flights of fancy to meet the dull-eyed demon of dyspepsia.

Having thus gone through the general theory of education, it is necessary to consider the comparative desirability of human pursuits, so that if your boy should have no decided preference you may best determine for yourself in what direction to incline his studies.

These pursuits may be classed under the general heads of agriculture, manufactures, business and professions.

An agricultural life is a wholesome and a manly one, but its evils are isolation and uncertainty.

Manufacturing is useful and honorable, but some of its processes and products are unwholesome, so that there should be a careful choice.

As to business, it may be said that the three chief needs of man are food, clothing and shelter. Any business

business that ministers to these wants must have a solid basis, for there must always be transactions in provisions, in cotton and woolen goods as well as in building materials, including hardware.

There are cases where business and manufacturing may be combined. If, for example, you wish your son to go into the furniture business, it might be well to have him learn the cabinetmaker's trade.

If you wish him to go into the book business, you might follow the example of Harper Brothers, who send all their boys into the printing-office, and keep them there until they can earn a living by their labor.

As to the professions, no one should enter the ministry unless, as in teaching, he feels that he is called to it. If your son should feel thus, do your best to have him made a pleasing, if not a powerful, speaker. With all our public speaking in this country, we are singularly neglectful of culture in this direction. There is much to be learned in the matter of elocution. A young man of moderate capacity may be so cultivated in the art of public speaking as to surpass in effect upon an audience one of twice his amount of talent. Teaching elocution is just like teaching how to handle a weapon.

Next in importance to this, and perhaps before it, is to make him a muscular Christian. A well-developed chest and lungs are a necessary part of his implements, and obedience to the laws of our Creator about the body would be one of the best lessons he could teach.

As to the law, the study is very interesting, but the terrible tedious waiting for practice has, necessarily, a very demoralizing effect, because a young lawyer is tempted to take up almost any case so as to get rid of the dreadful irksomeness of inaction.

Medicine is open to the same objection of tedious waiting, but does not present the same temptations. There is, besides, something grand and noble in the constantly increasing ability to assuage the pains and discomforts, and sometimes to save the lives, of our fellow-creatures.

In conclusion, I shall quote the condensed wisdom of Agesilaus, King of Sparta, who, when asked what a boy should be taught, answered: "What he will need to know when he gets to be a man."

If you will keep this in view, you will best be able to decide What you shall do with your boy.

OUT of the 792,444 words composing the revised Bible, 721,672 are the same as found in the received edition issued in 1611. Only 9 per cent., 70,722, have been changed; 65,508 have been excluded.

A LADY'S VISIT TO BARBADOES.

BY FLORINE MALCOLM.

AFTER a trip of about four days from Jamaica you reach Barbadoes, the most windward of the Caribbee Islands. Barbadoes is a little smaller than the Isle of Wight, but, unlike the Garden of England, is situated in midocean, and inhabited by a teeming population of more than a thousand human beings to the square mile.

On approaching Barbadoes the first notable thing is the array of ships in the harbor, and, when near enough to discern it, the brisk activity of its people, so rare in that tropical climate. In fact, Barbadoes seems to be a sort of distributing station for the other islands. Its geographical situation and general salubrity give it many advantages, causing it to be the headquarters for English troops, and of the Royal Mail and other lines of mail steamers. Those going to or from the other islands and South America, to either England or the United States, all stop at Barbadoes.

The first feeling, however, when reaching the island, is one of disappointment. Our eyes had become accustomed to the tropical luxuriance of Jamaica, where everything grows almost without cultivation, and where, perhaps as a consequence, the people in general are very shiftless, evincing no energy or ambition; where towns are dreadfully dirty, everything "out at ends," as it were, with but few of the later improvements; while Barbadoes is a barren little spot, with scarcely a



GOVERNMENT BUILDINGS, BARBADOES.

tree or a blade of grass that is not coaxed to grow, and a ground as white as lime. But everything is neat and clean, and the people much more active and industrious, even the negroes seeming to change their character, so that a negro receives twice the pay of his fellows in the other islands.

The houses are built more after the American or English styles; they are far more comfortable. The living is better and wonderfully cheap. The finest beach I ever saw is here, with bathing-houses four times the usual size. They are built out over the sea, with steps leading down into the water. The charge for them is very moderate. You pay only threepence, or six cents, even at Hastings, a suburb of Bridgetown, the capital and largest town. A carriage may be secured to drive you out (about two miles) for sixpence, or for a shilling they will drive you out, wait an hour, and bring you back. A seamstress can be secured for a shilling a day and her board, or a shilling and sixpence if she boards herself.

When arriving you do not go up to a dock, but anchor out in the harbor, everything and everybody being taken ashore in small rowboats and lighters. We anchored within a stone's throw of Jay Gould's yacht, which was brilliantly illuminated in the evening. He was giving a supper on board in return for courtesies shown him on shore. The anchor had scarcely dropped before out came two rowboats full of little half-naked negroes, from about eight to twelve years of age, to dive for small coins. They take to the water almost as naturally as ducks, and no matter how small the coins were, or how far out they were thrown, down the boys went like shot, and rarely failed to catch them; and for a sixpence they will dive down under the steamer and come up on the other side.

The island is of coral formation, and its successive lines of cliffs show various upheavals. The highest hill is Mount Hillaby, which has an altitude of 1,145 feet above sea-level. A line of hills runs throughout the island from north to south. These are broken in all directions by deep cañons, called ravines or gullies. The origin of these ravines has puzzled many, as the mountain streams have not sufficient force to cut their way through the rock; but it is probable they may be accounted for in the following manner:

A deep top stratum of coral rock rests upon a substratum of clay. The coral holds the rainfall like a sponge, and gradually filters it through to the clay, which holds it in, and constitutes subterranean streams of considerable volume. These make their own way on the top of the clay and form caverns. The roofs of the caverns, from time to time, fall in, and the wreck is washed away by the stream, until at length the cavern is laid open and becomes a ravine. Several such subterranean streams are known, the largest being in what is known as the Bowmanston Cave. This cave was accidentally discovered by the sinking of a well, which, on reaching a depth of 200 feet, pierced a cavity in the rock.

The only way of entry is by descending the well in a bucket, by which means several exploring parties of a scientific character have, during the last few years, made careful examination of the cavern and its stream, with a view to its utilization as a water supply. This work is attended with great labor and some little danger on account of the masses still falling from the roof. The volume of the stream has been measured in the dry season and in the wet, and is estimated to yield from something under two to five million gallons a day, yet

it is not known where this stream has its origin, nor whither it flows. It is at an altitude of nearly 400 feet above sea-level.

The early settlers cultivated tobacco, cotton, indigo and sugar, but other crops have yielded to sugar; and at the present time almost every tillable acre is devoted to the cane, the remainder being mostly taken up in roads, buildings and ravines. At first the sugar-cane was cultivated only for the purpose of brewing a refreshing drink. In 1640 a Dutchman from Brazil taught the secret of allowing the cane to ripen and of boiling the juice. At the same time the planters learned to distill rum. The first sugar ever made on British soil was on an estate called Drax Hall in Barbadoes.

At present each estate of a few hundred acres makes its own sugar, frequently with the aid of an old-fashioned windmill, so that the farmer is also a manufacturer; and though admirable as the former, yet for many reasons, the chief being want of capital, he fails as the latter. During the present low prices of sugar attention might well be turned to other products. Tobacco, for instance, is indigenous, and the commoner species spring up wherever there is a vacant spot of land, especially on the sites of old houses, and with a little care can be cultivated at a fair profit.

Barbadians have good cause to be proud of themselves and their island, but they carry it just a little too far. It is said that at the time of the revolution in England, just before the Commonwealth under Cromwell began, that they sent to King Charles telling him "not to fear, that Barbadoes would stand by him." They consider themselves "not so much a colony as a piece of the Mother Country transplanted." But the downfall of Charles I. brought a large influx of Royalists with their families and possessions to take shelter in the island, which still had a Royalist governor, and this did much to people and enrich the island, and undoubtedly gave a tone to the tastes and manners of its inhabitants which is still plainly visible.

It is recorded that in the seventeenth century Barbadoes was "the most prosperous, rich and industrious spot on the earth." It has well sustained its early reputation. The people are industrious and prosperous, and quick to see in what direction their interests lie. This trait has led to the establishment of life and fire insurance, railway, "tramway" (as they call horse-car), water and gas companies, while almost every house of any size has its telephone.

The West Indies have of late years been more and more frequently chosen for a Winter resort, and offer many advantages. In Barbadoes almost every comfort and luxury can be obtained. There are several hotels, or a private house can be taken. A large hotel, on the American system, is now open.

Churches are numerous. The temperature from December to June is moderate, with delightfully cool mornings and evenings, and, although it does not present the tropical luxuriance of growth and grandeur of the other of the West Indian Islands, the roads are numerous and excellent for driving, and the gardens filled with what would be in colder climates hothouse shrubs and flowers, growing to a perfection unknown with us. In short, as a place of residence, I would greatly prefer Barbadoes to any of the West Indies, though for scenery, curios, etc., with the exception of its shells, which I have never seen equaled anywhere, it is far inferior to either Jamaica or Trinidad.

The teeming population increases yearly, in spite of emigration; while this contributes to the wealth of the

colony and to the excellence of its cultivation, it requires an abundant and cheap food supply. The average price of the nutritious roots is, for sweet potatoes, from three farthings to one penny, and for yams, one penny to five farthings per pound. Sweet potatoes are always in season, as are also bananas, which sell for about four or five for a penny. Six and a quarter million pounds of American salt fish are annually consumed, costing about three halfpence per pound, while the local fisheries furnish an inexhaustible supply, the annual value of the fish being about £17,000 sterling.

The most important, as well as the most curious and best in flavor, is the flying-fish. They are snowy white, somewhat similar to herrings, though smaller, and, like them, swim in shoals. On our way to Barbadoes we constantly saw them rising out of the water, perhaps thirty to fifty at a time. They fly much higher than one would suppose; they frequently landed on the deck of our steamer, being, of course, instantly killed by the shock, when we had an excellent opportunity to examine them. The wings are very gauzy, like thin spun glass, or, better still, like a skeleton leaf with a soap-bubble drawn over it. Those on the sides, when open, spread out like a fan. They have wings wherever other fish have fins. Their wings catch the light like a soap-bubble, and show the rainbow tints in the same way. After cutting off the head, etc., the cook simply cuts the fish in half, lays it open, and fries it, one being usually served to each person. They are delicious in flavor. Our party were unanimous in thinking them superior to any fish they had ever tasted.

The season for flying-fish commences in November and lasts about seven months. The method of taking them is simple in the extreme. The boats set out very early in the morning, and return in the afternoon. As soon as a few flying-fish rise out of the water near the boat, the sail and masts are taken down, and the boat allowed to drift; a bag containing rotten fish, pounded up, is let down into the water over the bow, the oil from this making a calm and attracting the fish, which are simply scooped in with large landing-nets. When the take is good, the number of fish caught is limited only by the capacity of the boat to hold them, and boats have been known to sink from overloading. A few hours after the boats reach land the fish become exceedingly cheap, five or six pounds, and sometimes even more, selling for a penny. Attempts are now made to preserve them, and put them up after the manner of herrings.

The flying-fish season is succeeded by that of the sea-eggs, which are dived for at a depth sometimes of six fathoms. The part eaten is only the roe, and but little is obtained from each animal; their vast quantities, however, furnish a rich and nutritious return. They are round, varying in size from that of a large walnut to that of a small orange. They are covered with bristling needles, and are a dangerous thing to tread on in the water, as the needles break off and work their way in, it being very difficult to remove them. The natives break them open with a stone, and eat them quivering with life. They seem to greatly enjoy them. Besides the above, enormous redfish, grouper and other kinds, are taken by deep-sea fishing with lines; and lobsters and crayfish along the shore.

These cheap means of obtaining food, the habit of wearing boots only on Sunday, the scant quantity of clothes and firing necessary, render the laborer comfortable on his small wages; the ruling rate being one shilling a day for men, and six to tenpence for women.

A former resident, General Christopher Codrington,

has given the island the only place in the West Indies where a university degree can be obtained—namely, Codrington College, founded in the year 1710. This institution is now connected with the University of Durham, and its students are eligible for all degrees. Much attention is paid to education in all grades, there being two schools of a high class, with university men as masters—one in Bridgetown, the other in the country. Boys from the larger and older of these have frequently won scholarships at English universities.

One of our illustrations shows the Cabbage-palm Drive leading up to Codrington College. The cabbage-palm differs in appearance from the cocoanut only in being perfectly straight, which the cocoanut never is. It usually grows to the height of about fifty feet. The cabbage is found in the very heart of the tree, at its summit, inclosed in a green husk, which is peeled off in strata until the white cabbage or inner leaves appear, in long, thin, white flakes, and are in taste much like the kernel of a nut; the heart or centre of it is the most delicate, and, being crisp and sweet, is frequently used as a salad; the outside, when boiled and eaten with butter and salt, is far preferable to the ordinary cabbage. There is a worm natural to this tree, which is reckoned a great delicacy in the West Indies. It is the larva of a black-beetle, and grows about four inches long, and as thick as a man's thumb; it is called Grogroo, and, although disgusting in appearance, when well dressed, furnishes a delicious treat, partaking, it is thought, of the flavor of all the spices of the East.

AN EGYPTIAN FUNERAL.

A FUNERAL in Egypt is, indeed, a strange sight; and the first one the visitor sees astonishes very much. At the head of the procession march a corporate body of the blind, and a certain number of men, who proceed at a quick step, singing a most jubilant air, while swinging themselves from right to left. Behind them comes the funeral car, or, rather, a sort of bier, bearing a great red shawl, in which the body is deposited. At the extremity of the bier, on a perch, is placed the turban or the tarbouche of the defunct. Two men carry this bier. They follow with such high spirits the movement of the head of the procession that the corpse, rocked in every direction, seems to jump under the shawl that shrouds it. The women bring up the rear—some on asses and some on foot.

The first row is formed of weepers, or rather screamers, who send forth toward heaven at each step the shrillest notes. The weepers hold in their hands a handkerchief, which they use, not to wipe their eyes, but for pulling up at the two ends behind their heads with a gesture that would be desperate if it were not droll. On arrival at the cemetery they cast the corpse from the bier, such as it is, into the grave. The grand funerals, however, take place with much more solemnity. An important personage is scarcely dead in Egypt before his friends and acquaintances hurry to the house. During one or two days they eat and drink at the expense of the dead, or, rather, of his heirs, indulging in the noisiest demonstrations. When the hour of the interment arrives, a scene of the wildest character is produced. The slaves and women of the household throw themselves on the corpse and feign a determination to hinder it from passing the threshold. This lugubrious tragedy is played conscientiously. They snatch away the coffin; they belabor each other with blows; and the most violent

and frightful clamor is heard.

At last the procession leaves the house and passes to the cemetery, preceded by camels loaded with victuals, which are distributed to the poor, who hurry in crowds along the road. All along the route the mourners and friends of the family fight for the honor of bearing the bier for an instant, and thus it passes, or, rather, bounds, from hand to hand amid the most frightful disorder. The interment ended, every one returns to



HOTEL, BARBADOES. SEE PAGE 269.

the house of the dead to recommence the festivities, which consist of singing, dancing and other demonstrations.

"This day a Potato, of the sort called Bermuda Potatoes, was brought to this City, being the produce from Plumb Island, in this Province, which weighed seven pounds and a half; is entirely sound and good, and was made a Present to the Printer hereof by one of his Customers."

N. Y. Gazette (Weekly Post Boy), October 3d, 1748.



CABBAGE-PALM DRIVE, BARBADOES.—SEE PAGE 269.



"CROUCHING OVER A SLOWLY DYING GRATE FIRE, IN THE ELEGANT DRESS SHE HAD WORN DURING THE EVENING, SHE WATCHED WITH WIDE EYES THE GRAY DAWN OF CHRISTMAS DAY."

THE REVENGE OF THE PORTRAIT.

BY CAROLINE B. LE ROW.

"CURSE the picture!" The words were more like the growl of a beast than the utterance of a man. Fletcher Montgomery stood in the centre of his magnificent dressing-room with clinched hands held rigidly at his side, his eyes blazing out from under his contracted brows upon an oil painting which hung opposite to him. It was the head and shoulders of a woman—young, lovely as an angel, with the heavenly blue eyes, the golden hair and complexion of which artists dream and poets sing. The exquisite figure rose out of waves of lace, which added to its extreme delicacy, and the picture seemed like a living soul, casting a radiance and a magnetism over the whole room.

The occupant of the splendid apartment stood still for several minutes, then impulsively started forward, and, stepping upon a lounge which was placed beneath it, reached up to remove the picture from its nail. But his hands fell suddenly to his side again, and his retreat was as hasty as his advance had been.

"Curse the picture!" he growled again, this time without looking at it. A great shudder passed over Vol. XXIV., No. 3—18.

him. He seemed to cower and bend under it. Then striding across the room, he jerked the bell-rope with a force that threatened to break it. A servant appeared at the door.

"Have the carriage brought round at once. Be quick about it!"

The man bowed and withdrew.

Fletcher Montgomery was in full evening dress, and for the next few minutes he paced the floor with quick, impatient steps. Once in that short interval he stopped to gaze blackly at the sweet face smiling upon from the wall.

"The third time, too," he muttered, "and it is Christmas Eve! One year ago to-night! One year? A century!"

At the announcement that the carriage was at the door, he seized his coat and hat, rushing out of the house like a man escaping from imprisonment. A few minutes' drive brought him to a magnificent house in a neighboring avenue. A stately, superbly dressed lady met him at the door of the drawing-room. He bowed low over her graciously extended hand, while a young girl advanced from the other side of the room. Mrs. Granville's broad, stately back was slightly turned as the lovers met with clasped hands, a quick look into each other's eyes and a kiss, of which she appeared totally oblivious.

"Mother is serenely happy to-night," the young girl

said, smiling at her; "as happy as I used to be before my faith in Santa Claus was destroyed. She believes so profoundly in these things, all the 'pomp and circumstance of war,' and matrimony and——"

"Your betrothal, my daughter," the lady interrupted, impressively. "It is eminently fitting that our friends should celebrate with us such an event. In my day it was always considered the proper thing to invite the relatives of a family, not only to the weddings and funerals, but——"

"And when one can give a Christmas party at the same time," Eleanor interrupted, disregarding the fact that her dignified mother had not ceased speaking, "it is a most delightful, as well as economical, arrangement."

A close observer would have noticed something singular about this young girl—something impossible to define, yet in strange and marked contradiction to her apparently joyous mood. But Fletcher Montgomery was too much absorbed in certain of his own thoughts, Mrs. Granville too well satisfied with the progress of events, to analyze the face or the manner of one who was supposed to be perfectly happy.

It was late upon Christmas Eve—fairly Christmas morning—before the great house was deserted by its numerous guests and the lovers were left alone for a few minutes, before Fletcher Montgomery took his departure. As he bent to touch the lips of his betrothed, he noticed, with alarm, the exceeding paleness of her face. She drew back from his proffered kiss, and raised her left hand close to his eyes.

"See!" she said, in a tone which struck him almost like a blow.

The splendid diamond flashing from her forefinger had cut deeply into the delicate flesh. The lace handkerchief which she held in her fingers was stained with blood. He caught her hand, with a frantic exclamation.

"What does it mean?" she asked, in the same curt voice.

"What does it mean?" he repeated, with a distressed look upon his face. "What can it mean, my precious Eleanor, but that this setting has too sharp an edge for this tender little hand? It must be seen to."

He drew the jewel gently from her finger and placed it in his vest-pocket, then put his arm about her.

"Don't look so terrified, my darling," he whispered, as he left her, but the hard, tense look about her mouth did not soften under his words.

Her maid was not called upon to serve her that night, and, crouching over a slowly dying grate fire, in the elegant dress she had worn during the evening, she watched with wide eyes the gray dawn of Christmas Day, which broke in a furious snowstorm.

Society congratulated Mrs. Granville on the engagement of her daughter. Eleanor was known to be somewhat willful, with a mind of her own, and, if report spoke truly, was at times considerable of a trial to her aristocratic and conventional mother. Her proposed marriage seemed to be a desirable settlement of all difficulties between them, but Eleanor was resolute in her determination to delay it as long as possible. It was the wish of her lover, to which the mother readily agreed, that the wedding should take place in the late Spring, to be followed by a Summer in Europe, but the young girl would not even listen to the arrangement.

"Not until a year from the date of our engagement," she said, with unmistakable emphasis. "Not the day on which I gave my promise, but on which the fact was celebrated, and the ring placed on my finger—Christmas Eve."

As Spring advanced her health gradually failed, and a Summer in the mountains was agreed upon. The Granvilles were settled in a large hotel, and Fletcher Montgomery passed most of his time with them.

The unusual beauty of the season tempted many of the boarders to prolong their sojourn late into the Autumn. On a perfect October day a large party of them started on an excursion to another hotel a few miles distant, from which the view of the Autumn woods was particularly fine.

As the wagon reached its destination, and the gentlemen were assisting the ladies to alight, Fletcher Montgomery reached up to lift Eleanor Granville from her seat. Her face was ghastly. She tried to smile down at him, but fell fainting into his arms.

The party was instantly in confusion. It was a Miss Helen Starr who discovered the cause of the trouble.

"Oh, just look here!"

She raised Miss Granville's left hand, around which was wound a handkerchief saturated with blood. There were exclamations of wonder and sympathy from all sides, in the midst of which Miss Granville came to herself again.

"So stupid of me to faint!" she said, petulantly.

"It's a mystery how you managed this sort of thing without fainting before," Miss Starr remarked, in her vigorous manner. "How on earth did it happen, and when?"

"About a mile back, in that particularly steep turn in the road, I was holding on to the side of the wagon and the wheel ground up against my hand."

"And you never said a word!"

"What was there to say? And there was nothing to be done, either, till we got to the house."

"That's just like Eleanor Granville," Miss Starr remarked, looking after her as she entered the hotel. "She's the Spartan boy all over. Did you notice Fletcher Montgomery's face?" she asked her companion. "It was almost whiter than hers. He is very much in love with her, but she doesn't seem in the least infatuated with him."

In the hotel Miss Granville was sitting in a large arm-chair, drawn close to the drawing-room window. Her hand been freshly bandaged, but the expression which had so startled her lover had not left her face.

"I have sent two men down the mountain, Eleanor, to hunt for the diamond."

In his hand he held the crushed and broken setting of a ring.

"Fletcher, do you remember the night when you put that ring on my finger?"

His first thought was a shuddering one of his experience with the portrait—he wondered afterward why it should have been so—then he answered, fervently:

"Remember it! Shall I ever forget it, my own?"

"You remember, then, that it had not been an hour on my hand before it cut my finger?"

"Yes, yes, of course, but——"

"And to-day the stone is forced out of its setting and the ring crushed out of shape. What does it mean, Fletcher?"

Precisely the question she had asked him once before. Somehow, as he gazed at her, he felt that it was not her eyes, but those of the portrait that met his own.

"Pure accident, Eleanor, both of those rather remarkable and disagreeable occurrences. You are not superstitious—you, of all women, who——"

"I don't know what I am," she interrupted, with a gasp in her voice. "Go, now," and she pointed to the

door where stood a chambermaid who had prepared a room for her; "I must be by myself for a while to—to rest."

Fletcher Montgomery strode down the mountain, absorbed in thought, till he came in sight of the two men who were still searching for the jewel. Then he stopped short, leaning against a tree and watching them.

"They will never find the diamond, Fletcher Montgomery."

The ringing voice, with its incisive, clear-cut articulation, seemed close to his ear. He looked around in astonishment. Only a few feet from him, her hand resting upon the bough of a gnarled oak-tree, stood a young girl with large, fearless eyes, which gazed directly into his. Instinctively he removed his hat, as he bowed low to her.

"Perhaps you would like to know who I am," she added. That makes no difference to you. I have followed you from the hotel to give you some very necessary advice. You will be obliged to wait until I get my breath, however. You walked too fast for me to overtake you easily. I am much obliged to you for stopping at last."

Removing her hat, she leisurely fanned herself with it for a few minutes, still steadily regarding him. His astonishment increased. She was a very pretty girl, elegantly dressed in an elaborately trimmed silk dress, quite out of keeping with the dusty road, from which it had evidently suffered in her hurried walking. She wore no gloves, and it was quite apparent that she had left the hotel in too much haste to make any change in her attire.

"Does Eleanor Granville know anything about you?" she asked, at last. He could not have answered if he would. "Have you told her of Emma Carey, and your love for her? Of her ruin and your desertion? Does she know—what was never proved, but what I know well enough—that her suicide was—"

"Oh, for the love of God!"

He threw up his arms and started toward her. She gazed at him as unmoved as ever.

"She evidently does *not* know. I thought as much. But you had better tell her, and let her decide whether she will accept another engagement-ring."

She put on her hat while saying the last words, and turning from him, pursued her leisurely way up the road on her return to the house. Fletcher Montgomery stood like a man paralyzed. Some time after he dismissed the two men from their fruitless search, and returned himself to the hotel. At the drawing-room window, where he had talked with Eleanor Granville, he saw seated the young woman who had sought an interview with him on the road. She had changed her dress for a still more elegant one, and was busily writing:

"MY DEAR COUSIN OSCAR: Such a strange thing has happened! It makes me wild to think of you wandering around somewhere on the other side of the world, where this letter may not reach you for the next three months, if it ever does. After all, it may be a just punishment for your professed belief in the total depravity of woman. That I forgive you for such a creed is proved by the trouble I have taken, and am about to take, on your behalf.

"To-day an excursion party of a dozen drove up here from a big hotel on the other side of the mountain. One of the ladies had her hand jammed against the wheel of the wagon in some way. The accident made a good deal of commotion, and when I heard that the name of the lady who was hurt was *Eleanor Granville*, you may be sure I made a good many inquiries about her and her affairs, even at the risk of being considered a bore and a busybody. She has been in the mountains all summer, is engaged to be married—they had a grand betrothal party last Christmas—to a very rich and very handsome man, *much* better-looking than

you, and a hundred times richer. He was with her to-day, a most devoted lover, but in my opinion she doesn't care two cents for him. But when I learned *his* name, I discovered that I had an interest in the gentleman quite irrespective of his connection with Miss Granville. To me he stands responsible for the wrecked life of one of my dearest schoolmates. I had a short but significant interview with him, and think I frightened him enough to give him one sleepless night at least. The details of this eventful day I shall save to tell you when I see you—which will be *soon*, unless you have lost all the sense you ever possessed—and provided you get this letter. Mrs. Granville, I hear, is a very proud and ambitious woman. She has lost a great deal of money lately, and this black-hearted rascal has an abundance, as I said. I have my own theory about this case, but I decline to give it to you, preferring to wait and say 'I told you so.' If you do not heed my advice in this matter you'll repent it to the day of your death, and it is this: Come straight back to America. Come straight to me, and I will give you further orders. There will be no use in writing to me about this. Time is precious, and you must do as I say, *exactly*, or I cease to interest myself in your fortunes.

"Your faithful cousin, KATE MANNING.

"P.S.—I can do nothing in this business, for though I *know* everything, I can *proce*—nothing; which puts an effectual stop to any proceedings on my part. K. M."

Gorgeous October faded into gray November, and the December snows were heavy upon the ground when Fletcher Montgomery sat with a friend in his luxurious bachelor apartments.

"Only twelve hours to the 25th, old boy, when it will be said of you, 'Here you may see Benedict, the married man!' Have you no regrets, Montgomery, for all this?" He pointed vaguely about the room, then brought his hand down upon the table filled with wineglasses, cigars, and an unopened pack of cards. "And you really believe you can successfully play the rôle of reformed rake?"

"I've succeeded pretty well so far."

"But you won't have the same incentive after you're 'married and settled and a,' you know."

Fletcher Montgomery gave his broad shoulders a significant shrug.

"You keep these rooms—afterward?"

"No."

"And the portrait?"

The host flashed a quick look at his guest, a look of illumination and relief.

"Positively I had forgotten your old, ardent admiration. You remain loyal, I see, to your attachments. Do you want it as much as ever, Barrett?"

"What a question! Want it? Haven't I been wildly in love with the portrait ever since it was sent to you, years ago?"

"Only two," his host corrected.

"You never valued it. It was plain enough to see that."

"Not after the original rejected me. Why should I value it?"

"Rejected you? Pooh! I always had my doubts about that. You're a fickle fellow, though I believe you're fairly caught this time. But that's neither here nor there. It's the most beautiful face I ever saw."

"You look at it with an artist's eye, you know."

"And with a lover's, too," the young man laughingly added. "You don't realize my abject condition—never to have loved a living woman, and to be enamored of a portrait! It is Pygmalion and Galatea over again, only I can never warm the picture into life, or get from you the address of the original. Let me have it, my dear old fellow. Let me keep it in the studio, anyway, till—"

"All right. Come on, then." And, hurriedly rising, he led the way into the adjoining apartment.

The room was flooded with radiance as he turned up



THE CATHEDRAL OF FLORENCE.—BRUNELLESCHI'S CUPOLA, AND THE PALAZZO VECCHIO, SEEN FROM THE UFFIZI.—PAGE 279.

the gas, and the picture, like a living, happy soul, beamed down upon them as they stood before it.

"Are you really in earnest?"

John Barrett turned to his friend, as if he found it hard to realize that any one would voluntarily part with a thing so lovely.

"In dead earnest," was the reply. "Take it down this minute. You can carry it home with you to-night—your Christmas present, Barrett. If you wait for me to send it I may change my mind, and——"

The artist had already stepped upon the lounge, and his hand was upon the heavy wire supporting the picture, when his arms dropped quickly to his side, and he turned his head around with a sudden movement. A strange expression overspread his face



LUIGI DEL MORO, ARCHITECT OF THE NEW FAÇADE.

as he saw Fletcher Montgomery standing at the extreme end of the room.

"What's the matter, Barrett?"

"I thought you clutched my shoulder."

"Likely!" was the reply, with a short, hard laugh. "I've not been within ten feet of you."

Again the young man turned toward the portrait, with the exclamation "Queer!" half formed upon his lips, and again his hand was lifted. The next instant he sprang back, turning and glaring upon his companion, who still stood at a distance from him.

"For God's sake, what does it mean?" he cried, with chattering teeth and white lips.

"That's to be found out," Fletcher Montgomery retorted, his eyes fixed upon the frightened face, his own growing paler as he spoke. "You feel it, too, it seems? Then it isn't my cursed imagination, as I've tried hard to believe. I've experimented with you because you're the only man I know who can keep a close tongue in his head. I've never dared to speak of it to any living soul."

"The hand—on your shoulder—and then—then—the—the icy fingers at your throat—they were fingers, I swear it!" And, wheeling about, the young artist stared again at the portrait. "I'm awake, I'm in my right

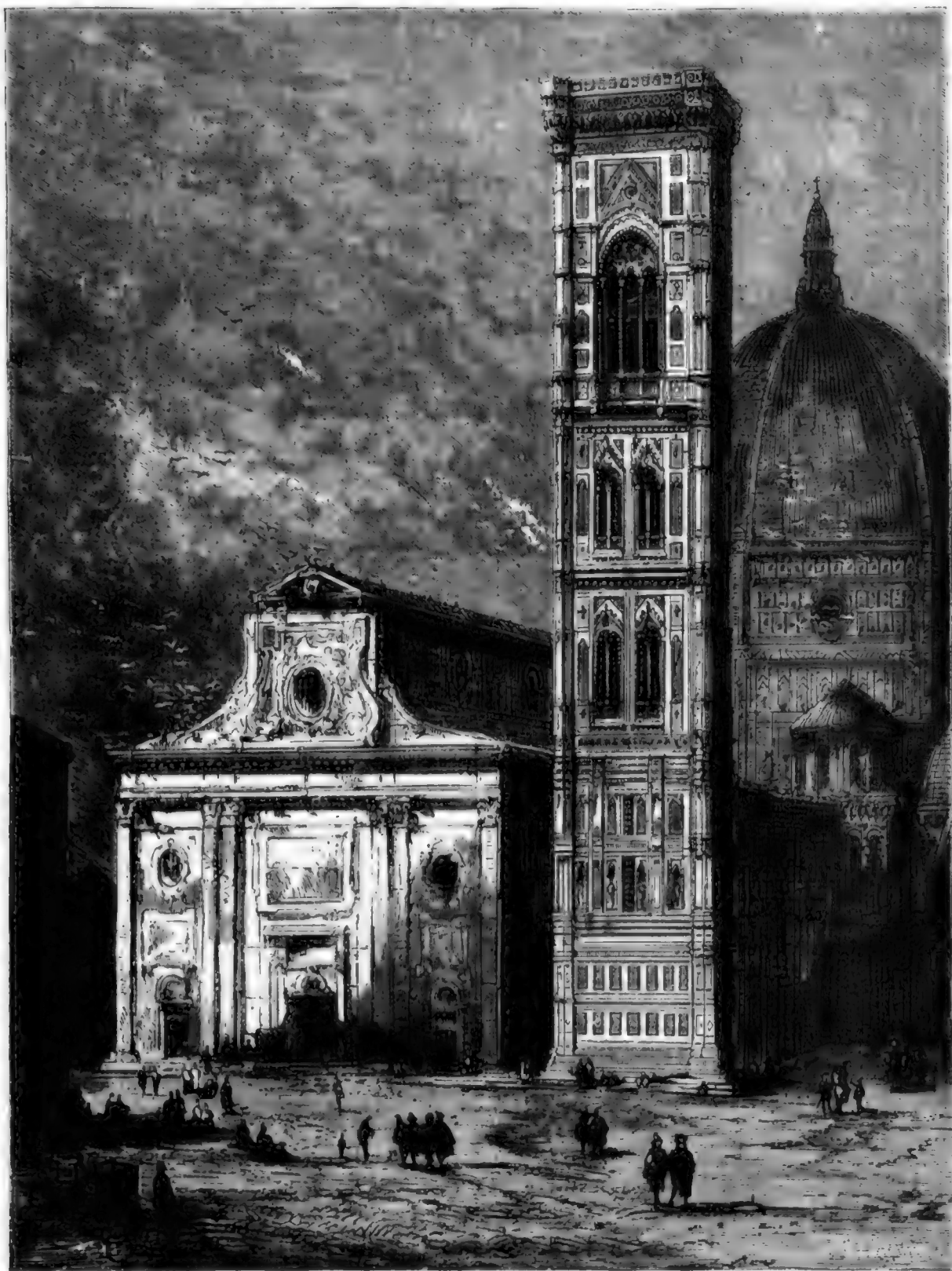
senses, and I *didn't* imagine it. What does it mean, I say, Fletcher?"

"It has happened over and over again, Barrett; every time I've tried to take it down, ever since—my engagement to Eleanor Granville. If it's supernatural——"

Supernatural!" was the quick, contemptuous reply.

"And when you leave here?"

"It'll come down then, fast enough. There must be men, plenty of them, in the world, superior to what you refuse to call the supernatural, and then I'll burn the cursed thing, by——" and with a fearful oath he struck his hands together. "I'd have set fire to it long ago if I



THE CATHEDRAL OF FLORENCE.—SANTA MARIA DEL FIORE AT THE BEGINNING OF THE EIGHTEENTH CENTURY.
SEE PAGE 279.

"A belief in the supernatural is the sheerest nonsense that any man with an ounce of brains——"

"Call it what you please," was the response; "but you have that picture only on condition that you take it from the nail. I can't do it for you, though I'd be glad to see the last of it for time and eternity."

could have done it without bringing down the whole house!"

"Come out for a walk, Fletcher, I'm confoundedly upset. Don't talk to me about it—not yet," and striding into the front room, John Barrett poured out a glass of wine, swallowed it at a gulp, and pulled on his overcoat.

"It's your last night of liberty, Fletcher. Better make all you can of it. You seemed like a most enviable dog an hour ago. Hang me if I'd change places with you to have that on my conscience. Reject you! Ha, ha! You know I never took any stock in that rigmarole. There's been some black iniquity in this business. Why not own up to me. I never peach. You said so yourself."

The two passed out into the street together, but if Fletcher Montgomery availed himself of an opportunity for that confession which is said to be good for the soul, no one will ever know save the friend who parted with him that night for ever.

It was three o'clock on the next afternoon—Christmas Day—when Fletcher Montgomery returned to his apartments, a wild-eyed, haggard-looking man, not suggesting in face or manner the joyousness of an expectant bridegroom.

"I shall take a nap for a couple of hours," he said to his valet. "Call me by six, at any rate, if I don't call you," and banging to the door of his dressing-room, he turned the key in the lock with a click like a pistol.

For a full minute he stood gazing at the portrait with lowering brows and muttered imprecations, then threw himself upon the lounge beneath it, tossing restlessly for a long time, and at last fell into a heavy slumber.

The Granville mansion was ablaze with lights, and Eleanor, in a magnificent bridal robe, was ready for the ceremony, which was to take place early enough to enable the young couple to leave that evening for the South. Mrs. Granville, statelier than ever on this grand occasion, was looking about her with an anxiety which she could not entirely conceal. Carriages were still rolling to the door, and the hum of voices came up from the rooms below.

Mrs. Granville spoke to her daughter in an irritated tone of voice:

"This is inexcusable in Fletcher. Do you realize what time it is, Eleanor?"

"Time? No, I was not thinking about the time. There's time enough, mother," and she laughed nonchalantly. "I'm only twenty, you know, and we're a long-lived race. What do a few minutes signify?"

A maid appeared at the door, making a quick sign to Mrs. Granville, who quietly withdrew.

"A gentleman to see you, madam, alone, on important business. I brought him up here," and she pushed open the door of the opposite room.

Mrs. Granville stepped inside to face a young man, who stood motionless, hat in hand.

"Oscar Ashford!"

She staggered, turned pale, and clutched at the door-knob to save herself from falling. He bowed low.

"Of course you are surprised to see me, Mrs. Granville. I have come—it is the irony of fate that I should be the one to——"

There was the odor of orange blossoms in the room. A figure in shining satin and filmy lace stood before him.

"Oscar Ashford!"

The exclamation was one not only of surprised recognition, but unmistakable joy.

"No, no; not you, Eleanor. I cannot tell you."

And he shrank away from her.

"You can tell me what you came to tell my mother," she said, with authority. "What is it?"

He might have hesitated longer had he known less of her nature and her power of endurance.

"I have just arrived from Europe," he explained, huskily. "I was driving up from the pier, when my

carriage was stopped by a man who at once recognized the coachman, and begged him to come to this house with a message. It was that a terrible accident had happened to—his master—Mr. Montgomery."

"An accident!"

It was Mrs. Granville who gasped out the words. Her daughter stood like a statue, but her lips moved.

"Tell us all you know about it," she said.

"I know nothing—nothing more than I have told you. The servant had just rushed out of the house to summon a messenger as we drove by. I did not wait to ask. He said *you* were waiting, and—Eleanor, may I, at least, offer you my sympathy in this awful—and you will forgive me for bringing such tidings to you? It is my misfortune, and I have—to forgive *you*, Eleanor."

"Forgive—me? Oscar, what do you mean?"

Her mother tried to draw her from the room.

"Not now," she pleaded. "This is no time for——"

"It is *my* time, mother. Tell me, Oscar, what you mean?"

"You ask me that!"

He drew from his pocket a letter, creased and soiled, opened it and passed it to her. It bore date almost two years back. She seized it eagerly. It was a short, curt note of dismissal, apparently in her own writing, and signed with her full name. She stared at it blankly.

"And I wrote you so many times after that, Eleanor," he went on. "I was wild—desperate. I begged for just one word of explanation—something to——"

"Mother!"—the girl's voice rang out like a trumpet. "Where are those letters, and why did you write this one?"

It was no longer the stately Mrs. Granville to whom she spoke, but a woman who, with ashen face and drawn, quivering lips, crouched abjectly against the wall, shrinking from the lightning glance of her daughter's eyes. Eleanor Granville turned toward Oscar Ashford and placed both her hands in his.

Fletcher Montgomery's valet called in vain at the dressing-room door at the hour named by his master. He consulted the janitor of the building.

"Why, man alive, burst the door open! Sleeping like that, and his wedding coming off in an hour or two! You're crazy not to wake him."

When, by their combined efforts, the room was forcibly entered, a sight met their eyes which almost stopped the beating of their hearts. Fletcher Montgomery lay upon the lounge where he had thrown himself. From a frightful gash upon his temple, blood had streamed over his face and breast. The body was quite cold. He had been dead some time. Upon the floor lay the portrait which had done such tragic work, the picture of the lovely woman who had taken her own life by reason of his faithlessness.

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At the best, no one can know much. Compared with the infinite realms above and beyond us to be yet discovered, the knowledge of the most learned man covers but a tiny spot; and what fraction of such a spot ours may cover is but a small matter. But it does matter to ourselves, and to all around us, the use we shall make of what we possess—whether we shall carry it around for exhibition, or whether we shall convert it into a living force to elevate our own natures and to bless and help mankind.

A good word is an easy obligation; but not to speak ill requires only our silence, which costs us nothing.

THE BANISHED VOICE.

BY MARY A. DENISON.

O LITTLE bird, you can sing and sing,
And I just home from an open grave!
Do you know my heart is perishing
For the love that one short Summer gave?

For the love I lost but yesterday,
That looked its last from brave, blue eyes,
And spoke its last from lips of clay,
That faded as the flower dies?

Why will you pipe that joyous trill?
Why pierce the air with jubilant cry?
Why make my aching bosom thrill
With memories all too sweet to die?

Go, take the bird from-out my sight;
It mocks my grief as if it knew
My soul is sore and sick to-night,
That life is drear and friends are few.

Gone! but the silence takes on sound—
The very walls are tokens dim;
The dusky shadows, flitting round,
Speak in their ghostly way of him.

He loved the voice now banished far.
Even in the dying hour his eye
Grew brighter than the evening star,
When the bird's carol floated by.

I cannot sit in silent pain,
Nor bear such ghastly company.
Go, get the singing bird again,
It may bring happier thoughts to me.

How know I but my darling bends
From his fair resting-place, God-given,
And through this tender voicing sends
His love that did not die, from heaven.

THE CATHEDRAL OF FLORENCE.

COMPLETION OF THE WORK OF NEARLY SIX HUNDRED YEARS.

BY MARC F. VALLETTE.

LEAVING Rome by the 10:30 P.M. train, we arrived at Florence in the early morning, and after repairing to a modest hotel, where we performed much-needed ablutions and partook of a hearty breakfast, we were ready to "do the city." "Firenze la Bella," as its inhabitants love to call it, and with much justice, too, is one of the most delightful cities in Italy. It is situated on both sides of the Arno, and is noted for its beautiful and invaluable art treasures and its historical associations. Here the lover of art is delighted by the sight of paintings by Michael Angelo, Raphael, Titian, Andrea del Sarto, Correggio, and the inimitable terra cotta works of Luca della Robbia. As we wander through the streets of Florence we see numerous statues of great men, notably that of Cosimo I., by Giovanni da Bologna, with figures of Justice and Power by Danti, and that of Dante by Pazzi. If we take a view of the city from San Miniato about sunset, we shall see the vast Val d'Arno bathed with mellow, golden light; a dreamy vapor softens the outlines of the distant Apennines; the sparkling Arno may be traced through the green meadows far away to the westward, whilst immediately before us lies the city, with its countless towers, and spires, and domes, all glittering with the glory of the setting sun. Prominent among these latter are the dome of the cathedral and the Campanile, the former rising to a height of 387 feet, and the latter to a height of 292 feet. It is to this magnificent cathedral that we shall confine ourselves for the present, for we are just in time to witness and to participate in the ceremonies of the fifth centenary of Donatello and the inauguration of the façade of the church, which was only unveiled and blessed on the 12th of May of the present year.

The "inauguration" of the façade of the Cathedral of Santa Maria del Fiore (so called from the lily which figures in the arms of Florence), the most grandiose work commenced, continued and completed since the political renaissance of the country, is the triumphant realization of the desire of many centuries. To Florence this metropolitan church is not only the greatest temple erected by the faith and zeal of its former inhabitants,

but it is, moreover, a page in its history recorded in marble. The transformation of the ancient Church of Santa Reparata into the present cathedral was the constant desire of those charged with this department of public works. Giovanni Villani relates that, during the year 1294, the Florentines decided "to renovate the chief church in Florence, to enlarge it, to build it all of marble and with carved figures." The Guelphs were in the ascendancy at the time, and the Ghibellines, with Dante Alighieri on their side, had been discomfited at Campaldino, and the victors devoted themselves to the extension of commerce, the encouragement of progress and the cultivation of the fine arts.

It appears certain that the corner-stone of the renovated temple was laid in 1296, in the presence of Cardinal Pietro Valeriani, sent expressly for this occasion by Pope Boniface VIII., and of Bishop Francesco Monaldeschi. The models and designs for the renovation of the church were given by Arnolfo di Cambio, "capo maestro" of the "commune," and were returned to him with the injunction to "put all possible magnificence into his work." For the first few years after the beginning of the work it was pushed forward with much vigor, a fund having been created to meet the necessary expenses, but the death of Arnolfo, in 1310, for a time suspended operations. It was resumed and carried on expeditiously from 1318 to 1319, when it was again suspended, either for want of the necessary funds or because of the political troubles between the factions of the Blacks and the Whites, which in that year drenched the city with blood through the hostilities of two powerful families, the Cerchi and the Donati. In 1331 work was once more resumed.

On April 12th, 1334, Giotto di Bondone da Vespignano was named master of the works upon the church, which was still called Santa Reparata. Giotto, who was born in 1265, was already sixty-nine years of age when he assumed the task begun by Arnolfo. In July, 1334, he laid the foundation of the Campanile, which was completed after his death by Gaddi. But poor Giotto had not many years left him to devote to the great work

intrusted to him.

In 1337, at the age of seventy-two, he passed away, and operations were again interrupted.

In 1355, Francesca Talenti became the architect, and Arnolfo's original conception was expanded, and the nave, with its spacious vaulting, as well as the choir-apse, were begun from Talenti's designs. The exterior was, also, further ornamented in harmony with the original details. For some years following, the work dragged along so slowly that Talenti was replaced by Giovanni di Lappo Ghini. This was about 1363. The erection of this magnificent structure dragged along for years under one architect and then another, until it grew in proportions and in artistic wonders. Marble and bronze and paint successively added their beauties, until, in 1432, the

old name of Santa Reparata gave way to the present name of Santa Maria del Fiore. In 1408 the name of Donatello appears for the first time upon the records of the church as being engaged upon the statue of King

David. In 1428, the work on the renovated temple having sufficiently advanced, the central tribune was dedicated to San Zanobi, bishop and patron of the city, and it was decided that his remains, found in 1330, be placed in a tomb, to be executed by Lorenzo di Bartoluccio. The translation of the body of San Zanobi from the catacomb where it was deposited in 1330, to Brunellesco's new subterranean chapel, took place with great solemnity in May, 1439. It happened that in the same year Pope Eugenius IV. had called a Council in Florence to consider the union of the Greek and Roman Churches, and, among those who attended this council, was John Palaeologus, Emperor of Constantinople. The ceremony of the translation was consequently hon-

ored by the Pope, the brother of the Emperor, the Fathers of the Council, the Patriarchs of Jerusalem and of Grado, and by a large number of Greek and Latin bishops who were welcomed to Florence on this occasion.



SANTA MARIA DEL FIORE FROM THE BOBOLI GARDENS.



SHRINE OF ST. ZENOBIOUS.



THE CATHEDRAL OF FLORENCE.

Six bishops carried the casket containing the remains. The bronze shrine in which they were then placed was finished in 1441, and was the work of Lorenzo Ghiberti, and consists of three scenes in basso-rilievo. The centre one represents the raising from the dead of the child of a French lady, said to have been effected by the saint in a village of the Albizzi. Of those on each side, one represents the resurrection of a man crushed under a car, and the other, a man carrying a relic to San Zanobi, sent by St. Ambrose, Bishop of Milan.

In August, 1417, attention was given to the cupola, and the plans called for were presented on the 12th of December: there were sixteen. Preference was given to those of Filippo di Ser Brunellesco and Lorenzo Ghiberti. It appears that another meeting to decide upon the plans was called in 1418, when the work was given to Brunellesco, who, after a third submission of plans, was permitted to begin the work. In 1432, Brunellesco was authorized to prepare the designs for the lantern, and on the 30th of August, 1436, the cupola was finished and blessed by the Bishop of Fiesole. The first stone of the lantern was placed in 1445, but when the work was completed to a goodly height, Brunellesco fell sick, and died on April 16th, 1446, in the sixty-ninth year of his age; and asking it as a great favor, not only by word of mouth, but in his will, that no change whatsoever be made in his plans in the completion of the structure.

On the 27th of January, 1600, the lantern was struck by lightning, and it was hurled down into the Via de Servi with such noise and confusion that the inhabitants thought the world had come to an end. It was replaced in 1602 on a larger scale by Bernardo Buontalenti. This dome is the largest in the world. The ascent is very interesting, as, besides the fine view afforded from the top, a very good idea of the construction may be obtained. After climbing 463 steps, the tourist, if at all venturesome, may go up 57 steps more to the cross on the summit.

Let us say a word or two about the Campanile, that wonderful structure, which rises beside the cathedral and which forms such a harmonious *ensemble* with it. We have said that it was begun by Giotto on July 28th, 1334, and that he died soon after, in 1336. Andrea Pisano next took charge of the work, but it soon languished and finally ceased entirely, and it was not until 1351, when under the direction of Talenti, it was resumed and carried on in accordance with the original designs of Giotto. In 1387 it was under roof, and finally, in 1437, the great Campanile was completed. Besides the model of the Campanile, Giotto left the design of all the historical scenes in marble which adorn the lower part. Some of these sculptures are by Pisano, and five are by Lucca della Robbia. At the corners may be seen a number of statues, the works of Nicolo d'Arezzo, Andrea Pisano, and Lucca della Robbia. Three figures of the prophets, by Donatello, are on the side toward San Giovanni.

The Campanile terminates with a terrace surrounded by a marble parapet. On the last of the five stories into which it is divided by architectural lines there is a large, trifomed window which is surmounted by a cusp and enriched with beautiful tracery in the Italian Gothic style. The height of the Campanile is 292 feet, and it is regarded as one of the finest works of its kind in existence. All the five stories of which it consists are beautifully and richly decorated with marble blocks of various colors. On the west side are four statues, the first three of which are by Donatello. They represent St. Matthew, David, the celebrated "Zuccone" or bald-head, and

Solomon. The fourth, Obadiah, is the work of Nanni di Bartolo (1420). On the side are Habakkuk, Abraham and Isaac, by Roseo and Donatello, and two patriarchs by Nicolo d'Arezzo. On the north side are sibyls and prophets. Further down on the sides of the tower we come to the bassi-rilievi of Giotto, Pisano and Lucca della Robbia, representing the Seven Cardinal Virtues, the Seven Corporal Works of Mercy, the Seven Beatitudes and the Seven Sacraments. In the lower series is a curious representation of the development of the human race, from the Creation to the climax of Greek science. Among these may be seen the Creation of Eve, Adam and Eve at Work, Dwellers in Tents, Astronomers, a Rider, Weaving, Navigation, Agriculture, etc., while the liberal arts are represented by figures of Phidias, Apelles, Donatus, Orpheus, Plato, Aristotle, Ptolemy, Euclid, and a musician. The ascent to the top of the Campanile is by 414 steps, and the view obtained of the surrounding country, studded with beautiful villas, amply repays the tourist for his trouble. Here, too, may be seen the pillars on which, according to Giotto, it was proposed to raise a spire one hundred feet high, but the project was abandoned by Gaddi. So great an impression did the splendor of this Campanile produce upon the Emperor Charles V., that he declared that it should be preserved under a covering of glass.

The new façade of the Duomo, as has been already stated, was uncovered in May, 1887, a month that will be memorable in the history of beautiful Florence because of the celebrations which seemed to cluster around the crowning glory of Florentine art, namely, the commemoration of the fifth centenary of Donatello and the re-interment of Rossini, the well-known composer. The glory of Santa Maria del Fiore has occupied the Italian people for many months. After the lapse of five centuries, it was, indeed, a great event to have completed the noble design of Brunellesco.

From the day of its foundation, at the close of the thirteenth century, this grand cathedral has had a special hold upon the people of Italy, and contributions for its completion have poured in from distant parts, and from all sorts and conditions of people. Far back, in the year 1294, Arnolfo del Cambio, who superintended the work down to 1310, the time of his death, was authorized, as we have already seen, to make a design that would "harmonize with the opinion of many wise men." On a bright May morning only a few weeks ago, the people of Florence saw the fulfillment of this command. Three great curtains slowly slid down on their ropes, uncovering, strip by strip, the mass of delicately carved and inlaid marbles, the multitude of statues, the gold and the mosaics, until the whole magnificent work stood shining and shimmering in the sunlight. Whilst the richest and most delicately tinted marbles have been used, great care has been taken to keep the new work in harmony with the other walls of the cathedral. To insure this, it became necessary to remove many of the old slabs of the *intersiata*, where the marble had been worn away by decay, or damaged by the influence of the weather. It can be judged by this partial renovation how admirable was the effect of the whole when the coverings were removed. There was exposed to the enthusiastic and admiring masses the *lavoro di poesia*, a vast marble tracery of fruits, flowers, garlands, wreaths, mingled with lovely faces, the work of innumerable sculptors and artists, all of whom undertook it as a labor of love; many of them, like Settignano, accepting only their daily expenses. Nor was this disinterestedness limited to the noble army of workmen. The beautiful, rich, variegated

marbles of Serravezza, Sienna and Prato were presented as a gift, and in many instances their transportation was paid. Florence had made every preparation for the great occasion, and the City of the Lily was rendered still more attractive by the variety of costumes which may still be seen in the remote provinces. From the wooded glens of the Apennines, from the Alban hills and rugged Calabria, came pilgrims to gladden their hearts by the sight of the crowning glory of Florence, the completion of the Cathedral of Santa Maria del Fiore.

But before we undertake to describe the grand rejoicings, which lasted some two weeks, let us inquire a little into the history of the *facciata*.

Arnolfo de Cambio, when renovating the old Church of Santa Reparata, doubtless intended to decorate it with a façade of becoming architectural magnificence. A rectangular fragment of a green-and-white marble incrustation was found not long ago, and from it the modern architect was enabled to determine the character of Arnolfo's work, and to complete it. A *facciata* subsequent to Arnolfo's, and embellished with numerous statues, and erroneously attributed to Giotto, is minutely described by Rondinelli. In 1588 this façade was removed with a view to replacing it with a new one, but the project was not carried out. The cathedral was thus left without a façade, and was then decorated with frescoes by way of supplying the defect. On April 22d, 1860, Victor Emmanuel laid the foundation-stone of the new façade. It was blessed by the archbishop, and a vast concourse of people joined in the hymn of thanksgiving, but the work was not begun in earnest until the Fall of 1875. Emilio de Fabris became the architect, his designs having been accepted over those of thirty-three others. It is to be regretted that, like nearly all the architects of the Middle Ages, and of the great artists who have worked on Santa Maria del Fiore, he did not live to see the completion of his work. He labored with zeal and intelligence, and year after year the walls of the new façade grew in proportions and in beauty.

On December 28th, 1879, at the desire of the committee in charge, that portion of the work on the Via de Martelli which had been covered with exquisitely chiseled marble was exposed to view, with the models of the projected statuary, and the delight of the Florentine authorities and of the people in general, was manifested in the praise bestowed upon architect and builder. In the following year, Professor Augusto Conti had perfected his models for the sculptured decorations, statues and bass-reliefs, which were intrusted to competent hands. The uncovering of this section of the façade created the greatest eagerness to see the completion of the work, and great efforts were made to secure funds for its vigorous and uninterrupted prosecution. De Fabris was delighted with the success of the financial arrangements, and he redoubled his efforts with a will. He completed his designs to the most minute details, and wrote out full directions as to what he desired to have done. This was very fortunate, and was, perhaps, due to a presentiment that his end was not far off. Be it as it may, the unfortunate De Fabris died on June 28th, 1883, but not before the work had reached such a point as to preclude the necessity for designs from other architects, and thus rob him of the fame he had so justly earned.

Before his death, De Fabris had sought the co-operation of an artist possessed of heart and intelligence, and these qualities he found in Professor Luigi del Moro, to whom was now intrusted the prosecution of the work. On December 6th, 1883, the façade, now covered with marble up to the crowning-point, was exhibited to the

public with solemn ceremonies in the presence of Prince Eugene di Savoia Carignano, President of the Deputation, of all the ecclesiastical and civil authorities, and of the citizens in general. At a signal from the Prince, the veil dropped to the sound of martial music.

In 1885 the architectural work was completed. In August, 1886, the tabernacle and the central bass-reliefs were placed in position, and in October the mosaic of the lunette. The work was now entirely finished. The inauguration, which it was intended to have celebrated that Autumn, was postponed until Spring, so as to join with it two other grand events which the people of that beautiful city were anxious to celebrate, and to which we shall refer further on.

It is scarcely necessary to go into an architectural description of the new façade of Santa Maria del Fiore with the handsome illustration our artist has given us. We shall, therefore, confine ourselves to a brief reference to the decorations which Professor Augusto Conti, at the invitation of the architect De Fabris, executed in a symbolic manner, in accordance with the title of the church. Conti designed the fundamental theme of the sculptures as follows: The Old and the New Testament, the Church, Christian Civilization, Letters, the Fine Arts, the Useful Arts, the Sciences, Italy, and especially Florence; all were to do homage to the Mother of our Redeemer. This conception was approved by the Archbishop as to its religious aspects, and by Professor Nicolo Barabino with regard to the artistic.

Prominent among the works of art, and in keeping with the name of the church, is a statue by Tito Sarrocchi, of the Madonna, *Regina Apostolorum*, with the Infant Saviour, which may be seen in the tabernacle over the central door. The Twelve Apostles are disposed as follows: On the right of the Madonna, St. Peter, by Emilio Gallori; on the left is St. John, by C. Trocchi; then again, on the right, we find St. Bartholomew, by C. Fantacchiotti, and on the left St. James the Less, by A. Bortone; the other Apostles, by celebrated artists, follow in regular order. Directly under the tabernacle and still over the central door is a grand bass-relief, the work of Professor A. Passaglia, representing the Madonna as the Protectress of Christianity, the country and the people, surrounded by figures recalling historical events; the Gonfaloniere, the Priors of the Florentine Republic who organized the Trustees of Santa Maria del Fiore; Pope Calixtus III., who preached the Crusade; Christopher Columbus, who discovered America; St. Catharine of Sienna, who persuaded Gregory XI. to return to Rome and leave the See of Avignon; Pius V., who formed the league against the Turks which resulted in the naval victory at Lepanto. Below these figures is an altar on which rests the Immaculate Lamb, and on each side of the altar are the figures of Queen Esther and the Prophetess Deborah. At the lower corners of the bass-relief are sculptured the figures of Jacob and Judah, from whose lineage, according to Scripture, came Jesus and Mary. Immediately outside of the triangular framework inclosing this scene there are three sculptures on one side and four on the other in, bass-relief, by Giovanni Giovanetti, representing the seven priests who sounded the trumpet through Jericho, and which, according to Conti, are symbolical of the fervent prayer and faith of priests and people. On the final pinnacles of the two pilasters are the statues of Leo the Great by R. Romanelli and of Pope Gregory VII. by Fumagalli; the former dear to all Christians for having arrested Attila under the walls of Rome, and the other for his persevering and victorious defense of the liberty of the Church. The four statues



CATHEDRAL OF FLORENCE.—STATUE OF ST. JAMES THE LESS.

of Pope Calixtus I., Celestine I., St. Jerome and St. Bonaventure, on the corner columns of the pilasters, and sculptured by Dante Soldini, are expressive of the doctrines of the Church in all times.

Moses, David, Solomon and Isaiah, sculptured in bass-relief in four medallions, two on the right and two on the left, by Passaglia, represent the four principal prophets who foretold the birth of Mary.

The mosaic of the lunette of the principal or central portal, and designed by Professor Nicolo Barabino, represents Our Saviour crowned King—*Rex Regum et Dominus Dominantium*—with the Madonna and St. John the Baptist, St. Ann, St. Lawrence, St. Mary Magdalene

de Pazzi, St. Juliana Falconieri, and the Blessed Juliana de Cerchi, all protectors of Florence, and in the attitude of prayer.

The half-figure in bass-relief in the architrave near the lunette represents St. Joseph, the spouse of Mary, and is the work of Passaglia, as are also those in the seven medallions in the archway representing St. Andrew Corsini, the Blessed Hippolitus Galantica, St. Philip Benizzi, San Miniato, St. John Gualberto, St. Philip Neri and St. Romuold, all Florentines.

On the summit of the pointed archway, over the side door on the right, is a statue of Aaron as High Priest, by G. B. Tassara. In the archway is a sculpture in bass-relief, *Ecce Homo*, by Passaglia. In the triangles on the front is a bass-relief with angels and the symbols of the Passion, by Giovanni Paganucci. In the tabernacle, on the pillars, are two statues, Adam and Eve, by Torelli. The lunette designed by Nicolo Barabino represents the Triumph of Christianity, and portraits of the men most prominently associated with charitable works in Florence may be recognized.

The statue on the front of the left portal, by Tassara, represents Samuel, the ancestor of Mary. The *Mater Dolorosa* in the centre is by Gallori; the Angels with flowers, in the triangles, are by Trocchi; the statues of Abraham, Sarah and Isaac, symbolizing obedience and sacrifice, were modeled by Cecioni; the mosaic in the lunette of this portal, and designed by Barabino, represents the triumph of faith and the sanctification of labor, and other figures representing the mechanical and the fine arts. A prominent figure at the extreme right of the building, and nearly over the side door, is that of Cardinal Valeriani, who blessed the first foundations of the Duomo on September 8th, 1296. Near it are the statues of Bishop Agostino Tinacci, who blessed the first pilaster on July 5th, 1357; Pope Eugenius IV., who blessed the Duomo, in which he held the Ecumenical Council of Florence, whence emanated the decree for the union of the Greek and Latin Churches, on July 6th, 1439; and St. Anthony, Archbishop of Florence, who blessed the façade about the year 1446. In the fourteen apartments of the upper zone are figures in bass-relief by Cimabue, Fra Angelico, Andrea del Sarto, Fra Bartolomeo, Raphael, Leonardo da Vinci, Francia, Andrea Pisano, Mino da Fiesole, Orgagna, Lucca della Robbia, Donatello, Michael Angelo and Civitali. On the architrave of the main door are the arms of Pope Pius IX., who gave 3,000 lire and a valuable mosaic, which was sold for the benefit of the church, and made in all 12,666 lire (or \$2,533). The bronze doors were designed by Luigi del Moro.

It would be useless for us to attempt to describe every work of art to be found on this marvelously beautiful façade, or to do justice to the merits of the master minds whose genius and generous impulses found expression in the mighty work they undertook.

Religion, patriotism, genius and generosity all combined to perfect plans conceived and designed two hundred years before the discovery of America by Columbus, and only completed toward the close of this glorious nineteenth century. It is no wonder, then, that Florence was beside itself with joy when this work of centuries was ready to be unveiled. No wonder they were anxious to associate with their celebration of this event

the translation of the remains of Rossini and the fifth centenary of Donatello. Happy is it for a nation when its peoples possess a heart which beats quicker at sight of the trophies and triumphs, not of war, but of peace.

The celebration was, to the American mind, a singular combination; the unvailing of the façade, the fifth centenary of Donatello, a grand historical procession and ball, and a reproduction of a XIVth-century tournament, varied by such XIXth-century features as bicycle races, stenographic meetings and hygienic congresses.

The Committee of Arrangements had decided that the procession should represent the reception by the authorities of the Commonwealth of Amadeus VI. of Savoy, who visited Florence in 1367, on his way back from the East, after defeating the Bulgarians and reinstating John Palæologus in Constantinople. The part of Amadeus VI., the "Green Count," was offered to one of the princes of the blood. The magnificent pageant will remain in the minds of the Florentine people, despite the little historical blunders noticeable here and there. But it was not, after all, a mere splendid masquerade, for it contained an element of reality, of spontaneity, which gave it a power over the imagination which the most successful dramatic display would fail to awaken. Looking down the lists of the guilds, of the town authorities (and even of those of some of the invited guests at the grand ball), one had, in seeing the names of the Strozzi, Pucci, Ridolfi, Pazzi, Altoviti, etc., the sense that these might really be genuine Florentine merchants and nobles who stood on the dais before the Palace of the Signoria, and were marshaled in the great square, a brilliant mass of colors, with their horsemen in mail, their trumpeters and heralds, and thus they marched along, standards waving and *piccoli* shrieking, under the windows of old houses, hung, as of yore, with banners and garlands and brocades. This strange effect, almost dreamlike and magical, because of its curious mixture of reality and fiction, was even greater when the scene was taken in detail.

The Captain of the Light Horse of the Commonwealth was a Strozzi. The Gonfaloniere bore the same name as the great historian, Francesco Guicciardini. The Captain of the People was a descendant of that Caponi who said to Charles VIII., "If you sound your trumpets, we shall ring our bells." The Podesta, chosen now as then among foreigners and riding in cloth-of-gold, with his page and his shield-bearer by his side, was the representative of that family of Carraras of Padua whom the Venetians did to death. The three splendid horsemen, two in armor, with high-figured crests like those of the Scaligire at Verona, and one in a rose-colored cloak embroidered with heraldic devices, and rose-colored shovel-hat surrounded by a coronet, were three Gherardescas, whose prototypes, three brothers like themselves, could not have looked grander at the real coming of Amadeus VI., five hundred years ago. Again, one of the most striking figures of the pageant, who looked, in his exquisite dress, like one of the beautiful young villains—half Prince Charming, half Bluebeard—of Matarano's Chronicles, was Prince Belgiojoso d'Este, in the character of his ancestor, Alberigo da Barbiano.

The procession showed to great advantage on May 17th, the last day of the festivities, at the

Torneo or Tournament at the Porta alla Croce, when youth and beauty contemplated deeds of valor with all the interest and delight which it did centuries ago.

At the grand ball in the Palazzo Vecchio were gathered representatives of all the guilds, the Knights of the "Conte Verde" and the members of the Signoria, together with an immense concourse of ladies in costumes of the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries. The vast Sala dei Cinque Cento was a perfect fairy scene, carrying the beholder back to the days when knights

—"rode in golden armor like the sun,
And in their helm a triple plume did spring
Spangled with diamonds dancing in the air."



THE CATHEDRAL OF FLORENCE.—STATUE OF ST. BARTHOLOMEW.

THE VENTURESOME.

'Twas one of the blossoms of Paradise
That smiled on a mountain's brink,
And lit with the lure of an angel's eyes
The quaking path in the empty skies
Where the wild goats pause and shrink.

There came a maiden out of her bower;
Oh, but her eyes were bright!
She hath fixed their gaze on the innocent flower,
And her peace is fled in a single hour
For the wish of a new delight.

"'Tis the fairest flower I have seen," she cried,
"Though many a flower be fair;
What matter though mother and father would chide?
The old are dull, and the path is wide.
How sweet it would show in my hair!"

It beckons her on with a strange delight,
For its petals are white as snow;
She reaches to it with a blinded sight:
It smiles, as of old, on the perilous height—
She lies in the vale below.

THE MODEL MILLIONAIRE.

UNLESS one is wealthy, there is no good in being a charming fellow. Romance is the privilege of the rich, not the profession of the unemployed. The poor should be practical and prosaic. It is better to have a permanent income than to be fascinating. These are the great truths of modern life which Hughie Erskine never realized. Poor Hughie! Intellectually, we must admit, he was not of much importance. He never said either a brilliant or an ill-natured thing in his life. But, then, he was wonderfully good-looking, with his crisp, brown hair, his clear-cut profile, and his gray eyes. He was as popular with men as he was with women, and he had every accomplishment except that of making money. His father had bequeathed him his cavalry sword, and a "History of the Peninsular War," in fifteen volumes. Hughie hung the first over his looking-glass, put the second on a shelf between *Ruff's Guide* and *Baily's Magazine*, and lived on two hundred a year that an old aunt allowed him. He had tried everything. He had gone on the Stock Exchange for six months; but what was a butterfly to do among bulls and bears? He had been a tea merchant for a little longer, but had soon tired of pekoe and souchong. Then he had tried selling dry sherry. That did not answer. Ultimately he became nothing, a delightful, ineffectual young man with a perfect profile and no profession.

To make matters worse, he was in love. The girl he loved was Laura Merton, the daughter of a retired colonel, who had lost his temper and his digestion in India, and had never found either of them again. Laura adored him, and he was ready to kiss her shoestrings. They were the handsomest couple in London, and had not a pennypiece between them. The colonel was very fond of Hughie, but would not hear of any engagement.

"Come to me, my boy, when you have got ten thousand pounds of your own, and we will see about it," he used to say; and Hughie looked very glum on those days, and had to go to Laura for consolation.

One morning, as he was on his way to Holland Park, where the Mertons lived, he dropped in to see a great friend of his, Alan Trevor. Trevor was a painter. Indeed, few people escape that nowadays. But he was also an artist, and artists are rather rare. Personally, he was a strange, rough fellow, with a freckled face and red hair.

However, when he took up the brush he was a real master, and his pictures were eagerly sought after. He had been very much attracted by Hughie at first, it must be acknowledged, entirely on account of his good looks. "The only people a painter should know," he used to say, "are people who are *bête* and beautiful, people who are an artistic pleasure to look at and an intellectual repose to talk to. Dandies and darlings rule the world." However, after he got to know Hughie better, he liked him quite as much for his bright, buoyant spirits and his generous, reckless nature, and had given him the permanent *entrée* to his studio.

When Hughie came in he found Trevor putting the finishing touches to a wonderful life-size picture of a beggar-man. The beggar himself was standing on a raised platform in a corner of the studio. He was a wizened old man, with a face like wrinkled parchment, and a most piteous expression. Over his shoulders was flung a coarse brown cloak, all tears and tatters; his thick boots were patched and cobbled, and with one hand he leant on a rough stick, while with the other he held out his battered hat for alms.

"What an amazing model!" whispered Hughie, as he shook hands with his friend.

"An amazing model?" shouted Trevor, at the top of his voice; "I should think so! Such beggars as he are not to be met with every day. A *trouvaille, mon cher*; a living Velasquez! My stars! what an etching Rembrandt would have made of him!"

"Poor old chap!" said Hughie; "how miserable he looks! But I suppose, to you painters, his face is his fortune?"

"Certainly," replied Trevor; "you don't want a beggar to look happy, do you?"

"How much does a model get for sitting?" asked Hughie, as he found himself a comfortable seat on the divan.

"A shilling an hour."

"And how much do you get for your picture, Alan?"

"Oh, for this I get a thousand."

"Pounds?"

"Guineas. Painters, poets and physicians always get guineas."

"Well, I think the model should have a percentage," said Hughie, laughing; "they work as hard as you do, Alan."

"Nonsense, nonsense! Why, look at the trouble of laying on the paint alone, and standing all day long at one's easel! It's all very well, Hughie, for you to talk, but I assure you that there are moments when Art approaches the dignity of manual labor. But you mustn't chatter; I'm very busy. Smoke a cigarette and keep quiet."

After some time the servant came in, and told Trevor that the framemaker wanted to speak to him.

"Don't run away, Hughie," he said, as he went out, "I will be back in a moment."

The old beggar-man took advantage of Trevor's absence to rest for a moment on a wooden bench that was behind him. He looked so forlorn and wretched that Hughie could not help pitying him, and he felt in his pockets to see what money he had. All he could find was a sovereign and some coppers.

"Poor old fellow," he thought to himself, "he wants it more than I do, but it means no hansoms for a fortnight;" and he walked across the studio and slipped the sovereign into the beggar's hand.

The old man started, and a faint smile flitted across his withered lips.

"Thank you, sir," he said, in a foreign accent.

Then Trevor arrived, and Hughie took his leave, blushing a little at what he had done. He spent the day with Laura, got a charming scolding for his extravagance, and had to walk home.

That night he strolled into the Palette Club about eleven o'clock, and found Trevor sitting by himself in the smoking-room drinking hock and seltzer.

"Well, Alan, did you get the picture finished all right?" he said, as he lit his cigarette.

"Finished and framed, my boy!" answered Trevor; "and, by-the-by, you have made a conquest. That old model you saw is quite devoted to you. I had to tell him all about you—who you are, where you live, what your income is, what prospects you have—"

"My dear Alan," cried Hughie, "I shall probably find him waiting for me when I go home. But of course you are only joking. Poor old beggar! I wish I could do something for him. I think it is dreadful that any one should be so miserable. I have got heaps of old clothes at home—do you think he would care for any of them? Why, his rags were falling to bits."

"But he looks splendid in them," said Trevor. "I wouldn't paint him in a frock coat for anything. What you call rags I call romance. What seems poverty to you is picturesqueness to me. However, I'll tell him of your offer."

"Alan," said Hughie, seriously, "you painters are a heartless lot."

"An artist's heart is his head," replied Trevor; "and, besides, our business is to realize the world as we see it, not to reform it as we know it. *A chacun son métier.* And now tell me how Laura is. The old model was quite interested in her."

"You don't mean to say you talked to him about her?" said Hughie.

"Certainly I did. He knows all about the relentless colonel, the lovely damsel and the ten thousand pounds."

"You told that old beggar all my private affairs?" cried Hughie, looking very red and angry.

"My dear boy," said Trevor, smiling, "that old beggar, as you call him, is one of the richest men in Europe. He could buy all London to-morrow without overdrawing his account. He has a house in every capital, dines off gold plates, and can prevent Russia going to war when he chooses."

"What on earth do you mean?" exclaimed Hughie.

"What I say," said Trevor. "The old man you saw to-day was Baron Hausberg. He is a great friend of mine, buys all my pictures and that sort of thing, and gave me a commission a month ago to paint him as a beggar. *Que voulez-vous? La fantaisie d'un millionnaire!* And I must say he made a magnificent figure in his rags, or, perhaps, I should say in my rags; they are an old suit I got in Spain."

"Baron Hausberg!" cried Hughie. "Good heavens! I gave him a sovereign!" and he sank into an armchair the picture of dismay.

"Gave him a sovereign!" shouted Trevor, and he burst into a roar of laughter. "My dear boy, you'll never see it again. *Soz affaire c'est l'argent des autres.*"

"I think you might have told me, Alan," said Hughie, sulkily, "and not let me make such a fool of myself."

"Well, to begin with, Hughie," said Trevor, "it never entered my mind that you went about distributing alms in that reckless way. I can understand your kissing a pretty model, but your giving a sovereign to an ugly one—by Jove, no! Besides, the fact is that I really was not at home to-day to any one; and when you came in I did

not know whether Hausberg would like his name mentioned. You know he wasn't in full dress."

"What a duffer he must think me!" said Hughie.

"Not at all. He was in the highest spirits after you left; kept chuckling to himself and rubbing his old wrinkled hands together. I couldn't make out why he was so interested to know all about you; but I see it all now. He'll invest your sovereign for you, Hughie, pay you the interest every six months, and have a capital story to tell after dinner."

"I am an unlucky devil," growled Hughie. "The best thing I can do is to go to bed; and, my dear Alan, you mustn't tell any one. I shouldn't dare show my face in the Row."

"Nonsense! It reflects the highest credit on your philanthropic spirit, Hughie and—don't run away. Have another cigarette, and you can talk about Laura as much as you like."

However, Hughie wouldn't stop, but walked home, feeling very unhappy, and leaving Alan Trevor in fits of laughter.

The next morning, as he was at breakfast, the servant brought him up a card, on which was written, "Monsieur Gustave Naudin, *de la part de M. le Baron Hausberg.*" "I suppose he has come for an apology," said Hughie to himself; and he told the servant to show the visitor up.

An old gentleman with gold spectacles and gray hair came into the room, and said, in a slight French accent, "Have I the honor of addressing Monsieur Hugh Erskine?"

Hughie bowed.

"I have come from Baron Hausberg," he continued. "The Baron—"

"I beg, sir, that you will offer him my sincere apologies," said Hughie.

"The Baron," said the old gentleman, with a smile, "has commissioned me to bring you this letter;" and he handed Hughie a sealed envelope.

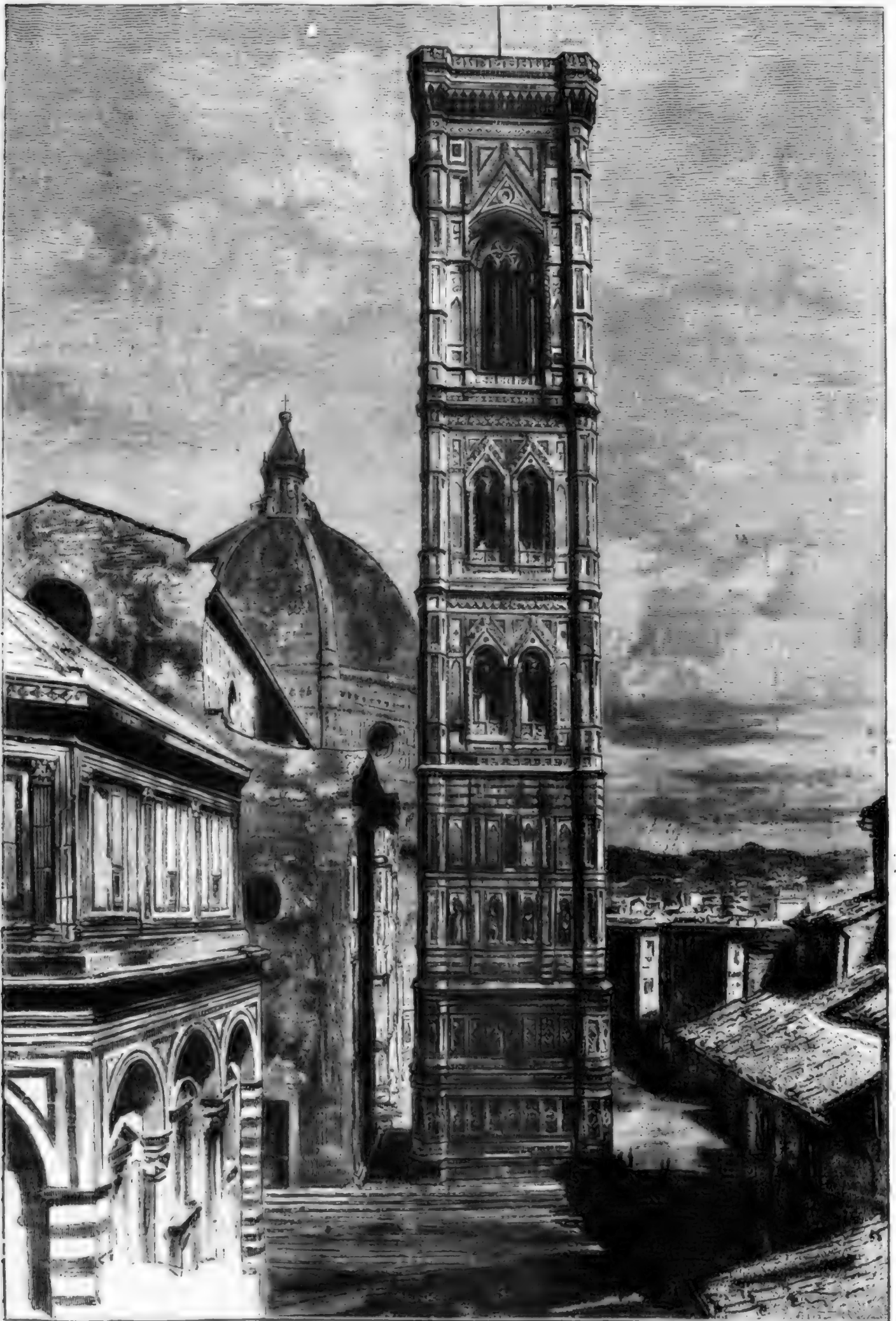
On the outside was written, "A wedding-present to Hugh Erskine and Laura Merton, from an old beggar," and inside was a check for ten thousand pounds.

When they were married Alan Trevor was the best man, and the Baron made a speech at the wedding-breakfast.

"Millionaire models," said Alan, "are rare enough; but, by Jove, model millionaires are rarer still!"

HOW DUELING WAS STOPPED IN THE SWEDISH ARMY.—Soon after Gustavus Adolphus had issued a decree forbidding dueling in the Swedish army, two of his general officers (relates Mr. William Douglas) quarreled, and resolved to settle the matter by a reference to arms. Knowing, however, that Gustavus was not a man to be trifled with, they went to the king and asked permission to fight. Gustavus not only granted permission, but said he himself would be present at the encounter. He attended, accompanied by the provost-marshal; and, when all was ready, the king told them to begin, and to "fight until one man dies." He at the same time ordered the provost-marshal that the moment one was killed the survivor was to be beheaded, an order which brought the pair of them to their senses, as the king had intended should be the case. No more dueling took in the Swedish army.

He that uses many words for the explaining of any subject doth, like the cuttlefish, hide himself for the most part in his own ink.



THE CATHEDRAL OF FLORENCE.—THE CAMPANILE.—SEE PAGE 279.



THE TENANT OF A NIGHT.

BY H. E. ARMSTRONG.

ON a cross street in Upper New York there stands an untenanted house that was lately the repository of a strange tale of broken lives and penitence. A hulk in mid-ocean is not a forlorn sight than this vacant dwelling. Silence and dilapidation are now its tenants. Built of wood, and of a cottage style of architecture, it stands back from the street in a plot of ground ample enough for lawn and garden. Shutters, of a faded green, hide the windows, and grass grows rankly over the doorstep and obliterates the beds and walks.

Policeman Barwise aided in bringing to light the secret of the house. One man alone opened its door for ten years. He appeared after dark every New Year's Eve, went into the house, and remained shut up until morning. Then he came out, locked the door, and disappeared for the space of a year.

"Ten years ago I first noticed the man," said portly Barwise, in language which the writer has amended. "The house had then been vacant about two years, and was formerly occupied by a young journalist and his wife, who kept the walks in trim order, trained vines up the posts of the piazza, and nursed in the beds a fragrant colony of roses, pinks and geraniums. Little madame was out every morning, in season, to sprinkle them with her watering-pot, and, in the evening, the tones of a piano, blended with a silvery voice, stole upon the air.

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THE TENANT OF A NIGHT.—"THERE AT THE TABLE, BOWED OVER, AND WITH THAT GHASTLY LIMPNESS OF BODY WHICH SEEMS TO SHRINK INWARD FROM THE CLOTHING OF DEAD PERSONS, SAT A FORM THAT THERE WAS NO MISTAKING."

Why they gave up the house I never knew. Perhaps the journalist was made an editor-in-chief, and moved into quarters in keeping with his elevation. For two years I never saw a soul enter the house.

"But one Winter evening—it was New Year's Eve, when the snow carpeted the lawn and was banked against the piazza—an express-wagon stopped before the gate. A man was waiting on the sidewalk. Under his directions, some pieces of furniture and a large covered picture were carried into the house. I said to myself, 'Now the house will be opened, and it will seem like a human dwelling, with the sound of voices and the ring of laughter.' But I was mistaken. When I returned to my beat the next morning I saw a gentleman come out of the front

door, lock it and walk away with his eyes bent on the ground. He was dressed neatly, and, both in face and stature, was a strikingly handsome man. But there was a cold and stern melancholy in the expression of his bearded face that repelled you while you gazed. I expected to see him return again that day or the next, but weeks and months slipped away without his appearance, and there was no change in the abandoned house.

"Spring and Summer came, and the weeds ran riot round the porch. No sign of 'House to Let' was displayed on the premises, and nobody came to inspect them. One snowy Winter night, while I paced my beat with silent footsteps, the gate of the garden creaked and was pushed open. A man was passing through. I hurried after him, and laid my hand on his shoulder. He was clad in a long overcoat with a fur collar. 'What are you doing here?' I asked. The man turned on his heel, and looked into my eyes. There was no mistaking that cleanly chiseled face, with its black beard and stern expression. It was the gentleman who had arrived a year ago and left as suddenly. 'I am the tenant,' he said, in deep tones. 'See, here are the keys. Never disturb me again.' I dropped my hand and allowed him to pass into the house. No living man, it seemed to me, could resist or oppose the spell of that set and gloomy gaze.

"The next morning, soon after sunrise, his form appeared in the doorway. He locked up the house, and came with measured step down the snow-buried walk. His face positively frightened me. No sheet was ever whiter, and its contrast with his raven beard made it resemble the face of a dead man. The eyes seemed to be of unfathomable depth, and were filled with the strain of a silent agony. Catching sight of me, his hand went into his pocket, and, drawing from it a large gold-piece, he said, 'Officer, no one is to set foot in this inclosure; keep it sacred as the grave, and I will reward you.'

"When he had passed out of my bewildered sight, I remembered that his visit had been made on New Year's Eve. This time I did not deceive myself. He was to return only at the end of the year.

"The house had always seemed to wear a smile when the gay young couple were master and mistress, but now it had to me the look of a haunted place. After dark, when the wind was rising and the street was lonely, I approached the gate with a superstitious feeling. I pictured the spirit of the cold and handsome stranger wandering from room to room, and peering through the broken shutters. The touch of his hand and the fixity of his gaze on any corner would not have startled me, and yet I was sure that he would return only on the eve of the new year. True to his habit, he always appeared. Curiosity drew me to the place at his hour of seven, and for nine successive years he never failed to come. The next morning something besides curiosity attracted me, for he never failed to give me a twenty-dollar gold-piece and a curt 'Thank you.' The face was ever the same, except that streaks of gray were creeping into the sweeping black beard. Such a waxen face, such strained and hollow eyes! I kept my own counsel; it was twenty dollars a year to me, and what poor man is loath to begin the year with such a gift!

"The tenth New Year's Eve I shall never forget. Nature could not have worn a more sombre and depressing livery. The snow lay incrusting on the ground, and the sky was leaden and cold. As darkness, like a shutting door, fell from the sky, a stinging wind sprang up and wailed through the wires overhead and shrieked along the housetops.

"Punctually at seven o'clock came the stranger up the

street, bending his head to the blast and holding his coat to his breast. His step had grown weaker; the sturdy, measured swing was gone. He saw me as he reached the gate, and I got a glimpse of his face. The skin was drawn tightly over the bones, and the eyes were the eyes of a tortured saint. 'My God, sir!' I cried, 'are you ill?' 'Officer,' he said, in broken tones, 'the mind is killing the body. I shall never return again.' I knew afterward what he meant. As the gate clanged behind him, he stopped and faced me. 'Have you a family, officer?' he asked. 'I have a wife and two little children,' I replied. 'And you are happy?' he asked. 'Thank God, sir,' I said, 'we are as happy as the day is long.' 'May God in His mercy keep you so. Take this for your family, and love your wife and children.' His voice faltered and a tear broke down his cheek. He put into my hand a bill of one hundred dollars, and turned toward the house. 'Can I help you, sir, in any way?' I called after him. But he merely waved his hand in refusal. I stood motionless until the door closed behind him. The next morning, from motives of delicacy, I was not in the neighborhood about the time he was accustomed to leave. The poor gentleman's sad face filled my mind for several days while pacing my beat.

"It may have been the sixth day, about four o'clock in the afternoon, when a cab was driven rapidly up the street, and stopped before the gate. A gentleman with the appearance of a lawyer got out, laboring under excitement. 'Officer,' he exclaimed, 'I shall need your assistance.' 'I have orders from the tenant,' I said, 'to allow nobody to enter these grounds.'

"Seeing how resolute I was, he pulled a letter impatiently from his pocket, and gave it to me to peruse. It ran:

"ST. LOUIS, December 28th, 1884.

"COPLEY BURTON, Esq., Attorney-at-Law, Nassau St., New York:

"On the 7th of January get the keys of No. —, — Street from J. D. Follmer, agent, and open the house. You will find me there. VICTOR LARME."

"This letter," said the lawyer, very much agitated, 'arrived during my absence in Europe. I read it to-day for the first time. When did you last see the tenant?' 'On New Year's Eve,' I answered. 'Did you see him leave the house?' questioned the lawyer. 'No, sir,' I said; 'but when he came he remarked that he would not return again.' 'Yes, it's as I feared,' muttered Mr. Copley Burton.

"Well, we entered that house. The hall was bare, the stairs were uncarpeted, the front room unfurnished, and the paper was falling from the walls. Our entrance scared a gray rat into the wainscoting. The flooring creaked beneath our footsteps, and their echo shook fear into our hearts. I have witnessed all kinds of horror in my twenty years on the force, and have known fear in a hundred perilous places, but never before did such coldness strike my heart or such trembling seize my nerves. 'I fear we are going to see some horrible sight,' said the lawyer, as he paused at the door of the back room, which was closed.

"A sort of professional calmness came over me, and I pushed the door open. A strong smell of gas swept past us. The jets in the chandelier were all burning brightly, indeed, were flaring high. Mr. Burton clutched my arm, and I caught him by the shoulder to steady myself, for there at the table, bowed over, inert, and with that ghastly limpness of body which seems to shrink inward from the clothing of dead persons, sat a form, with its back toward us, that there was no mistaking.

"But what fixed our gaze the next moment, and sealed

on our lips the exclamations of horror about to burst from them, was a picture that hung above the mantel-piece. It represented a woman ideally beautiful. She was of Southern blood, with the freshness of color that is usually seen only in Northern latitudes. Young, buoyant, irrepressibly mirthful. She was leaning over the back of a garden seat in a pose that half revealed a bosom of snow. Her hair was a coal-black, and fell in disorder over her shoulders as though she had let it down in sport. Her eyes had that divine color, rare in brunettes except those of Irish-Spanish ancestry—a roguishly alluring blue. Her nose was just rounded enough to be purely feminine, and some little pearls of teeth peeped out from a sensitive mouth wreathed in smiles. Her arms were bare and dimpled at the elbow, and a dress of soft material clung closely to her form, and brought into relief its curves and fullness. The whole impression was a lovely thing that must conquer all hearts and that could never fade or die. There she was, with her fun-rioting eyes and sunny mouth looking down at the stone-dead figure at the table. When our senses were released from the first spell of that bewitching face we realized that the frame was draped in black.

"The room was furnished with a carpet, a single table and a chair. Except the picture there was no adornment of any kind. Nor was there sign of fire in the grate; the only tempering of the sharp cold came from the flaring gaslights. We raised the figure at the table. It was still warm, but life was certainly extinct. The hands and features were wasted, but on the wan face, furrowed with lines of pain, was an expression of eternal rest. 'What is there to shed light on this mystery?' spoke the lawyer, and his eyes were turned to the joyous beauty in the picture. 'This may give us a clue,' I said, pointing to an envelope and an opened bottle of ink. The envelope was addressed to—'C. Burton, Esq. or 'To the Authorities.'

"And my story may be concluded," said Policeman Barwise, grave with the memory of the melancholy affair, "with a copy of the writing. It is brief, and runs thus:

"If allowing myself to die without food or medical care is suicide, then am I a suicide. For you, Burton, my old friend, and for the authorities, I set down tersely the facts of my case. The young girl in the picture was Marie Orelle, of Louisiana. She died thirteen years ago, and I, who treasured the light of her eyes and loved the air and the place where her presence had been, was indirectly responsible for her death. The vulture of grief has torn my mind and nerves to pieces since then, but the punishment has been just. Living in the same parish with her and with me was a young artist, Charles Duhamel. It was he who painted the picture that hangs in front of me. His heart and soul vivified his skill. Until I had killed him I never knew how unalterably Marie was attached to him. That happened thirteen years ago. She was so sweet and gracious a creature, without one touch of coquetry, that all the world loved her. At a ball one night on Colonel Lambert's plantation Duhamel was marked by Marie's preference. His was a fine, lightsome spirit, similar to hers. A rude word addressed to her in a moment of pique exiled me from her presence. And if a cloud rested on her pleasure that night, it was the recollection that a friend's voice had wounded her. Duhamel had noted my demeanor and overheard the words I used. When he had escorted Marie to her carriage he took me to task. A quarrel ensued. In the early morning light he lay dead on the river-bank, a victim of the code. Mutual friends witnessed the affair. The same day I learned that Marie and Charles had plighted their troth the night before. She drooped from that time like a broken-stemmed lily, and as her strength failed my agony intensified. In a fit of jealousy I had shattered the lamp of three lives. Within the year she was laid in her grave. I bought Duhamel's masterpiece at a sale of his family effects. I wanted no eye to look on those features but my own, and resolved to do penance until God should take my breath away. So it came to pass that I rented this vacant house during my wanderings.

It wore an air of home joys that accused me, as I stood in the street, of the crime I had done and the wreck I had made. I hung my picture in this room, gave it a setting of crape, and formed the resolution, which might seem insane to some, to visit the place once a year, on New Year's Eve, and pass a night in looking on the features that my hand had blighted for ever. I knew it would be a night of agony and whitening hairs, the culmination of a year of racking remorse. The rest of my days I plunged into business occupations in California. Under the strain of work and grief my health gradually gave way. It seemed fitting that the last hours of penitence should ebb away in this room and in her presence. At St. Louis I wrote a letter to my old friend, Copley Burton, who, I knew, was on his way home from Europe, and asked him to meet me here on January the 7th. He will make arrangements for my funeral, and take charge of my affairs. I came here without food, purposing to let the lamp of life slowly flicker out. It is now the night of January the 5th that I write these words, and the picture of Marie, youthful, laughing, innocent, grows dim to my sight. Have I atoned for my fault? God alone is the judge, and may He have mercy on my soul. These last days have been days of peace, and in my dreaming moments I have fancied the spirit of Marie pitying my contrite heart and leading me to final rest. The lamp is nearly out.

"VICTOR LARME."

The last words were written very feebly.

THE SILVER CUP.

Oh, rare and quaint the shape it wears,
Strange tracings round it twine;
A relic bright of bygone years,
This silver cup of mine!
I think how many a gallant hero
Pledged eyes long dead and dim,
How many a careless cavalier
Laughed gayly o'er the brim;
And, as I drain this wine to thee,
A dream my heart steals o'er,
And every beauteous face I see
This cup has pledged of yore.
Bright eyes long dead again are bright,
Soft glances round me fall;
O love, fear not; I pledge to-night
The fairest eyes of all!

Oh, kiss the cup and pledge me, dear!
No time our hearts can sever;
Life's wine grows old, and lips turn cold.
But love shall live for ever.

LA FONTAINE'S FABLES.

By ARTHUR TILLEY.

THE interesting, if somewhat childish, game in which several of our leading statesmen, men of letters, warriors, and schoolmasters recently took part, under the auspices of a London journal, revealed, at any rate, one thing: that our knowledge of the literature of other modern nations is extremely feeble and fragmentary. One conspicuous absentee from the great majority of these lists—I do not, indeed, recollect having seen his name at all—was La Fontaine. He is, in fact, a notable instance of how entirely, in our estimate of a foreign writer, we are wont to leave out of consideration the verdict of his own countrymen. Our fathers and mothers, perhaps more especially our mothers, had a considerable regard for La Fontaine; they read him and knew him by heart; and even we of this generation were probably at some period of our existence familiar with "La cigale ayant chanté tout l'été," and "Maitre corbeau, sur un arbre perché," though, so far as my experience and recollection serve, we never got further than this threshold of La Fontaine's great building. But when we pass over to La Fontaine's own land, we find a very different state of





LA FONTAINE'S FABLES.—THE MICE AND THE OWL.—SEE PAGE 291.

things. We find him occupying a position in the very front of French writers, among the first in the estimation of literary critics, almost, if not actually, the first in the affections of the reading public.

Indeed, supposing our neighbors were ever to do anything so unlikely as to follow our example of drawing up lists of great writers, for the purpose of determining by a *plebiscite* an order of literary merit, and supposing everybody voted according to his convictions—another very unlikely contingency—I believe Fontaine would come out at the top—even before M. Zola. For he has always been popular in France with all classes alike, with men and women and children, with gay men of the world and grave preachers, with classicists and romancists, with everybody, in short, but Rousseau and Lamartine, and Lamartine's faithful disciple, Victor de Laprade.

It was not until La Fontaine had reached his forty-eighth year that he published his first installment of fables, consisting of the first six books. Hitherto he had only shown the fine quality of his literary genius. In the "Contes," published three years before, he had appeared as the successor of the mediæval writers of *fabliaux* and prose romances, and of their descendants, the joyous children of the early Renaissance, Rabelais and Marot, Desperiers and Marguerite of Navarre; in his miscellaneous pieces he had taken up the note which Voiture had first sounded in French literature, that note of delicate wit and graceful persiflage which was destined to take the place of the old *esprit gaulois*; but as yet he had done nothing to show that he was engaged in the same work as his great contemporaries, as Molière and Racine, La Rochefoucauld and La Bruyère—that he, like them, had found that "for man the most interesting study is man"—that he, like them, was preparing to hold a mirror up to his age, through which all succeeding generations might look.

It was not, then, till the mature age of forty-seven, the age at which Milton had begun to write "Paradise Lost," that La Fontaine found where his true strength lay; and the marked superiority of his later fables shows that even yet he was working with somewhat of a 'prentice hand. It was not till ten years later that his genius shone out in its full brightness, that the world learnt the full capabilities of that apparently simple thing, the Fable.

Two of the distinguishing qualities of Lessing as a thinker and a critic are tolerance and good sense; but whenever French writers are the objects of his criticism these qualities seem suddenly to desert him. It is, therefore, not surprising to find him quarreling with La Fontaine for the form which he gives to the Fable, and asserting that the only legitimate form is that of *Æsop*. This theory is about on a par with that which Lessing himself was the first to tear into tatters, the theory that because the Greek dramatists had adopted a particular form for their dramas, that form was to be stereotyped for all ages; or with the charge against Béranger that he introduced too elevated a tone into the *chanson*; or with any other academical intolerance. When a poet chooses to write in a certain fixed form, as that of a *rondel* or a *sestine* or a *sonnet*, he is doing a poetical exercise, and must conform to certain metrical rules; but for a fable there is no more an established form than there is for a drama or an epic poem; and to insist that a poet shall be confined by arbitrary and unnecessary rules leads directly to academic art, which is no art at all. "Genius," finely says Coleridge, "is the power of acting creatively under laws of its own imagination;" and genius most undoubtedly La Fontaine possessed.

It is true that La Fontaine, in his delightful and characteristic preface, with a modesty half real and half assumed, professes to have merely versified *Æsop*, apologizing for not being able to bring to the task the elegance and extreme brevity of Phædrus—*ce sont qualités au-dessus de ma portée*—and says that, to make up for this deficiency, he has ventured to introduce more gayety, an innovation which he was emboldened to make by a precept of Quintilian; but in spite of this, whether La Fontaine himself was conscious of it or not, we cannot help feeling that he wrote fables, not because he had any wish to vie with Babrius and Phædrus, in versifying *Æsop* for France as they had done for Greece and Rome, but because he had something to say to the world, and found that the fable was the means of saying it best suited to his genius. It is not every man that hits at once upon his true vocation; many a man, conscious of a stream of activity within him, tries channel after channel before he can find an outlet, happy indeed if at last he find one. So La Fontaine had experimented in every sort of literature, in drama and *vers de société*, in licentious tales and mythological idylls, before he discovered that the fable was the instrument he sought.

La Fontaine has been as fortunate in his biographer as in his critics. The history of his life, by Walckenaër, gives us a complete picture of the man, and in this picture we can, I think, find a reason for the fable being the kind of composition best suited to him. Strangely enough, in the main features of his character he is the exact counterpart of the Russian fabulist Krilof. Indeed, so alike are the two men, that one could almost fancy that the spirit of La Fontaine had again taken up its abode on earth under the outward form of Krilof. Both men were absolutely incapable of attending, not only to their own interests, but to their own persons; they wore their old clothes till their friends surreptitiously substituted new ones; the strangest stories are told of their absence of mind; the rooms in which Krilof lived were a chaos of dirt and disorder, and had La Fontaine not always lived with his friends, his, no doubt, would have been in the same condition. Yet these men, who in practical matters were so childishly imbecile, who in everything connected with themselves might have had no eyes for all the use they made of them, were in what concerned their neighbors gifted with the keenest vision. This vision, however, proceeded not so much from the outward eye, as from the "inward eye of solitude," the imagination. To the external appearances of men, to the peculiarity of this man's nose, or that man's forehead, which had so much charm for Balzac or Dickens, they gave no heed; it was the heart of man, the working of his moral machinery, that they delighted to study, and saw into with such an unerring glance.

Another point of resemblance between La Fontaine and Krilof was their constitutional indolence—not as regards their art, for they both worked up their fables to the highest point of perfection, but in everything which required physical exertion, or indeed any exercise of the will. Krilof used to lie in bed till noon, and pass the rest of the day in dressing-gown and slippers. La Fontaine says, in the epitaph which he wrote for himself, "As for his time, he well knew how to dispose of it; he divided it into two parts, of which one he spent in sleeping, and the other in doing nothing." His thoughts seemed to be his master rather than his servant; he often became so absorbed in the subject of his contemplation that a cannon fired at his ear would scarcely have roused him. He once arrived an hour late for a dinner party because he had stopped on the way to watch an ant's

funeral. Indeed the looseness, not to use a harsher term, of his morality seems to have been due to infirmity of will, rather than to badness of heart; for, though to his extreme old age he led the selfish life of a man of pleasure, he never became an egotist, and when, almost on his deathbed, he made profession of repentance, his sincerity was never doubted.

It is partly owing to this constitutional indolence that the literary medium which he finally adopted was so especially suited to him. As Lessing has shrewdly observed, the chief advantage of the beast story—four-fifths of La Fontaine's fables are beast stories—is that the characters are known beforehand. "Introduce Nero and Britannicus," says Lessing, "as personages in your drama, and only a few readers will have a previous knowledge of their characters; but bring in a wolf and a lamb, and the youngest child at once knows that the wolf is cruel and the lamb is meek."

For a drama, creation of character is absolutely necessary, and for this La Fontaine had no vocation, partly because, like Wordsworth, he might have said that, "while other poets have labored to exhibit that which distinguishes one man from another, especially the dramatic poets, I have made it my concern to exhibit that which is common to all men;" and partly because this difficult feat of the imagination requires the very thing in which La Fontaine was so remarkably deficient, a long-continued tension of the will. But in beasts he had characters to his hand, and so with their aid he was enabled to construct what he truly calls "*Une ample comédie à cent actes divers*." The methods employed respectively by Molière, Balzac and La Fontaine, the drama, the novel and the fable, differ widely from one another, but the work of each of them alike is, in Balzac's phrase, a "*comédie de la vie humaine*."

But, however much La Fontaine's laziness may have prompted him to write fables, he could not have written them successfully without his simplicity. In a beast drama, to attain anything like success, the beasts must talk like beasts and not like men, and to do this they must be perfectly simple; the slightest affectation spoils the allusion. But simplicity is above all qualities the one which the poet cannot give to his characters, unless he possesses it himself. Mock simplicity, or *simple-se*, as the French call it, is detected at once. It was real simplicity, the simplicity of a man who thinks nothing in nature too mean or too lowly for his contemplation, who can take example from the industry of an ant, or warning from the ambition of a fly, that La Fontaine possessed in an eminent degree. That this simplicity is a necessary requisite for a fable-writer seems to be shown by the example not only of La Fontaine and Krilof, but of Gellert, the most successful of German fable-writers, and the most simple-minded of men.

Farther, La Fontaine could never have thrown the illusion he does over his animal world had he not been possessed with a genuine love for animals. It is this, as well as his high poetical endowment, that gives him so decidedly the first place among fabulists. In the beast-fables of other writers the moral is too ostensibly the motive for the story; it is evident that the animals are only introduced for the sake of the lesson they convey. This is the case with Krilof; his morality is, perhaps, higher than La Fontaine's, his humor is possibly more subtle, but in his beasts, as beasts, it is impossible to take any interest. But La Fontaine not only takes a genuine pleasure in telling the story for the story's sake, but he has a real love for the animals whose doings he relates.

Nowadays there is happily nothing singular in such an attitude toward the animal world, but in the seventeenth century, especially in France, it was certainly singular. La Fontaine's first installment of fables was published in 1668-69; in 1672 Molière's "*Les Femmes Savantes*" appeared on the stage, a play which shows us how thoroughly French society was at this time impregnated with Cartesianism. Now one of the doctrines of Descartes was that a beast was a mere machine, in no way differing from a watch, or any other mechanical construction that has been wound up and set going. Malebranche, whose "*Recherche de la Vérité*" was published in 1674, though the mildest and most tender-hearted of men, used frequently to beat his dog, alleging that it did not feel, and that its howls were only currents of air driven through a vibrating channel. The Cartesian theory, indeed, is nowhere better stated than by La Fontaine himself, in the first fable of his tenth book, a fable which should be read not only for the exposition it contains of the question in dispute, but as a proof of the utter absurdity of the view which represents La Fontaine as a sort of inspired idiot.

But La Fontaine in his advocacy of his clients does not confine himself to abstract discussion; he adduces several examples of reasoning in animals, the partridge that pretends to be lame in order to draw the dogs away from her young ones, the building association of the beavers, and the strategical skill of the foxes in Poland; and then he has a story of how two rats managed to carry off an egg, and in another fable, which should be read in connection with this subject, he tells us of how an owl kept live mice in its larder by feeding them on corn, and biting off their feet so that they could not run away; and he adds, indignantly (in a foot-note he vouches for the truth of the story), "And then, to think a Cartesian can persist in treating this owl as a watch and a machine!"

It is this love for animals and close observation of their habits which enables him to describe their outward appearance with such graphic picturesqueness, a habit, by-the-way, which Lessing is pleased to consider as quite out of keeping with the fable. Now with other fabulists a fox is a fox, and a wolf a wolf, but in La Fontaine it is "*Le héron au long bec emmanché d'un long cou*," and "*Damoiselle Belette au corps long et fluet*"; what is—

"Un second Rodilard, l'Alexandre des chats,
L'Attila, le tyran des rats";

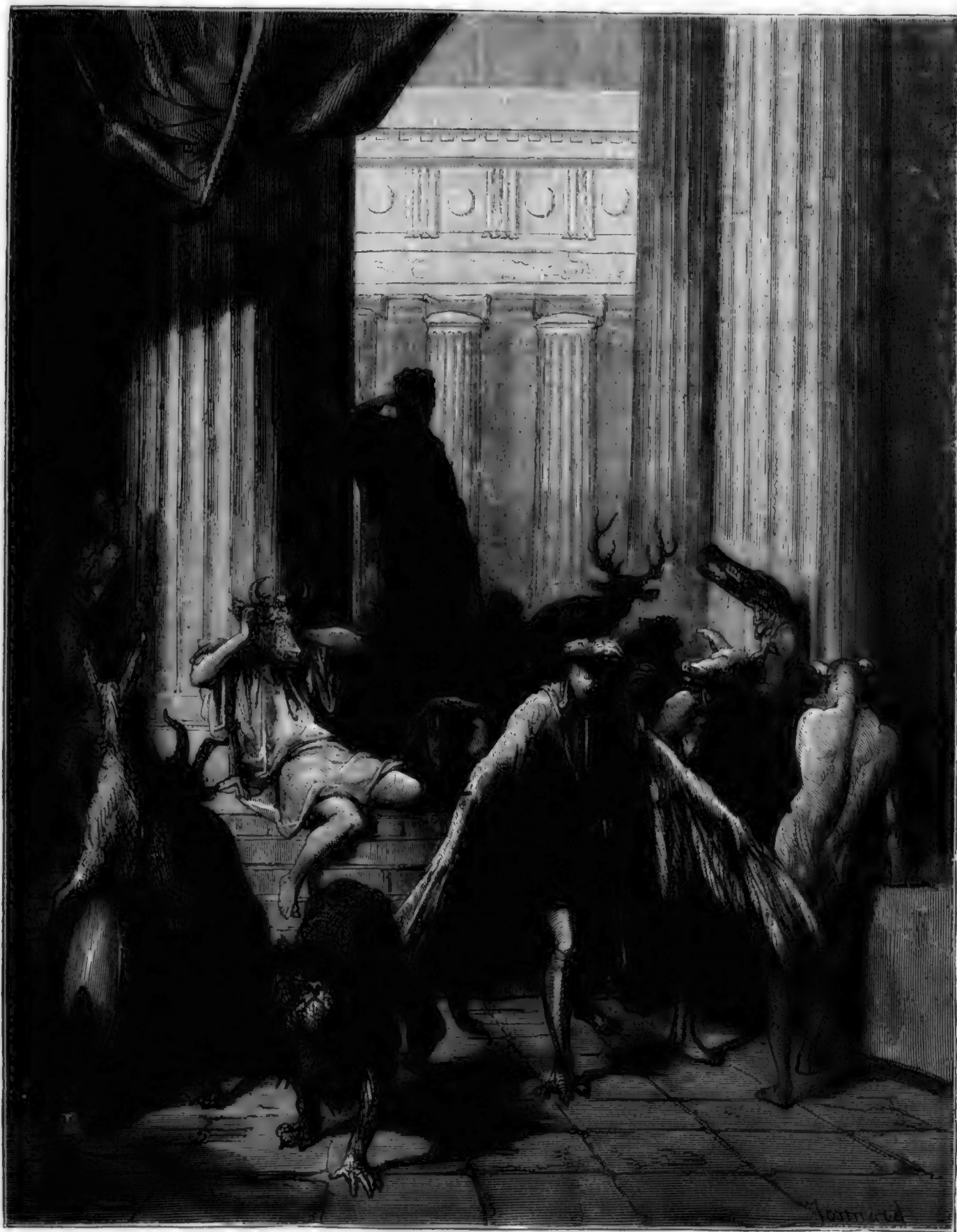
and the swallow is described as "curveting, skimming the air and the water, on the lookout for its prey, snapping up flies in the air."

Every one then, who has a genuine love for animals, may read La Fontaine's fables with profit and pleasure, without bothering himself about the underlying moral. But he who reads them in this way will miss their real value. "The Fable," says the poet himself in his preface, "is composed of two parts, of which one may be called the body, the other the soul. The body is the story, the soul is the morality." Interesting though his animals are in themselves, the human beings for which they stand are far more interesting.

How true and vivid a picture La Fontaine's fables are of the age of Louis XIV. is most ably shown by M. Taine in his "*La Fontaine et ses Fables*," a book which, with St. Marc Girardin's "*La Fontaine et les Fabulistes*," is an invaluable guide to a study of the subject. The principal figure of the fables, as of the age, is the monarch, who appears, sometimes as a lion, sometimes as an eagle,



LA FONTAINE'S FABLES.—THE ANIMALS SICK OF THE PLAGUE.—SEE PAGE 291.



LA FONTAINE'S FABLES.—THE COMPANIONS OF ULYSSES.

sometimes as Jupiter. It is, of course, kings in general, rather than Louis XIV. in particular, that are represented, but M. Taine truly says that La Fontaine could scarcely help studying the character from the model he had before him. And of this model he took a most accurate gauge. Monarchy, as Louis XIV. understood it and practiced it, is drawn to the life.

In "The Animals Ill with the Plague" (vii. 1), one of the very finest of the fables, when the lion confesses with regal condescension and frankness that from pure gluttony he had eaten hundreds of innocent sheep, and occasionally a shepherd, what a true expression of the age is the Fox's reply! "Sire," said the Fox, "you are too good-natured a monarch! Your scruples are too delicate. What! to eat sheep, vulgar, silly people, a crime? No, no. You do them, sir, in eating them, great honor." The whole of the fine fable "The Lioness's Funeral" (viii. 14) is a biting satire on royalty. All the animals are assembled at the funeral of their late Queen; amid the crowd of weeping courtiers, the stag alone stands unmoved with dry eyes, for her late Majesty had strangled his wife and daughter. A courtier hastens to inform the king, with courtier-like exaggeration, that he had seen the stag laugh. Terrible is the monarch's wrath. "Miserable dweller in the woods, you laugh, you do not join in these voices of lamentation. We will not touch your profane limbs with our sacred claws. Wolves! avenge your Queen and sacrifice this traitor to her august shade." Fortunately the stag has a happy inspiration. He relates how the Queen-Lion had appeared to him in a dream and told him not to weep. "Miracle, Apotheosis," cry the courtiers, and the stag is rewarded instead of punished. La Fontaine adds the moral, "Amuse kings with dreams; flatter them; tell them agreeable falsehoods, and, however great be the indignation which fills their breast, they will swallow the bait, and you will be their friend." It is scarcely surprising that a poet who could talk about kings in this ribald fashion should have been the one man of letters in France at this time to whom the patronage of the French Augustus was not extended.

With equal fidelity the other figures of the age are represented. The fox is the courtier, intelligent, supple, brave, when it is necessary, but preferring skill to force, chicane to honest dealing. The leopard with his spotted coat is the Grand Seigneur. "How many great lords are there whose sole merit lies, like the leopard's, in their coats?" The bear is the country squire, the *hobereau*, rich but ill-educated and ill-mannered; blunt and honest, but stupid and morose, like Sganarelle in "L'École des Maris." The cat is Tartuffe, the religious hypocrite; "a devout hermit, a cat with an air of meekness, a saintly cat, sleek and large and fat." The owl is the lettered recluse, ugly and disagreeable, blind to what is going on around him, having eyes only for his books. The wolf is the outcast of society, the Bohemian whose hand is against every man, but who is more often duped than successful in his schemes, and who, if he had a chance given him, might, perhaps, reform, only no one gives him the chance. We cannot help pitying the poor lean wanderer, for he has some good qualities, notably his love of independence, as, in the fable of "The Wolf and the Dog" (i. 5), where the dog represents, as he often does in La Fontaine, the dependent with a snug place about court, who cannot call his conscience his own. But for further insight into the numerous figures with which La Fontaine's canvas is crowded, I must refer the reader to M. Taine. As he truly says, the fables have all the amplitude of the "Iliad."

In one respect, indeed, the fables are a far completer

picture of the age, for they deal with all classes of society. Homer was purely a court poet. Singing as he did in the palaces of the great, it was naturally of the deeds of their ancestors that he sang. Neither in the "Iliad" nor the "Odyssey" do we hear much of the people. If we would have a complete picture of the age we must turn also to the pages of Hesiod, and contrast with the glowing colors which enliven Homer's canvas the sombre tints of the "Works and Days." There is the same contrast between the France of the Romances of Chivalry and the France of the "Roman du Renart," between the England of Chaucer and the England of Langland.

La Fontaine is a more faithful social historian; he has an eye for the people as well as for the nobles, for the woodman as well as for the courtier. And during the ten years that intervened between the publication of La Fontaine's first and second installments of fables the contrast between the two extremes of society must have been as marked as in the days of Homer; on the one side a king, reckless of expense and blood, merrily carrying on war as if it were a tourney; on the other a peasantry ground down by taxes, for the sake not of their country's welfare but of one man's glory. It was in 1672 that the iniquitous war with Holland was declared, and in 1675 disturbances broke out at Bordeaux and in Brittany, in the latter province chiefly on account of the re-imposition of the taxes on stamped paper and pewter vessels. With the aid of five thousand soldiers the disturbances were soon put down, but the means adopted were stringent. Madame de Sévigné says: "At Rennes the soldiers have turned out of their homes a whole street-full of people, and forbidden anybody to give them shelter on pain of death, so that pregnant women, old men and children may be seen wandering about and weeping at the gates of the town, not knowing where to go, without food or bed. Yesterday they broke on the wheel a fiddler who had been leader in the pillage of the stamped paper; after this he was drawn and quartered, and his four quarters exposed at four corners of the town." It was in the same year, 1675, that Locke went to reside in the south of France, and his journal is full of references to the miserable condition of the peasantry.

But even before the war with Holland had added so enormously to the taxes their condition was anything but enviable. In one of his earliest fables (i. 16) La Fontaine draws the following picture of a poor woodcutter: "What pleasure has he had since he entered the world? Is there one poorer than he in the whole round earth? Sometimes without bread, always without rest, his wife, his children, soldiers, taxes, creditors, and forced labor, make him a complete picture of misery."

But La Fontaine's fables are something more than a picture of contemporary society. They are truly "a criticism of life." The lion stands not only for the absolute monarch, but for every one who exists only for himself. The fox is not only the bowing courtier, but the trickster in every walk of life; the ape is the flatterer and charlatan, the hare is the braggart, the fly represents fatuity, the ant industry, the sheep simplicity, the pigeon friendship. If we compare the general morality with that of Æsop's fables or that of the mediæval beast epic "Reynard the Fox," we naturally see a decided advance. The morality of Æsop is that of the mere worldly wisdom which we associate with the sages of Greece, and which is represented by such maxims as "Practice is better than precept"; "Despise no man"; "Persuasion is better than force." The sum of this morality consists, in short, in the two favorite Greek virtues, Prudence and Moderation. Similarly, the morality of Reynard the

Fox" is the morality of the thirteenth and fourteenth centuries. The hero of the piece, who is not only the most prominent character, but also the one on whose behalf our chief sympathies are meant to be enlisted, is the clever, brave, unscrupulous, cruel, cynical, superstitious, ever-plotting and ever-triumphant Reynard.

The morality of La Fontaine's fables is far higher. The fox has been shorn of his splendor, he is no longer the hero, no longer the bold vassal who dupes his feudal lord and whose courage and ready wit challenge our admiration, but the cringing courtier whose lies and flattery excite our contempt. Brutal force and crafty cunning have ceased to be regarded as cardinal virtues. But this change in the moral standard is due to the age, and not to the individual poet. La Fontaine's own attitude as a moralist is, on the whole, that of one who finds more folly in the world to laugh at than virtue to admire; of one who aids the cause of goodness by destroying what is corrupt rather than by fostering what is sound. The remarkable fable of "The Companions of Ulysses" (xii. 1) shows that he had no more exalted an opinion of man than the other great moralists of the age, than Pascal or Molière or Rochefoucauld or La Bruyère. La Fontaine is, in short, a humorist. The chief feature which has been most generally noticed in his humor is its extreme good-nature, though Lamartine, in his well-known preface to the "Meditation," accuses him of exhibiting in his fables every symptom of a hard and unfeeling heart. With the general verdict in this case I fully agree, but it may be pointed out that La Fontaine, for all his good-nature, had none the less a considerable fund of gentle malice. His arrows are never dipped in venom, but he sends them home with the precision of a practiced marksman. One has only to turn to those fables on kings and courtiers, from which I have already quoted, to be assured of this. He is often fond of indulging in a quiet side blow, when it is least expected, as in the fable of "The Man and the Snake" (x. 2), where, after saying, "At these words the perverse animal," he slyly adds, "it is the serpent I mean, and not the man—a mistake might easily have been made."

But La Fontaine is something more than a humorist. He is not content with showing the ugliness of vice; he can also depict the beauty of virtue; and when he does so, his gentle pipings are as straight to the heart as the loudest clarion blast of the loftiest enthusiast; ay, and sometimes his note is as strong and brave as any of theirs. His scheme of positive morality is as simple as it is comprehensive, and may be said to consist of four maxims—Love your friends, Help your neighbors, Work hard, Trust in God.

Of friendship no one has written with greater truth or feeling. The fables of which the subject is friendship are among his masterpieces, and there is no wonder that the man who could write of friendship as he does was himself tenderly loved by his friends.

But it is not only our friends that he bids us love, he would have us love all men. Friendship leads to charity, and so we have the fables of "The Lion and the Rat" (ii. 11) and "The Dove and the Ant" (ii. 12), in which the Lion and the Dove respectively play the part of the good Samaritan. It should be noticed, however, that while the good Samaritan has no visible reward for helping his neighbor, the lion and the dove are paid back in their own coin. "Help your neighbor, however humble," says La Fontaine, "and some day, perhaps, he will help you." "Help your neighbor," says Christ, "for it is God's law"—a precept to which La Fontaine comes nearest in the fable of "The Ass and the Dog"

(viii. 17), where he says, "We must help each other; it is the law of nature."

It is chiefly in the seventh book (Fables vi., xii., xiv., xvii.) that La Fontaine impresses upon us the duties of trust in God, but he recurs to it in the fable of "The Acorn and the Pumpkin" (ix. 4), the first words of which are "Dieu fait bien ce qu'il fait," and in that of "The Lioness and the She-bear" (x. 13). Sometimes, indeed, it is under the guise of the heathen goddess Fortune that Providence is vindicated, as in the charming fable of "Fortune and the Child" (v. 11), and in that of "The Ingratitude of Men toward Fortune" (vii. 14).

But Providence, also teaches La Fontaine, only helps those who help themselves. "Aide toi, le ciel t'aidera," is the moral of "The Wagoner who had Stuck in the Mud" (vi. 18). The dignity of labor is proclaimed in "The Two Adventurers and the Talisman" (xv. 14), in "The Merchant, the Gentleman, the Shepherd, and the King's Son" (x. 16), and in the well-known fable of "The Laborer and his Children" (v. 9).

Though the chief subject of La Fontaine's poetry is Man, the other half of poetry's domain, Nature, is by no means neglected by him, as it is by all the other French writers of the seventeenth century. His feeling toward nature is that of one who delights in trees and flowers, in cool streams and pure air, without caring to moralize about them; a feeling which he expresses not so much by direct allusions to nature as by the general perfume of the country which pervades his poetry. His theatre, like Shakespeare's, is open to the sky, and has nature for its background. Part of his delight in nature arose from the classical memories which it suggested to him. As he wandered amid the smiling and peaceful scenery round Chateau Thierry, or looked upon one of the bright vistas of river and forest with which the outskirts of Paris abound, he remembered the passages of his favorite poets that had been inspired by similar scenes, and then, with his imagination kindled, partly by the landscape before him, partly by the verses that were ringing in his ears, he would break into passages such as this: "Places that I have ever loved, shall I never, far from the noisy world, enjoy thy shade and fresh air! Oh, who will bid me rest in your dark retreat!" (xii. 20).

The passage just quoted has not the slightest connection with the story of the fable in which it appears, but it is one of La Fontaine's most charming characteristics, that he is perpetually intruding his own personality. Judged, indeed, by the strict rules of art, the dramatist and the narrative poet alike—and La Fontaine is both—should always keep himself in the background. But just as La Fontaine was a man of pleasure without being an egotist, so does his poetry abound with personal allusions without there being a single allusion that we would wish absent. The secret is, first, that he is always natural, that he is never a *poseur*, like Chateaubriand or Byron, and secondly, that he never makes any direct or importunate demands upon our sympathies; and therefore just as in society he was popular wherever he went, so in his poetry his presence is always acceptable. We listen gladly to his gentle babblings, as we do to those of a little child, or to those of Herrick as he tells us about his cocks and hens.

The only trait in La Fontaine's character that is out of harmony with his perfect *bonhomme* is his dislike of children. "Un fripon d'enfant (cet âge est sans pitié)," is his expression in the fable of "The Two Pigeons"; and elsewhere he says, "You, whoever you are, who are father of a family—and I have never envied you that honor." But in "Philemon and Baucis" (xii. 28), he for once speaks



LA FONTAINE'S FABLES.—THE LION AND THE RAT.—SEE PAGE 291.

in a different key. After relating the change of the aged couple into trees, and the popular belief that if a married couple sat but for an instant under their shade they would love one another till the end of their days, he touchingly adds:

"Ah! si—mais autre part j'ai porté mes présents."

It remains to say a few words on what is almost beyond the province of a foreigner, La Fontaine's style. In the first place we must at once dismiss the idea, which is about on a par with the "inspired idiot" theory, that La Fontaine, because he disliked active exertion, wrote off his verses without any trouble *stans pede in uno*. It is true that his style has the appearance of perfect artlessness, but it is the artlessness of perfect art. The same mistake has been made about Herrick, but it is another point of resemblance between the two poets; indolent, pleasure-loving men though they were, they took infinite pains in polishing their verses. In La Fontaine's case we have only to compare the first sketch, found by Walckenaër, of the fable of "The Fox, the

misshapen, his lips thick; he wore a cap of goat's hair and a belt of seaweed" (xi. 7). As Madame Sévigné says of another of the fables, *C'est peint*.

But had La Fontaine been merely the successor of Marot and Rabelais, he would never have attained this power, and far less would his style have come down to us as a model of perfection and grace. If we compare his fable of "The Woodcutter and Mercury" with the original story in Rabelais (the comparison between the two is admirably worked out by M. Taine), we see at once the difference between the crude exaggeration of the still mediæval prose-writer and the harmonious finish of the modern poet. It is the difference between a Filippo Lippi and a Raphael. In classical literature, indeed, Rabelais was far more deeply read than La Fontaine, but never caught the classical spirit. La Fontaine, on the other hand, was beyond any of his contemporaries, excepting perhaps Fénelon, a child of Greece, a nursling of Parnassus; and thus he was enabled to instill into his art that exquisite perfume of Greek beauty and Greek moderation which is so conspicuously absent in Rabelais's



LA FONTAINE'S FABLES.—"FORTUNE AND THE CHILD."

Flies, and the Hedgehog," with the form which it finally took, to see how he returned upon his work and how enormously he improved it by revision.

The secret of the charm of his style and of his universal popularity is its happy blending of the old French spirit with the classical spirit. "*C'est la fleur de l'esprit gaulois avec un parfum d'antiquité*," says Geruzez. Although the rich stores of the earlier French literature were not open to him, he was saturated with the literature of the first half of the sixteenth century; his favorite French authors were Rabelais and Marot. Thus his fables abound with quaint words and expressions, which from their wonderful power of calling up a picture before us are invaluable as political currency. I have already mentioned the skill with which in a few words he hits off the portraits of his animals, portraits as finished and life-like as those of Balzac, with their pages of description. But whatever the subject, La Fontaine's painting is always equally vivid. Take a single instance, the magnificent description of the peasant from the Danube: "His chin grew a thick beard; his hairy person was like a bear, an unlicked bear; his eyes were hidden under their shaggy eyebrows, his vision was crooked, his nose

grosser handiwork. It was, however, only by degrees that La Fontaine was led to a study of the true models of style. At first he took Voiture for his master: "I once took a certain author for my master. He nearly spoilt me. But luckily, thanks to the gods, Horace opened my eyes."

Another of his favorite authors was Terence, perhaps the best example among the Latins of a perfectly pure and natural style. But he was not content to imbibe the Greek spirit through Latin channels, however clearly it might flow in them; he drank it from the fountain-head, from the divine Plato himself: "Among the wise men and sages of our century shall I find one who comes near Plato?" And so thoroughly did the draught penetrate his veins, that of him, as of Plato, it might be said that his words seem to have grown in their places. Thus he was enabled to write lines like the following:

"Conti me parût lors mille fois plus légère
Que ne dansent aux bois la nymphe et la bergère;
L'herbe l'aurait portée; une fleur n'aurait pas
Reçu l'empreinte de ses pas;
Elle semblait raser les airs à la manière
Que les dieux marchent dans Homère;"

and to say of a woman's cheek growing pale with sorrow:

"Bientôt le lis l'emporta sur la rose;"

But the grace of La Fontaine's style is too well known to need further illustration. I will rather give an instance or two of what, perhaps, may have escaped some readers, his power of writing in what Mr. Matthew Arnold calls the grand style of poetry. What can be grander, for instance, than this description of an oak, from the poet's favorite, "The Oak and the Reed" (i. 22):

"Celui de qui la tête était au ciel voisine,
Et dont les pieds touchaient à l'empire des morts."*

Or this phrase, from the noble fable of "The Shepherd and the King" (x. 10): "Let us come out of this rich palace as one would come out of a dream." Or the close of "The Mocker and the Fish" (viii. 8):

"Un monstre assez vieux pour lui dire
Tous les noms des chercheurs de mondes inconnus
Qui n'en étaient pas revenus:
Et que depuis cent ans sous l'abîme avaient vus
Les anciens du vaste empire."†

Or the whole of the splendid fable of "The Peasant of the Danube" (xi. 8).

But when we have said that La Fontaine's style is a happy blending of the sensuousness of the Gaul with the grace and harmony of the Greek, we have not said nearly all. Another great secret of its infinite charm is its unceasing variety. Like a butterfly flitting from flower to flower (the comparison is La Fontaine's own), it passes from grave to gay, from the most concise brevity to the most delicious redundancy, from the most exquisite metaphor to the most homely directness. As an instance of brevity, take the opening of "The Old Man and the Three Young Men" (xi. 8): "An octogenarian was planting trees. Build perhaps, but to think of planting at that age, exclaimed three youngsters of the neighborhood, surely he must be out of his mind!"

But analyze the style of La Fontaine as we will, there will always remain something which it is impossible to seize. As the butterfly of Parnassus, to which he compares himself, he is gone like a bright vision, before the dull eye of criticism can distinguish anything but the movement of his wings. He is a master not only of style, but of versification. On this delicate question I do not pretend to an opinion. If it is impossible to judge correctly of the style of a writer with whose language one is imperfectly acquainted, it is still more impossible to judge of his rhythm. Let us listen, however, to what M. Théodore de Banville, the veteran versifier, has to say on the subject. After noticing the theory that La Fontaine produced his fables as a field produces corn-cockles and daisies, he goes on to say:

"It is not on this point, alas! that you can deceive a versifier by profession, who can appreciate the formidable efforts required for the creation of the *vers libre*, in which the ordinary reader sees nothing but a succession of unequal verses put together without rule at the caprice of the poet. This intricate blending of all rhythms, in which the clothing of the thought changes with the thought itself, and which is wrought into harmony by the prodigious force of the movement, is the last word of the most learned

and complicated art, the difficulties of which make one dizzy only to look at."*

And of La Fontaine's rhyme he says:

"It is like a dancing Muse who follows the poet's song, changing her instrument according to the requirements of the thought, now taking the rattle or the lute or the simple reed-pipe, now sounding the tambourine or the castanets of gold."

M. de Banville writes, as it is well that one poet should write of another with enthusiasm; but to arrive at a true estimate of La Fontaine's merits as a versifier, we must take into account what M. de Banville says at the beginning of his volume, namely, that La Fontaine's instrument, the versification of his age, was a miserably bad one, which no one but giants, such as he and Molière and Corneille, could have handled with any effect. The vast improvement which the Romantic school had introduced into the art of versification consists, firstly, in the adoption of a greater variety in the length of their verses, all lengths from one foot to thirteen being now admissible; and secondly, in a stricter attention to rhyme, shown not only by the choice of richer rhymes but by the complicated arrangement of them called a strophe. La Fontaine's rhyming may be somewhat faulty according to the stricter law of the modern school; but in the matter of variety, in the length of his verse, and in the management of the strophe, it is evident that he is not only far in advance of any French poet between Ronsard and Victor Hugo, but that he has little to learn even from the most brilliant of modern versifiers.

In conclusion then, may we not say that if La Fontaine has neither the high seriousness of the great masters, nor the passion and fullness of song of the genuine lyric singers, there is, short of this, scarcely any poetic quality which he does not possess: knowledge of man, sympathy with men and nature, humor, pathos, artistic skill, these are his in abundance; and, above all, he has that supreme quality, without which no artist can attain to the front rank, creative imagination, the creations of which are never blurred or indistinct, but stand forth in visible reality clear against the horizon, not mere reflections of their creator's mind, but absolute living shapes. It is this quality which justifies us in ranking La Fontaine, not only as supreme in his own line, not only as the prince of fabulists, but as a great poet, who, if not equal to the greatest, is, at any rate, of their race.

THE DISCOVERER OF MESMERISM.

ANIMAL magnetism, or mesmerism, was first brought into notice in Germany by Frederick Anton Mesmer, a German physician, who was born at, or near, Meersburg, Baden, on the Lake of Constance, in 1733 or 1734.

When Mesmer took his degree, in 1776, he presented a thesis on "the influence of the planets on the human body," and he regarded the new force, which he said could be exerted by one living organism upon another, as a means of alleviating or curing disease.

In 1778 he left Vienna and went to Paris, where he practiced amid the dislike of the medical profession, but with the favor of the people. He wrote several volumes on the subject, and it took its name from its first promoter.

His discovery was fostered by Dr. d'Elson, physician to the king's brother, and in 1784 the French Government ordered the Medical Faculty of Paris to investigate Mesmer's theory.

A commission was appointed, consisting of Benjamin

* Touching near heaven with waving head
While his feet reached low where rule the dead.

† A monster old enough to tell him all the names of the explorers of unknown continents who had left their bones there, and who for centuries beneath the abyss had been seen by the ancient inhabitants of the vast empire of the sea.

* Petit Traité de Poésie française (La Fontaine).

Franklin, then Minister to France, Lavoisier, Bory, Bailly, Majault, Sallin, D'Arcet, Guillotin, and Le Roy, who reported that "the violent effects which are observed in the public practice of magnetism are due to the manipulations, to the excitement of the imagination, and to that sort of mechanical imitateness which leads us to repeat anything which produces an impression upon the senses."

Mesmer left Paris in 1785, where his popularity had rapidly diminished, and spent the rest of his life in quietness in Switzerland. He retired with considerable wealth, acquired from his former magnetic practice. It was said that at one time his income while in Paris was 100,000 francs a year.

BOOTS COVERED WITH DIAMONDS.

"Did it ever occur to you," said a chemist, "what a remarkable and unique process the blacking of a boot is? You see, we smear the boot with a preparation of bone-black, which is entirely devoid of lustre; and then, by the friction of a dry brush, make it shine like the sun. There is not another process like this anywhere in the arts, so far as I know, and I never read anywhere any scientific explanation of the process. I have a theory of my own, however, which I will give you for what it is worth.

"The key to the mystery lies in the fact that diamond is nothing but crystallized carbon. The blacking is little more than carbon paste, and the friction of a hairbrush, being one of the most efficient methods of generating electricity, has the effect of crystallizing the carbon of the blacking. As soon as this is done, the boot is covered with millions of infinitely small diamonds, and, of course, begins to shine, as a mass of diamonds would. Of course this is not a perfect explanation of the phenomenon. What part the other ingredients of the blacking play, and, especially, why it is that the blacking must be moistened, I cannot tell; perhaps some one else can. But I feel pretty sure that the bootblacks are engaged all day in turning blacking into diamonds."

PETER THE GREAT'S WILL.

A REMARKABLE FORGERY.

PETER THE GREAT never made a will. His last illness, preceded as it had been by a long term of impaired health, found him altogether unprepared for making any final settlement of the affairs of his empire, and his disease made such rapid and painful progress that he was not even able to name his successor. As he felt his end draw near he called for a slate, on which he succeeded in writing only the words "Give all," when the pencil dropped from his hand. He called for his daughter Anna, to dictate to her, but when she came he was no longer able to speak. After about thirty-six hours of unconsciousness he died.

Though these facts of history are well known, a paper called the "Testament of Peter the Great" has been for half a century in circulation, and has frequently been quoted, though its forgery has been long ago plainly shown. It may be positively stated that no such document has ever been found in the Russian archives, though these are freely open to historical students, and have been fully searched for this paper.

Though Peter died in 1725, nothing was heard of this so-called "Testament" until 1812, when it was first mentioned in a book published in France, called "Progress of the Russian Power from its Origin to the Beginning

of the Nineteenth Century." This book was written by Charles Louis Lesur, then employed in the French Foreign Office, though later he became an author of some note. There is good reason for believing that this book was written by order of the Emperor Napoleon, in order to furnish reasons for his intended invasion of Russia, and it was published under the immediate superintendence of the French Government.

In this book there is a summary of a plan for the subjugation of Europe, which the author claims to have taken from a testament left by Peter the Great, and preserved in the secret archives of the Russian Czars. This summary consisted of fourteen articles, of which the first twelve simply outlined the policy that had been pursued by Russia from the death of Peter down to the date of writing the book, and the other two stated what Russia had still to do to conquer the whole of Europe.

It was plainly shown by many who examined this work that neither the idea nor the quoted phrases of the so-called "Testament" could possibly have been those of the Emperor, but the forgery deceived many.

Twenty-four years later, Frederic Gaillardet, in publishing the memoirs of that strange character of the eighteenth century, the "Chevalier d'Eon," asserted that this personage discovered the "Testament of Peter the Great" in the Russian archives, and had brought a copy of it to Paris in 1757. Gaillardet published the pretended testament, using the same text as that given in Lesur's book, only rendering it a little more full and formal. He asserted that the document was found in the Summer Palace of Peterhof, though Russian historians declare that no archives ever existed at that palace.

Gaillardet, who had gone to New York to reside, afterward published another edition of D'Eon's memoirs, in which he admitted many exaggerations and falsehoods in the first edition, but still asserted the genuineness of the "Testament."

Another French work, a history of Poland, written by a native of that country and published in Paris in 1839, gives the will, copied from Gaillardet's work, and further asserts that Peter drew up the plan of the will in 1709, after the battle of Pultowa, and revised it in 1724.

During the Crimean War, when there was again a desire to excite public opinion against Russia, further use was made of this supposititious will, quotations being made from the works above mentioned. Yet no careful historical critic has ever granted any credibility whatever to the document.

CHRISTENINGS IN TRANSYLVANIA.

TWO GODFATHERS and two godmothers are generally appointed at the peasant christenings, and it is customary that one couple should be old and the other young; but in no case should a husband and wife figure as godparents at the same baptism, but each one of the quartet must belong to a different family. This is the general custom; but in some districts the rule demands two godfathers and one godmother for a boy, two godmothers and one godfather for a girl.

If the parents have lost other children before, then the infant should not be carried out by the door in going to church, but handed out by the window and brought back in the same way. It should be carried by the broadest street, never by narrow lanes, else it will learn thieving.

The godparents must not look round on their way to church, and the first person met by the christening procession will decide the sex of the next child to be born—

a boy if it be a man. If two children are baptized out of the same water one of them will soon die, and if several boys are christened successively in the same church there will be war in the land as soon as they have reached manhood. Many girls denote fruitful

generally, "Was it a quiet baptism?" and if such has not been the case the sponsors are apt to conceal the truth.

In some places the christening procession, returning to the house of the parents, finds the door closed. After knocking for some time in vain, a voice from within



A STATE OF PERPLEXITY.

vintages for the country when they have attained a marriageable age.

If the child sleeps during the baptismal ceremony then it will be pious and good-tempered, but if it cries it will be bad-tempered or unlucky; therefore the first question asked by the parents on the return from church is

summons the godfather to name seven bald men out of the parish. When this has been answered a question is asked as to the gospel read in church, and only on receiving the answer, "Let the little children come to me," is the door flung open, saying, "Come in; you have hearkened attentively to the words of the Lord."



"FOR SOME THREE CARELESS MOONS."—"TAKING OUT HIS KNIFE, HE BEGAN TO CUT THE CORDS STILL AROUND THE WET, STAINED PACKAGES."

"FOR SOME THREE CARELESS MOONS."

"WELL, of all the stupid, careless, idiotic performances!— I beg your pardon, a thousand times. I did not for one moment suppose that I was speaking to a lady."

Jack Clarkson stood in the dripping, drizzling rain, his handsome curly head uncovered, contrite and penitent, as mild as a May zephyr, before a remarkably pretty girl, who faced him, breathless and frightened, a startled look in her soft, dark eyes. That forlorn and dirty street, more than ever dreary when viewed through a cold and nasty rain—Cortlandt Street—stretched out before them to a boat which was just moving off, and scattered upon the muddy pavement at their feet were a number of small paper packages.

The girl bent her head slightly in acknowledgment of Jack's apology, and looked from the receding boat to her parcels with an expression of dismay that was visible even through the gathering darkness.

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"Did you want the boat?" Jack inquired. "Never mind, there'll be another in less than ten minutes. Are these your things? I made you drop them, I'm afraid."

"No, it was my own fault; I was so anxious to get that especial boat, that I started to run. I am very sorry that my umbrella hurt you."

"You didn't hurt me at all, though it isn't strange you've thought that I must have had some legitimate excuse for turning upon you as I did. I'm not often such a brute; but, you see, the whalebone of your umbrella lodged a sudden stream of water in at the back of my neck, and I whirled round without stopping to think. I'm afraid," he added, as he gathered up the bundles, "that there is something broken."

"Oh, my carmine—and the plaque, is that broken too? I'm so sorry! Please don't spoil your gloves," for a brilliant red liquid, visible in the flare of a street-lamp, had oozed out of the papers and was running over his

well-gloved hands. "It's scarcely any use to pick them up. I'm afraid they are quite useless."

Jack looked with quick sympathy into the pale face, struck by the ring of distress in the fresh young voice.

"You are very tired," he said, gently. "Let me take you into the waiting-room until it's time for the next boat. It's a beastly hole, but at least we'll be out of the rain, and we can see then just what damage has been done here."

The girl followed him into the dingy little room, where she dropped wearily on a bench and pushed back the hood of her waterproof, disclosing to her escort of the moment a face so sweet and charming as to make him instantly forget the unpleasantly damp spot at the back of his neck.

"Nice hair," he thought, looking at the pretty, light-brown locks that the wind and rain had only made curl more closely round the broad, low forehead; "quite a relief to see something besides yellow, nowadays. One gets to be suspicious of champagne, or that new thing—peroxide of hydrogen—with so many blondes." (Just half an hour before, Jack, quite out of love, and therefore quite low-spirited, had bestowed fully ten minutes of his valuable time upon a search for some other rhyme than "old" for "gold" in a sonnet, entitled "To Maudie's Crown of Glory!") "Nice little face, too. Her skin's like a rose-leaf; but how worried and fagged she looks! the tears are not far away from her eyes this very minute. I'd be willing to wager—what has she broken, I wonder? I'll see if it is safe to examine."

Taking out his knife, he began to cut the cords still around the wet, stained packages, glancing at his young companion for the permission, tacitly accorded. Folding back the paper, he saw a dozen fragments of glass bottle, and twice as many of what was once a creamy, speckled plate. Jack looked again at the girl, and saw that she was making a brave effort to conceal her distress.

"I am sorry; that ware is so very expensive, and it was nearly finished, too; but it was my own fault. I shouldn't have run the risk of bringing it with me. I was so anxious to get it done, though, before the Spring work begins."

"Spring work?—get it done?" Jack said, wonderingly.

"Why, you see, I'm a decorator. This was an order that I was working at; the carmine was for it. I was quite proud, because it was my own design. See!—no, it is too much broken for you to make it out, but it was really very pretty! Well, it can't be helped now."

Jack looked the sympathy he dared not speak, touched to the heart by the patient little sigh. If she had only been the cook, or the beggar he met just now, or a man—anything, in short, but a graceful little gentlewoman—how very quickly he would have pulled out his well-filled pocketbook!

"If I could only help you in any way," he ventured to say, after a moment's pause.

"I beg your pardon," the girl answered, rather coldly, the color mounting to her pretty fluffy hair; "I should not have bored you with my affairs. I see the boat is in again. May I trouble you for my parcels? Thank you for picking the things up for me."

"Indeed," Jack protested, "you have not bored me in any way. I was the cause of your accident. I was right in your way. Will you not allow me to carry these things to the cars for you? I am going over to Jersey City. I have a sister—a cousin, I mean—and, if she were alone such a night as this, I should think any man a brute who did not show her such a trifling courtesy. Pray permit me—"

"Thanks. I am quite accustomed to traveling alone. I need no assistance. Good-evening."

For one moment he stood silent, accepting the dismissal given with such quiet dignity. Then hurrying after her, said, impulsively:

"Will you allow me to ask for your address? I would like to give you orders for work."

"You will find much better workers nearer home."

The boat swung slowly off, and she was gone. Such a sweet, dainty little creature—every inch a gentlewoman—and working for her living, while he, a great, strong fellow, couldn't spend half his money! There was no question but that the world was very queerly and unequally divided. Then, giving a sigh to the memory of the vanished gray-eyed girl, and realizing that he was too late for his Jersey City appointment, Jack lighted a cigar and went back up Courtland Street. As he walked rapidly through the fast-deepening twilight his thoughts, beginning with the heroine of the umbrella, gradually drifted round to Maudie. For some unexplained reason, his thoughts generally did, no matter where they started, drift round to that same sweet and capricious young person. Charming, golden-haired Maudie! no fear of bleached locks there! Had he not watched the tiny, sunny rings on the baby head turn into the schoolgirl's demure plaits and then into the maiden's shining coronet? Was there any one artificial thing about that beautiful, charming, true-hearted cousin? Had ever man a more delightful or sympathetic confidante for his many love affairs? Was there, taking the whole world round, the equal of Maudie to be found? So thinking, Jack reached Broadway, hailed a stage, and, with the aid of an evening paper, soon forgot that there was a woman in the world.

Two weeks had passed, and in that time at least a dozen fair faces had stamped themselves upon Jack's fickle consciousness; so that the little china-painter had ceased to be even a memory, when, strolling down Broadway one bright, sunny morning, he happened to stumble upon his old chum, Tom Stone.

"Hello, Jack!—going anywhere?"

"Just down to the office. Where are you steering for, Tom?"

"Cooper Institute. Come along with me, the office can wait. We don't often get a chance for a chat these days. What do you hear from Arthur? Come on with me, I've got to see about some art work for my mother. I suppose you haven't any orders of that kind to give?"

"Well, I don't know; how would some painted thing do for a birthday present for my aunt? She has about everything in the world, and I couldn't possibly hit on anything new; but I remember hearing Maudie say that some plates with slimy-looking eels and snaky things were pretty. I think I will go along with you."

"Miss Maudie doesn't paint, does she?"

"Paint? Maudie! no"—in a tone of supreme amusement—"who ever heard of her pretending to do anything useful? Maudie's an ornament."

"And a very pretty and charming one," Tom responded, heartily; "if that is her life-work, to make this earth a nicer place to live in, she does it to perfection. Do you know, Jack, it has often puzzled me that, susceptible as you are, you haven't fallen in love with your cousin. She's altogether the prettiest thing out, and as good as she looks, I believe. She'd make a fellow a perfect wife."

"Fall in love with Maudie," Jack repeated, his face flushing like a girl's. "Marry little Maudie! Why, man alive! you must be crazy. Maudie! why, she's

Arthur's sister and mine as well. Haven't we shared things all our lives!"

"My dear fellow," Tom answered, with an amused laugh, "what a fuss over a thoughtless speech. I did not advise you, I only expressed my surprise. When's Arthur coming home? That is a safe subject upon which to speak, I suppose."

A troubled look came into Jack's face as he answered:

"No one has any idea. What he stays in that God-forsaken land for I can't imagine. You see, I was in Europe when he started, and I never have been able to find out, if he wanted to go for a trip, why he didn't join me, instead of mooning off to South America. I think he ought to come back this Spring, and I told him so, but he hasn't noticed my letter in any way. I miss him daily, his mother wants him, his sister wants him, and yet there he sticks. Here we are."

"Orders for work," said the graceful woman who received them. "What material do you wish painted? Plush? satin? Oh, china. James, tell Miss Johnson I would like to see her. I think you will find her work satisfactory. She is one of our most artistic pupils."

A moment later the door opened quietly to admit a young girl, in whom, to his great surprise, Jack instantly recognized the little umbrella heroine, and, to his greater surprise, saw in her pretty, dark eyes the same half-frightened expression that had puzzled him before. The young man rose as the manager briefly mentioned their names and errand, and inquired if Miss Johnson was willing to undertake the work, and remained standing while the girl looked from one to the other in some doubt. Whatever she had feared, the honest surprise in one face and the business-like expression of the other satisfied her, and with a simple answer that she would be very glad of the order, she listened attentively to Tom's directions, given in the art jargon which Jack hated, and made no pretense of understanding. While his friend talked, Jack, swept on by the same sympathy which had moved him before, was busily constructing a magnificent order, and the moment that Tom paused struck in with:

"A fruit set, if you please, Miss Johnson, and a salad set—your own design—and a punch set, and then——"

"Immediately? All at once? I am very sorry, but indeed it would be impossible. I have not the time."

"Not the least hurry in the world; only one set now, the rest for Christmas."

"Which set do you want now?"

"Why, I don't know; any of them."

"If Arthur is sure to come," suggested Tom, "you had better have the punch set first."

The girl started, a sudden wave of color sweeping over her face, and a look of almost terror darkening her eyes; but in a second Jack was sure he had fancied the change, for she was writing down her orders with a little air of self-possession which became her well.

"Miss Johnson, you had better do this work at your studio and bring specimen pieces over; it is dangerous to attempt carrying so much," the manager said, as they were turning to leave, but both the young men instantly protested against giving so much trouble. Could they not, they asked, go to the studio? The little artist was doubtful, it was so far. How far? Why, in Elizabeth.

"Why, Elizabeth is no way at all!" Jack exclaimed, and Tom said something about its being a pleasure.

"Then, if you will really take so much trouble, I am staying at Captain Wharton's, 182 Primrose Avenue."

"You don't mean Charley Wharton of the Seventh?" Jack demanded, eagerly.

"Yes."

"Why, I know him well; he is a great friend of mine. I hadn't the least idea he was East. I shall call at once. Please tell him so, Miss Johnson."

"That was a pretty little thing, Jack," Tom remarked, as they parted on the steps outside. "Had you ever seen her before?"

"She had a familiar look. I may have run across her somewhere. Well, see you later, old chap. Drop into the office if you're down our way this morning." And they separated.

To a man as little hampered by care, the following-up of his friendship, pleasant, though casual, with Charley Wharton, was an easy task. A call at the Army building, an invitation to dinner at Delmonico's, a cordial recalling of the days when they had met—all flattering and agreeable to the young officer, had brought forth from the frank-hearted fellow glowing accounts of the wife and children, which were new possessions since their acquaintanceship, and also of that wife's dearest friend and pet, "Rose," the sweetest girl that ever lived, an orphan and penniless, on whom they had forced a home for the Winter while she toiled so bravely and cheerfully for her daily bread.

"You will be sure to come and see us very soon. Come to dinner on Sunday. My wife and Rose will both be so glad to see you."

The promise was not forgotten. Not once nor twice only did Jack take the journey to Elizabeth; before very long it was a common thing for him to drift over to tea, to frolic with the children, spoil them with sugar-plums; watch the dainty morning-glories that were beginning to twine themselves about the punch-bowl, pick up art names, signs and marks from merry little Mrs. Wharton, the most thorough and charming of women, and talk to Rose. Indeed, when he came to review each visit, it seemed to be mostly that; for he talked with her of art, of music, of flowers, of books, of everything but—Maude! And yet, even when those clear eyes, so full of quiet liking, were looking into his, he was thinking of Maude!

Not yet "three careless moons" had Rose been the "Summer pilot of an empty heart," when Jack suddenly decided that he wanted Maude to see her. The punch set was finished, the birthday approaching. He would ask Maude to go with him to Elizabeth. He would say nothing of Rose. He would leave her sweet flower-like face (how well her name suited her!) to speak for itself. Maude was so noble-hearted, so generous, she would give Rose such a welcome when she heard—what? What was it he had to tell her? His mind was busy with that question, when a district-messenger handed him a tiny note—a brief and imperative summons from Maude.

Following close upon the footsteps of his summoner, Jack mounted the steps of his aunt's house, unlocked the door with his own key, and, turning into the reception-room, found himself face to face with his aunt, Maude, and a man—a fairer, slighter, graver edition of himself—another Jack, with Maude's blue eyes and golden hair.

"Arthur!"

"Jack!"

Their hands clung close in a firm pressure, their eyes met through moisture. Since babyhood they had been David and Jonathan.

"Isn't this just heavenly, Jack?" Maude ejaculated, ecstatically, nestling back in her place beside her long-absent brother. "I felt only yesterday as if he he'd be gone for ever, and here he is, safe and sound. We got the telegram from Boston this morning, and I did mean to wait till to-morrow to send for you, but I couldn't stand it any longer. Do you know you haven't been near us

for two weeks, you bad boy? I can't scold to-night, though. Oh, Jack, isn't he nice? Did you know he was so dear and good? Don't look so grave, my own!" And her little hand crept up to caress his cheek.

What a happy night it was! First about the dinner-table, then grouped around the fire with Auntie cooing

"By-the-way, Maude," he said, stooping to get a light for his cigar, and noting how lovingly the firelight touched her bright hair and lingered on the green silk about her neck and arms (how exquisite she was in green, and how foolish to think blue was her color!) "I must be getting down-town now. Can't you and Arthur



THE ANCIENT RULERS OF JAPAN.—JAPANESE OFFICER AND SOLDIERS, DURING CIVIL WARS, THIRTEENTH CENTURY.
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softly over her children, and, as always, counting Jack among them. Still, as the evening wore on, and the three young people were left alone, it gradually dawned upon Jack that there was a shadow in Arthur's dark-blue eyes, that his laugh was less frequent, his smile sadder, his words fewer, than of old.

It was past midnight, when Jack, suddenly rising to say "Good-night," remembered the punch set.

come over to Elizabeth with me to-morrow, and see a set of China I've had painted for Auntie? It's at the studio there, and I want you to see it before she does, to see if you like it. It's a punch set, with flowers and fairies and butterflies."

"Oh, how pretty!" Maude exclaimed, looking up at him from the wolfskin rug in front of the fire, where she was curled up. "Of course, we'll come. Won't we,

Arthur? But, Jack, how funny for *you*! The last thing in the world I would have thought of. You always hated the art mania so. What possessed you?"

"That very thing," Jack responded, cheerfully. "It is so nice to surprise you. I'll expect you to lunch. Arthur, and Maude can drive down and meet us."

Walking home in the moonlight, Jack found himself wondering for the hundredth time what could have possessed that fool Tom to suggest his marrying Maude? and then drifted off to the remembrance of how pretty she was in the firelight! And when he slept, at last, it was to dream that Maudie's laughing eyes of violet were looking at him out of Rose's grave face; that Maudie had borrowed Rose's brown hair, and that he sorely missed the "goldyllocks."

The air, next day, was sweet and clear, the sun shining brightly, everything and everybody alive with the coming springtide. Maude was as bewitching in a tiny

cruel?" Maude cried; and then, releasing herself with "Stand out of the way—Jack, where is he?" dashed out of the room, an excited "Arthur, Arthur!" ringing through the house.

Rose, standing where Maude had left her, grew white as death, casting an imploring glance at Jack, and swaying as if she would fall; but before he could reach her side Arthur was in the room, white as she, but with glowing eyes. Poor little Rose! She gasped, both hands pressed to her throat, tried to speak, to turn away, then, with a gesture of utter yielding, threw herself passionately into the outstretched arms.

"Come away, Jack—don't stare at them so," Maude sobbed, pulling him unresisting into the hall. "Why didn't you tell me you had found her? You look half stunned. Didn't you know it was *Rose*, my own, darling, lovely Rose, my schoolmate and dearest friend, whom Arthur fell in love with (who could help it, I'm sure!)



THE ANCIENT RULERS OF JAPAN.—MOAT OF A JAPANESE STRONGHOLD.

black velvet bonnet (she always had a fashion of her own in headgear, and black always showed her off best), and in the gayest mood; so that had not Arthur looked so weary, the ride to Elizabeth would have been a complete success. At the Whartons' door he begged so pathetically to be excused from feigning knowledge of art, and to be allowed to smoke, that they left him to his own devices, and accepted the girl's invitation to "go right into the studio—the captain and Mrs. Wharton had gone to the city."

Maude glanced mischievously at her cousin, when, pushing back the *portière*, she discovered a young girl bending over some work, and commenced, formally:

"Miss Johnson, may I pre—" But the sentence was never finished, for, to Jack's utter amazement, with one glad cry of "Rose!" Maude sprang across the room, and the girls were clasped in each other's arms.

"Oh, Rose, you silly goose, how could you be so

when she visited me, and that loved him so (and I'm sure as fond of him as you are, you're the last one to blame her), and that we were so happy about—for mamma just adores her—until her stupid old stepmother (only she was a very nice woman and quite intellectual, I believe, and not very old,) said Rosie must wait, because she was too young; and then Arthur got awfully low-spirited, and wouldn't go to you in Europe like a sensible fellow, but poked off to Chili, and we had a letter from him saying that the stepmother had lost all her money and Rosie's too—Mr. Johnson has been dead ages—and had died, and that Rose, the darling little goose, had broken off her engagement. Arthur was sick and couldn't come home, and what use would it have been, anyhow? for mamma and I have come and gone and written and hunted, and it seemed as if Rose had vanished off the face of the earth. It was killing Arthur, and to think that you found her, you dear, precious Jack!"

During this incoherent burst of sobbing eloquence Jack had been slowly gathering his scattered wits, so that when the door opened, and Arthur, glowing with happiness, led a shy, blushing but prettier Rose than he had ever known into the hall, he was able to say, with tolerable self-possession :

"I am very glad to see my cousin Rose."

And Rose, looking as sweetly and frankly as ever in his face, answered :

"I was sure from the first night that you were 'Jack,' because you were so very much like Arthur at first that it frightened me."

And here all further words were cut short by the appearance of the surprised Whartons, who, quickly made sharers in the general joy, overwhelmed them with invitations to tea, and could scarcely consent to give Rose up to those who, Maude declared, would never lose sight of her again.

The cars going back were hot and stuffy, so that Jack was very glad to linger with Maude in the beautiful early moonlight outside on the boat—Maude was so much prettier by moonlight than at any other time.

"Jack," Maude said, suddenly, after a moment's silence, "do you know, when I saw a pretty girl and didn't know it was Rose, I was sure you were smitten again; and, Jack! oh, you wretched Jack! actually blushing! Well, I hope it will be a lesson to you. I don't see what is going to become of you unless——"

"Unless you take pity on me, Maude," Jack interrupted, a sudden earnest ring in his voice. "Come, Maudie darling, I believe you are the only woman in the world that can keep my heart. No matter what a fool I am, I always turn back to you. Do you think you could ever care for me?"

"Care for you, Jack? Why, I've cared all my life, but not that way. You must be in fun. Wait till you recover from this attack. Why, Jack, you're dreaming; you forget that I'm only Maudie——"

"Only Maudie!" Jack repeated, startled at the ring of fire and tenderness in his own voice; "only Maudie—only the sweetest, dearest thing the world holds for me. Darling, I never knew my heart before, but I do now. Maude, speak! you do not turn from me? You will listen?"

"I—what shall I say? Wait; it is so new, so strange, I can't believe you mean it. You're sure it won't be some one else next week?"

But before he could give the reproachful answer upon his lips the boat had touched the shore, and as Maude slipped her hand into Rose's with averted head and a new, unknown shyness in her bearing, he could only follow her silently to the carriage, thinking that, after all, *he*, and not Tom Stone, had been the fool!

OLD CLOTH AND NEW.

A CARPET merchant of Vienna has a curious collection of ancient woolen and linen cloths, including more than three hundred specimens. Many of them have been taken from tombs, and are stretched on folios of cardboard to preserve them. Some of the fragments are only a foot square, but the larger ones include an entire Roman toga, which is said to be the only one in the world. There are a great many embroidered dresses, and pieces of knitting and crewel-work. Double-chain stitch seems to have been as familiar to the Egyptian seamstresses, sewing with bone needles, as it is to modern women. There are some very quaint and unusual

designs in the old collection of cloths, but there are also some very common things. It is curious to find that the common blue-check pattern of our dusters and work-house aprons was in general use among the Egyptians more than two thousand years ago.

HARVARD COLLEGE LIBRARY.

HARVARD COLLEGE library was increased by only 6,730 volumes in 1885-86, whereas in the preceding year it was increased by 12,442 volumes, and on the average of nine years past by 8,085 volumes a year. It numbers about 240,000 volumes and about 233,000 pamphlets. Fifty-six instructors requested in 1885-86 that 5,840 books be reserved for the use of their classes, that is, be placed in certain accessible alcoves and not permitted to be taken out during the daytime. Fifty thousand five hundred and six volumes, besides the reserved books, were taken out or used in the library during the year; but in this enumeration, if the same volume were used twice, it counted for two volumes. These figures show how small a part of any great library is used in a manner which figures can record. The justification of the enormous expense which is involved in the accumulation and maintenance of a great university library is not to be found in the daily use which the mass of the students will make of it. The justification must be found in its indispensableness to teachers, authors, and other thorough scholars, and to students having exceptional work in hand. The librarian reports a very agreeable sign of college progress when he mentions that, whereas in 1874-75 only 57 per cent. of the undergraduates used the library at all, now nearly 90 per cent. use it.

Since 1883-84 various simplifications in the cataloguing have been introduced with the purpose of saving labor. The arrears of work (accumulated in recent years) have now been reduced to 1,360 volumes, nearly all of which were received since 1882. Of accessions received before the beginning of the present catalogue system, in 1860, there remain about 3,400 titles to be recatalogued. It is not impossible that all these arrears, old and new, should be brought up during the current year. The library will then possess one complete catalogue (by authors) of all its bound books. The subject-catalogue will still be in arrears about 14,000 titles. The library has lately received large bequests not restricted to the purchase of books; those in hand yield about \$7,000 a year, and that soon to be received will yield about \$13,000 a year. Taken together, the income of all these bequests will not meet the present annual cost of salaries, wages, printing, binding, fuel and sundries. The expenditure for these items in 1885-86 was \$23,760.81, of which all but \$7,543.64 came directly out of the college tuition fees or other unrestricted income.

PEOPLE OF UNEXCEPTIONABLE TASTE.—The man who pronounces your dinner absolutely faultless. The photographer who says you are really one of the finest subjects he ever had. The visitor who remarks that your boy is the handsomest little fellow he ever saw, and that he bears a striking resemblance to you. The acquaintance who regrets that he has not your exquisite artistic taste. The individual who always laughs vociferously at your puns. The tailor who says it is a pleasure to make a suit for a man with a figure like yours. The lady whom you overhear whisper to a friend that you are the handsomest man she knows.

THE ANCIENT RULERS OF JAPAN.

BY HENRY WHITING, LIEUTENANT U. S. MARINES.

To THE initiated, there is something more than a mere burlesque of Japanese manners and customs in Gilbert & Sullivan's "The Mikado." Any person familiar with the Imperial Government of Japan prior to the year 1868, as demonstrated in its official and social methods to the resident foreigner and observer, can to-day recognize in the haughty and versatile *Pook Bah* a strong resemblance to the powerful Daimio of Japanese feudalism. While the authors of that sparkling opera have but lightly touched the mental and moral characteristics of their distinguished model—and only by witty inversion to render such comical—his influence upon, and relation to, the action of its plot and characters readily suggests the position such a man maintained in his connection with the oldtime administration of affairs under the Shogunate. When Commodore Perry, over thirty years ago, under the instructions of the United States Government, knocked on the imperial hall-door of the Mikado's empire and extended the right-hand of fellowship in the name of this country, the feudal system which confronted his gaze held forth but little promise that our fraternal requests for international intercourse would either be appreciated or listened to. Yet subsequent events have proved that Japan was even then ripe for this change in her attitude toward other nations of the world. The degeneracy rampant among all classes of the nobility had become a public scandal. That the future of the empire should be dictated by a mass of voluptuous noblemen whose so-called conservative methods were but the cloak under which to perpetuate their hatred for national progression and enlightenment of the lower classes, was contrary to every wish of the liberal party, whose numerical strength by no means indicated the spread of their doctrines throughout the land. The result of this conflict between these two parties, as in relation to the question of foreign intercourse, need not be dwelt upon in this article. Nor can we pause to consider the consequences of this surprising change in matters political, which, during the last twenty years, has attracted world-wide attention; for it is with the ancient administrative as well as the social customs that these lines deal.

The system and application of Japanese law was the production of the great feudal lawgiver of the empire, Iyeyas. The Daimios, in early days, were subject to one of its provisions, that they should each year exchange provinces; but as they became more powerful, this was honored more in the breach than in the observance. Aside from the management of public affairs, Iyeyas's laws also provided for the succession of the House of Tokugawa, which has ever been of royal composition. The Prime Minister of the Emperor was the great Shogun, more commonly known as the Tycoon, and, by reason of his unlimited power and close relationship with the Mikado, virtually possessed the enforcement and adjudication of all the laws throughout the realm. The Mikado, living in his palace at Kyoto, for generations the inert victim of laws and customs which made him practically invisible to all of his subjects but those selected as his attendants, knew but little, and cared even less, about the affairs of his empire. In this condition of sublime indifference toward secular matters, the Mikados lived, jealously guarded by the Aidzu clan of the royal Tokugawa House, and really devoid of all

prerogatives. If the Shogun worshiped the Mikado, the Daimios, in turn, treated the Prime Minister, in their yearly visit to Yeddo, much in the same way, whither they went to pay into the royal treasury the tribute exacted from each province. These annual reports indicated to the Tycoon the condition of his master's people, and their welfare and progress in commercial and agricultural pursuits. If the inhabitants of a province showed any sign of disaffection toward their ruler, the Daimio, and those appointed by him to maintain the laws of the empire, there was no appeal for them from his power and sense of justice. The Daimio could report as he chose to the Tycoon, with the certainty that, having squared his personal and provincial accounts with the Prime Minister, other points offered for settlement would receive an approval in accordance with his own wishes. The lower classes were completely under the sway of these Daimios, and it may be interesting to note the character and habits of these now-deposed rulers of Japan, whose history forms one of the most attractive features in the study of Japanese customs prior to the Imperial revolution of 1868—1870.

It became the good fortune of the writer, during his cruise in Japanese waters, to be assigned to duty on the staff of General Grant, when the latter, as the honored guest of the Mikado, made his inspection of the Japanese Military Academy. Among the many distinguished representatives of the Emperor in attendance upon the general during that day was a nobleman whose excellent command of the English language rendered him a delightful and instructive companion. Through his kindness we were enabled to obtain a capital insight into questions of great importance to the traveler in Japan, not one of the least being a consideration of those feudal days, of which to-day there is but little indication in a country where the growth of modern principles of government and the education of the masses have become so rapid as to leave but a suggestion of the ancient *régime* to the inquiring eye. As already outlined, the Daimio in his provincial stronghold was the sovereign representative in all matters executive, legislative and judicial. He was a man necessarily the superior of those about him in intelligence and ability, otherwise he could not have held in check the lawless spirit of the Samurais class, from which he selected his bodyguard and the administrators of his will upon the lower constituents within his province. These feudal retainers in the large provinces numbered as high as 25,000, and were scattered throughout the Daimiate, several thousand being stationed in and about the vicinity of the great castle, wherein lived their lordly master. To be chosen as a member of the personal guard in waiting at all times upon him was the highest aim of a Samurai. It was during a visit at the country-seat of our noble friend that we were enabled to inspect one of these immense castles in the interior and gain an impression of a Daimio's life and power. Since the revolution these mediæval relics have been turned over to the care of the Governmental authorities at Tokio, then capital of Japan, and their royal tenants are required to reside within its gates under imperial inspection, being still deemed powerful factors in the possible formation of a revolt against this new order of things. These castles, to the number of some two hundred, are scattered throughout the Empire, and

vary in size and age, their conception being ascribed to a Daimio who lived in the tenth century.

Leaving the quaint home of our host one bright Autumn morning, our speeding *jin-riki-shas* soon landed our party on the rich tableland below the line of high hills, upon one of which it stood, surrounded by grand old streets and charming views. As we approached this monument of feudal days the critical eye noted a peculiar deviation from an axiom in European military engineering: that fortified castles should be built upon a hill difficult to ascend, and made doubly strong through

natural obstructions surrounding it. But Japanese engineers were not in a position admitting consultation with contemporaneous opinion in scientific questions in those days, and really displayed, in their selection of sites and mode of defense, wonderful originality and skill. Were the conditions and weapons of war known to that time still the best standard, then to Japan would the world have gone long ago to learn from her how to build and "hold the fort." Here, in this case, was a large plain with one prominent hill, which had been taken as the centre, from which point the undulating ground sloped away for miles until again to take an upward grade toward the surrounding mountain ranges. The citadel was built on this hill, and was protected by a triple system of circumvallation. Reaching the first, we for the while abandoned our train of Pullman vehicles and crossed the moat by means of a slender bridge. On the opposite side rose a rampart about fifteen feet high, built at a slight angle from the water, and topped by a line of trees and stone fence—a strong position for a skirmish line of archers to repel the advancing attack. This moat and rampart reached around the citadel, being at least two

miles long, and completely lined with blocks of rough stone for several feet above the water. Passing through the two-storied tower, which contained heavy wooden gates facing the bridge, an immense inclosure presented itself to the eye, across which swept a fine road lined with pine-trees, and connecting the doorway of the first moat with that of the second. As this castle was still retained in a fair condition of preservation, the beautiful points of this vast compound were still most prominent. Here were situated the barracks for the various bodies of troops, over the green grass were they once drilled by

their fiery officers, and under fruitful orchards or in pleasant wanderings through the rich gardens did the inmates find diversion and repose when the labors of the day were passed.

As the first moat had several gateways through which to enter this inclosure, so also had the second, which was much deeper and broader than the one first crossed. Again a narrow bridge, a tall, white tower, heavily barred gates, now widely parted for our passage, and the second inclosure was entered. Its grounds were rugged, though handsomely laid out, and were much smaller

than those left behind. Pretty bamboo groves dotted its surface, winding pathways led to miniature lakes, flecked with the lotus-plant and water-lilies, and even the grim arsenal had its covering of boxwood shrubbery; the shooting-range, its broad sweep flanked by beds of camellias. This inclosure was reserved for the special use of the Daimio and his friends, and, aside from several picturesque tea-houses, contained no dwellings for his retainers, as did the first one. Leaving this, we entered the third and last one; again surrounded by the far-reaching moat and frowning rampart with its series of loop-holed towers. But one bridge spanned this moat. Within the ramparts the crest of the hill was found, covering which, stood the Palace of the Daimio. The garden about it had contained everything that Japanese skill and ingenuity could produce in the way of elaborate adornment and landscape effects. The eloquent discourse of our learned host readily supplied the deficiencies caused by the removal of many of these features now that the citadel was not the possessor of a real live Daimio; and, though such were of minor importance where so much remained to captivate the foreign visitor,

still, under this guidance, the mind was enabled to appreciate the full grandeur of those bygone days. The palace was a very large, one-storied building, of wood, with a roof composed of great pieces of bronze; and the veranda surrounding it, in its ample proportions, suggested a grand ballroom. But what really could have been transformed into such were the suites of rooms, under this heavy bronze covering, which, in variety of decoration and costly appointments, constituted the palace a work of art which the Japanese authorities did well in preserving for the inspection of foreigners, though more



AN ANCIENT JAPANESE LANCER.

JAPANESE, IN FEUDAL DRESS, REPELTING A MONGOL INVASION.



the pity that many specimens of native skill in bronze and porcelain had been removed to the imperial quarters at Tokio, thereby causing an artistic deficiency in the relationship of apartments representing different periods of Japanese workmanship. The first room entered proved to be the audience-chamber of the Daimio. Before doing so, the attendants provided by our thoughtful and noble host had removed the heavy shoe and substituted the native slipper, that we might the more easily pass over the highly polished floors within, and also rest comfortably upon the soft rugs, as we sat before some exquisite screen-painting or bit of bronze, while he explained its meaning to his delighted guests.

It was in this room that, many years ago, the then all-powerful Daimio of that province, one day, held a great reception. Good-fortune had attended his troops in their attack upon an invading barbarian, whose hordes had swooped down from a neighboring mountain fastness to lay waste the province and capture the palace. Having routed the enemy, it was proper that the event should be justly celebrated. Many were bidden to the feast, and the resources of the palace were taxed to the utmost to render the occasion a memorable one. How beautiful were these rooms then! In the audience-chamber, the light, softened by the sliding-doors, set in grooves, which separated the front side from the veranda, partook of the hue of the delicate tissue-paper set between thin sashings, and gave to the highly ornamented panels a richer coloring. Upon some were painted crouching tigers; others displayed mortal combats between fierce beasts of the forest; exquisite hangings of rare silk were backgrounds for delicately painted peacocks and storks, tropical birds and dainty bits of scenery, whose every detail in color and artistic finish proved them the work of famous experts in Japanese art. Fanciful screens stood grouped with pieces of bronze, over which trailed clinging plants in bud and full bloom. Lacquered stands held rare selections in china and porcelain ware, and over the large floor were scattered handsome rugs. The ceiling was one of square panels with a gilded background, on which were painted animated fairies deep in the chase after butterflies. The room adjoining this, and separated by richly ornamented sliding-doors in lacquered frames, in its furnishings elaborated the beauties of the field and forest, the panels, ceiling, and hangings being covered by the skillful brush with birds, flowers, trees, water views, and many other designs selected from their domains. The room was, indeed, an exquisite conservatory; natural flowers and vines, artificial grasses in which sparkled ponds of water for goldfishes, musical fountains throwing upward graceful streams to bedew wide-spreading palms and stunted oaks, near by—all these contributed to the fragrance and beauty of its contents, and combined in the highest degree in the establishment of a vivid contrast between this and the next adjoining room. The latter was a veritable armory. As one drew near to the *shojees* (sliding-doors) dividing these two chambers, an inspection of their delicately painted panels could not be resisted, so perfectly were views of beautiful Lake Hakoné laid upon the almost transparent tissue-paper. Then passing through the entrance created by the removal of their centrepiece, the noble guests of the Daimio had but to turn about to witness a marvelous production of this subtle handling of the brush. On this side of the *shojees* the panels depicted various war scenes, in which valiant Japanese soldiers had gained the victory. And still the eye could not detect a line or shadow of the highly tinted paintings on the other side of the thin texture, the thickness of which could be

compared with the point of a pin. Nor did the sombre colors used in these representations of strife in the least way appear in or affect the lake views. Wonderful art this, on a gossamer canvas!

Two sides of this chamber were also given over to famous battles, painted on silk hangings, each piece woven without a seam and stretching from corner to corner. Superb stands of swords, of countless value, spears, bows and arrows, and many other dangerous specimens of a soldier's equipment, were grouped or scattered about it; while with ingenious arrangement, and always in minor position and contrast, those captured on many fields still further enhanced the lesson taught in the details of this rich collection. With kindly intent his lordship the Daimio had foreseen and provided for the quick removal of any chilly feelings that this suggestive aggregation of death-dealing instruments might give rise to in his noble company of friends, for, deftly concealed behind a monster bronze statue of the hydra-headed God of War standing at the further end of the room, there opened out a winding path which, with flanks planted head-high with stunted pine-trees and oaks, pots of rare flowers, and roofed in by green vines, whose blossoms exhaled sweet perfumes, finally ushered the guests into the largest room of this suite, wherein all the details and conveniences of a royal dining-hall were set forth. If this tour of inspection was still further pursued, then for their pleasure room after room followed, each filled with collections and specimens of Japanese art and manufacture, until, finally, the private apartments of the Daimio were reached. So much for the amusement and instruction of his guests within the palace. What had he provided for their entertainment and comfort without? Let this day be known as one of those perfect examples with which the lavish hand of Spring most abundantly blesses that radiant land. Softly, and laden with rich perfumes, the gentle breeze plays through the stately trees that now, in the fullness of their beauty, throw great shadows upon the dark greensward. In infinite variety the flowers in their well-kept beds contribute to the beautiful appearance of this great garden, that stretches about the palace and finds its limits set by the ramparts overlooking the third moat. Shaded walks lead to lakes, wherein disport members of the finny tribe, which know but the death that old age brings to all creatures. Pretty tea-houses stand here and there, inviting the weary to pleasant refreshment. Wonderful combinations in plants and flowers meet the wanderer at every turn, for here, in full bloom, are found the blood-red carnation in company with the snow-white camellia and the tender bluebell, each drawing its life from a common stalk planted in a conch-shell held aloft by a bronze sea-nymph, whose roguish smile suggests the knowledge of this mysterious art that no coaxing can draw out. If these live so happily, none the less so yonder roses in their diamond-shaped bed, where five stems give nourishment to ten different colors. And not alone in their subjection to this inversion of nature's law are the flowers, for the mystery deepens when, in a porcelain pot not larger than a silk hat, is found a combination producing the blossoms of the plum, orange and apricot, their branches growing from the trunk of the latter. If the lofty pine-tree can be subjected to a height of three feet when its bark and branches prove that otherwise the required growth of its species has been fully attained, the observer had but to turn to its not distant companion in like suppression, an oak. The mighty power of this tree had been turned into a lateral growth, that gave to the wide-spreading branches a circumference of thirty feet, yet it was not over ten

feet in height. But the guests exhibit no surprise over these and other features of the Japanese gardener's skill, for they are to the manner born.

And now, after these early hours had thus been passed in sightseeing, in friendly competition at the archery range, or in the discussion of the latest political and social scandal over dainty cups of tea or *saké*, accompanied by light refreshments, the guests finally gathered themselves together under the broad veranda roof to witness the series of games and trials of skill by those whom the Daimio had summoned. Out on the smooth lawn stood various groups of men, women, children, soldiers, jugglers, magicians, each with their part to play in the entertainment; and while the expert master of ceremonies was preparing the first part thereof the guests had comfortably arranged themselves either on the veranda or under neighboring trees, there to continue a casual acquaintance with the *saké* cup and soothing pipe, while many wagers on favorite competitors and much small talk were indulged in. Now the musical bell is tapped with a bamboo rod, and all attention is given to four stalwart wrestlers who, stripped to the waist, have marched out upon the lawn until its centre is gained. Having performed their low obeisance toward that part of the veranda on which are gathered together the Daimio and his intimate set of noble friends, with dignified step their dressing-room is regained for the purpose of removing their richly embroidered gowns, which reach from the waist to the heel, and bear the crest of their mighty master in woven colors upon the front. Then the four reappear, their legs bare, and a strongly secured breech-cloth the only suggestion of clothing about their sturdy persons. Now do the quartet separate into pairs, each to perform feats not known to the wrestler of to-day, illustrating, as many did, rapid transformations from one grip or body-hold to that of its logical result, where in serious competition the more skillful of the two is successful. This objective illustration of the wrestler's gracefulness in poise and rapidity of action ended, the two most powerful come together in actual rivalry for the prize offered. Back to back they stand, arms interlocked, feet well apart. One tap on that musical bell and the attempt on the part of each to place the other, head, back and heels, on the green turf has set each muscle like that of a marbled gladiator, each sinew taut and steel-formed. With tiger-like dexterity are those powerful legs shifted and thrown out to catch the desired lock; how, with sudden and mighty effort, does the bend forward raise the other man from his feet as if to pitch headlong to the ground this heavy load! Again erect, the intense struggle is renewed, and with bated breath the spectators wait for that weakening in the arms of him who bears least well that terrible strain, understanding the quick turn that surely follows, the body-catch—a lightning heel-trip—one desperate effort on the part of the nearly vanquished toward a recovery—but no, too late! for with hereulean power is he dashed groundward, his opponent falling on top, and the eagle-eyed judge proclaims the fall won. The pair rise to receive the plaudits fully earned.

But the Daimio has cried "Enough; bring on the crafty magicians!" The wrestlers retire in favor of these wonderful manipulators, who, having paid their reverence to the Daimio, begin by asking for an orange. This furnished by a spectator, it is sliced, and the seeds thereof are handed to another, who indorses their character, then returns one to the chief magician, and this in full view is placed in an open lacquered box not over six inches deep, and carefully covered with earth until the box is

filled. A little water sprinkled over it, a muttered incantation, and the box is placed on a tall stand in view of the guests. Meanwhile another of these off-hand fellows has also cut into an orange, and its seeds are laid on a paper napkin lying on the grass. This is covered by a spectator with another napkin; and the orange is bound together by him with a bamboo string, placed on the grass, and covered in the same way. Presto, change! With a long wand the magician has lifted the napkin that covers the orange; also the one covering the seeds. Both have disappeared! With humbly bearing he draws near to the nobleman who has assisted him, and requests that the pocket in his (the nobleman's) flowing sleeve be examined. The nobleman thrusts his left hand into it, and in amazement draws forth the orange. The bamboo string is cut. The four pieces fall to the ground with the full complement of seeds the fruit originally contained. But what about the seed in the box? It has been doing its duty also, for now above the surface of the box is seen a tiny, green slip of an orange-tree, and while other tricks are performed, it reaches several inches in height, finally resting from its labors with two small leaves crowning the stem. Now a large, closely woven wicker-basket is produced; also a four-year-old boy, the son of the chief magician. While the orchestra attached to this company emits doleful strains of weird Japanese music, the lad is laid on his back and the basket placed over him. All have seen the empty condition of this basket, and with knowing wags of the head follow it as it gradually hides the youngster from view. His father, with a keen, narrow-bladed sword in his hand, approaching the basket solemnly, motions the musicians to be silent. With great deliberation he kneels and fastens the basket to four stout pegs driven into the ground, after which he rises, walks three times about it, and then carefully inserts the point of his sword into the bamboo meshes of the basket. A momentary pause, then a quick thrust, carrying the hilt to the frame, which is instantly followed by a piercing yell of pain from within it, and the sword is withdrawn dripping with blood. Again and again is this operation performed with similar results, and the spectators enjoy it hugely. A delectable amusement indeed, this savage slaughter of an innocent lad! The sight of the bloody weapon in the hands of the stolid magician, as he stands with bowed head beside the now silent repository of his son's remains, acts as a stimulant to the truculent Samurai, who, if they cannot shed human blood in behalf of their lordly master's cause, find sufficient occasion among themselves for fierce altercations and fatal duels. But the applause and cries of approval from the noble guests are hushed by the order, loudly proclaimed by the Daimio's chief-marshal, that the magician proceed to the conclusion of this very mysterious trick (?) Two attendants approach the basket, which they cover completely with a heavy, dark cloth. This is sprinkled with a liquid substance. Then the whole band of magicians join hands about the basket; the chief sets fire to the cloth, and in the dense blue smoke it is difficult either to distinguish the rapid movements of the encircling human band or the effect of the high-shooting flames upon its personnel. During these few moments a weird chant is sung, and the guests, from their several points of vantage, watch the scene in silent admiration; for with many of them this performance has been the theme of an oft-told tale, now transformed into their entertainment as its crowning feature. And yet there are hasty young scions who lay the odds against its successful termination. Now the flames have subsided, the smoke has drifted away over



A MEDIEVAL JAPANESE ARCHER.

yonder fir-trees, and the magicians stand motionless in their circuit about—not the charred remains of the basket, and those of the poor boy, but the basket, just as it stood before the cloth covering was laid on it. The latter has certainly disappeared with the flames and smoke. The basket has no mark of fire, nor does the soft green grass it rests on disclose the presence of ashes. At a word from the chief magician his attendants disperse, and leave him standing near his son's tomb, as many would call it. For a moment or two he studies the temper of his audience, as if reading in their faces the effect of the basket's strange deliverance from the fire; then turning, he cuts the lashings securing the basket to the pegs. Once more he inserts his still blood-stained sword in its meshes, but now almost with tender care, as if fearing its keen point might injure what rests beneath them. With both hands grasping the hilt he suddenly raises, then quickly tosses aside, the basket, and stretched out between the four pegs rests—the identical cloth used to cover the basket! But it lies upon the grass without a wrinkle in its surface, nothing in its appearance

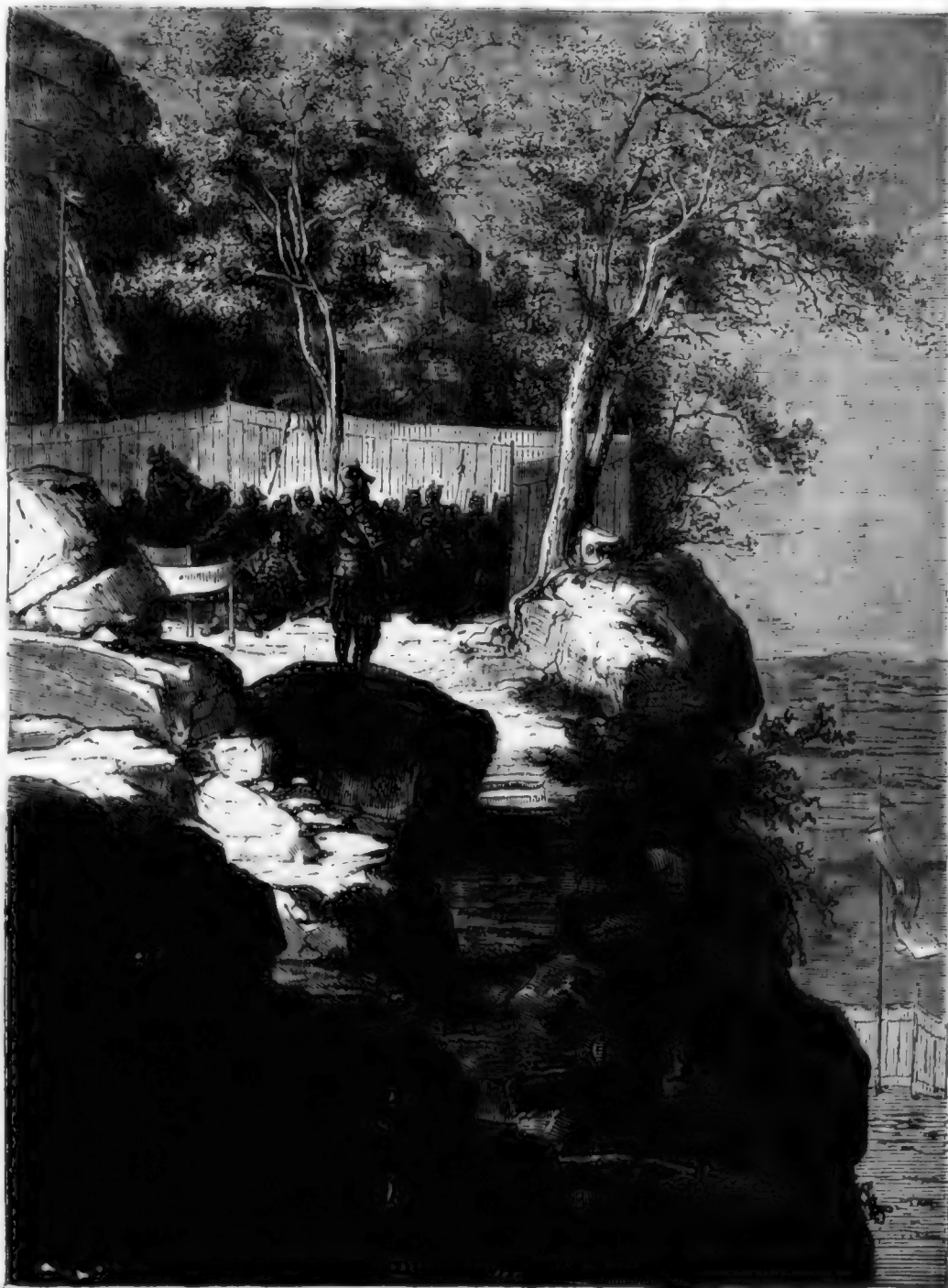
suggesting a possibility that the lad rests beneath it. While wondering eyes closely scan first the basket, held on one end and revolved so that its interior can plainly be seen by all spectators, then turn again to the smooth cloth which certainly had not covered him when placed in position, and with equal certainty was that which had covered the basket and afforded food for the flames, the magician, having substituted his long wand for his sword, pushes the stick underneath the centre of the cloth, and slowly raising it, holds it aloft until it flutters about his head. Does this action disclose the mangled remains of his son resting on the blood-stained turf? By no means, for the latter is as fresh and green as that without those pegs, and the basket as clean as when first produced. The boy has simply disappeared. No denying this plain state of affairs, and if the applause signifies this, the final indorsement is found in the gracious payment of the wagers laid against its successful issue; for the magician has performed this mystery with no appliance other than those mentioned, in full view, and surrounded by a most critical audience.

Again does the programme change at the Daimio's order. Now a target is placed on the lawn, and four archers appear with strong bows and sharp arrows in their hands. Fifty paces do they mark out in front of it, then prepare to lodge the feathered sticks in its golden centre. Yet, with calm indifference to the danger of his position, one of these men places himself within two feet of the target, and covers the same while he faces his companions, who now, in turn, let fly the fleet arrow at his erect body as if naught stood in the way 'twixt them and the bull's-eye. Though strong their arms, and sure their aim, these are met with the marvelous dexterity of him who bars the way, for with a lightning-like grasp is each arrow seized, until six lie on the grass. With no movement save those of his arms has the man performed this feat. A single failure would have rendered him the victim of a deadly thrust, as each arrow came true to his breast. And, as if to prove the value of each member of the quartet, positions are changed until all have performed the act of standing before the target, the result proving equally successful.

After a profound acknowledgment of the plaudits called forth by this exhibition, the four archers step together to the firing-line, draw their bows and simultaneously fire at the gold bull's-eye. With almost equal speed the arrows fly toward the glittering centre, and, for an instant, the spectators note that each has landed fairly within it. Then follows a loud explosion. The target falls shattered to the ground, and from its broken parts rises in a superb outburst a brilliant combination of Japanese day-fireworks. These are composed of rockets, sailing far into the blue sky, there to burst and set free all manner of birds, whose ingenious mechanism enables each to soar down the gentle breeze as if imbued with life itself. Bombs rise and burst into parti-colored flames, from which fall showers of stars, flowers, quaint devices of a symbolic nature, gyrating insects and reptiles; and, for a few moments the eye is dazzled by the picture thus laid against the sombre mountain range far beyond the castle. The time is all too short in which to fully appreciate its wonderful details. Consideration of the simple device from which these rose renders the solution the more difficult, and the four archers can retire, well satisfied with the result of their contribution to the entertainment. With exhibitions of fencing, running, and many magical tricks, the Daimio's guests were amused until the night shades fell upon the castle, and then the handsome gardens and lawns were transformed into a perfect fairyland by the hundreds of lanterns and flaming torches, under which fountains sparkled and lakes shone in prismatic colors. An *al fresco* supper, under such conditions, brought to the haughty Samurai the very acme of pleasure; and if the beauty and grace displayed by the ever-entrancing *geisha* (dancing) girls proved doubly effective, if the comedians outdid all previous efforts in a roaring farce, if the star tragedian caused the hot-blooded young nobles to grasp their sword-hilts under the subtle influence of his realistic acting as a deep-dyed scoundrel soon to gain possession of a ravishing beauty whose escort, fleeing from his mighty blows, left her helpless at his feet, one could only attribute such exquisite pleasure to the munificence of the lordly host.

It must not be supposed that an entertainment of this kind was

of frequent occurrence. Whenever his lordship desired such, it was only after weeks of preparation that a programme could be arranged by those in charge that would meet with his approval. The province was ransacked for the latest novelties in the theatrical and sporting world. If an actor of renown was within the empire, yet to pass under the Daimio's critical eye, then his appearance was insured at any cost, and in this manner was the list completed and the anticipations of the voluptuous Samurai whetted to the keenest edge by glowing reports of the coming events. His Grace could not visit houses of public resort, such resting far beneath his notice. A formal routine could eventually bring to his attention matters deemed worthy of this flattery; but oftentimes his disappointment cost the unlucky producer his own head. A creature of etiquette when socially considered, his daily life was but an exhibition of courtly procedure seemingly ridiculous unless the ambitious designs of those and their clan in authority about him are understood. The central figure of an oligarchy, the Daimio was in every sense humored to the last degree.



A JAPANESE CAMP ON THE HEIGHTS.

While thus a recipient of deferential attention and the repository of limitless power, the exercise of the latter was largely governed by the former in its application at the hands of the nobles who managed provincial affairs for personal aggrandizement. If they hoodwinked the Daimio, they with equal care avoided the attraction of imperial attention toward their methods. Many of the Daimios, by their indulgence in sensual pleasures, so thoroughly promoted the schemes of these men, that the rebellion against such oppression reached its climax much earlier than circumstances would have permitted had each lord retained sufficient interest in the welfare of his people to personally exercise his executive rights and duties. Where the legal approval of the Daimio was required the same could be the more readily obtained when this was his condition; and, as already mentioned, the first symptoms of revolt against the license allowed the Samurai class had appeared when Commodore Perry sailed into Yeddo Bay. The members of this class throughout the empire were distinguished in the exercise of certain rights and privileges. They alone were allowed to wear two swords, which constituted their badge; their vocation was absolute devotion to the cause of their prince, the Daimio. In his interests they stood bound body and soul, and if such duty called forth but little bodily exertion, while it supported them on the fat of the land and gave access to provincial revenues under the lordly seal, well calculated to make the taxpayers and tillers of the soil groan, nevertheless, their matchless adherence to his cause against all provincial or imperial attempts to weaken or alter it in any way rendered them a band of protectors, in the light of which external intrigue and factional hatred were impotent.

Japanese history gives repeated instances wherein foreign invaders succumbed before the terrific fighting qualities of the Samurai. A mutual respect for these prevented internecine troubles. It was not until political aspirations and clannish greediness for office overcame their loyalty that the Samurai presented to the lower classes an opening through which to present their grievances to the imperial authorities. These things weakened the Daimios' authority, and sowed the seeds of that revolution referred to, and which reduced their lordships to the condition of royal prisoners at Yeddo, with but one-tenth of the revenues of their province as a compensation for the surrender of such into the hands of the Imperial Government. The Samurai, as the aristocrats of Japan, transmitted from generation to generation the rights and duties of their Order. Their sons reached their majority at the age of fourteen. During the adolescent period they were instructed in chivalrous customs and knowledge germane to their rank. They wore two wooden swords, and performed light duties about the castle or their own homes befitting their noble future. A great feast generally ushered the hopeful scion into the estate of manhood, at which time genuine blades were substituted for the wooden ones, and admission into the councils of his elders completed the initiation. A Samurai toward the lower classes exhibited a haughty, tyrannous spirit, without the least warning using his sword for the redress of some fancied insult from their hands.

In their intercourse with each other an exquisite sense of politeness prevailed, great care being taken that no offense could arise in mutual treatment, for blood alone cleansed the character from such indignity. If a duel could not be arranged, then the recipient of an insult at the hands of his equal usually performed on himself the famous act of disembowelment—a criss-cross cut on the

stomach called *hara-kiri*. To live after such reflection was worse than death itself. To accept the latter at his own hands proved his manhood, and removed the stain cast upon the family name. In their friendships stanchness itself, as foes most brutal, in combat the embodiment of valor, as politicians the equal of a "boodle" alderman, in personal habits given over to ease and sensual pleasures, and absolute in their loyalty, the Samurai while in power during ages past can favorably compare with those who in similar days in European history lived this same life for the same purpose. Their extinction as a clan came with the fall of their masters, but to those who remained true to the imperial cause have been granted the retention of many ancient privileges which still classify them in the aristocratic blue-book.

Under the feudal system, Japan had no legislative or judicial form of government. The Daimios created the law for the provinces where it did not antagonize the will of the Tycoon, as the outcome of his conception of the ancient writings on this subject. To the simple-minded peasant, whatsoever did not agree with his master's will must necessarily be wrong. There was no appeal from the unwritten majesty of the law as laid down by that all-important representative of the Daimio, the district magistrate; who, as a Samurai, exercised the authority of his office with rigorous force and elasticity in conception of the common law that never failed in comprehensiveness or self-satisfaction. The lack of submission to him was a crime punishable by death alone.

To the Daimio alone was he responsible. He imposed and collected taxes, regulated the police force, punished offenders, fixed the tariff upon highways, horses and laborers; he had the care of the castle and its grounds if within his district, and in many other ways exercised authority. While satisfaction existed under this order of things, the lower classes were far more happy than one would suppose. The feudal system has had its day, and brought forth its natural sequence in the history of the Mikado's empire. In the family of nations Japan has already taken an important position. And this has been gained through the eager determination of her people to accept and prove, to their own advantage, all the benefits that education of the masses and a recognition of the personal rights of all classes can bring into their hands.

D'AVENANT'S RELATIONSHIP TO SHAKESPEARE.

THE theory said to have been put forward by Sir William D'Avenant that he was the son of Shakespeare has been scouted by writers of the present day, who dispose with a wave of the hand of most traditions concerning the poet which the generations following his own were at the trouble to collect and transmit. The view in question seems to have commended itself to antiquaries and biographers so careful as Aubrey, Oldys, Anthony à Wood, and Malone. That future writers have discarded it, is creditable to their zeal for Shakespeare rather than to their anxiety to arrive at the truth. The story reaches us from different sources. Oldys in his MS. notes, a selection from which were issued by Mr. Thoms, says: "If tradition may be trusted, Shakespeare often baited at the Crown Inn, or Tavern, in Oxford, on his journey to and from London. The landlady was a woman of great beauty and sprightly wit; and her husband, Mr. John Davenant (afterward mayor of that city), a grave, melancholy man, who, as well as his wife, used much to delight in Shakespeare's pleasant company. Their son, young

Will D'Avenant (afterward Sir William), was then a little schoolboy in the town, of about seven or eight years old,* and so fond also of Shakespeare that whenever he heard of his arrival he would fly from school to see him. One day an old townsman observing the boy running homeward almost out of breath, asked him whither he was posting in that heat and hurry. He answered, to see his god-father Shakespeare. "There is a good boy," said the other, "but have a care that you don't take *God's* name in vain." This story Mr. Pope told me at the Earl of Oxford's table, upon occasion of some discourse which arose about Shakespeare's monument, then newly erected in Westminster Abbey, and he quoted Mr. Betterton, the player, for his authority." This may be regarded as the original statement. "Mere idle gossip," is the remark of the modern Shakespearolator. So be it: gossip transmitted by Betterton through Pope to Oldys. Let us take another aspect of the story.

Aubrey, in his "Lives of Eminent Men," the original MSS. of which are in the Ashmolean Museum, is responsible for the statement that Shakespeare was wont "to goe into Warwickshire once a year, and did commonly in his journey lye at the house (the Crown) in Oxon, where he was exceedingly respected." To Anthony à Wood, Aubrey states: "Now Sir William would sometimes, when he was pleasant over a glass of wine with his most intimate friends, *e. g.*, Sam Butler, author of "Hudibras," etc, say that it seemed to him that he writt with the very same spirit that Shakespeare (did), and seemed contented enough to be thought his son." Aubrey once more chronicles that Robert D'Avenant, Fellow of St. John's College, Oxon., and a Doctor of Divinity, the elder brother of Sir William, used to say that "Mr. William Shakespeare had give him a hundred kisses." Anthony à Wood, it is true, does not refer to the alleged parentage. In the "Athenæ Oxonienses," however, he is at the trouble to affirm that the elder D'Avenant "was of a melancholy disposition and was seldom or never seen to laugh, in which he was imitated by none of his children but by Robert his eldest son;" and, again, that Mrs. D'Avenant "was a very beautiful woman, of good wit and conversation, in which she was imitated by none of her children but by this William." Anthony à Wood also mentions the frequent visits of Shakespeare to the tavern kept by D'Avenant, and as he is known to have been told of the supposed relationship he seems, instead of giving, as has been said, no "heed to the scandal," to convey it in unmistakable innuendo. Malone, meantime, in his ill-digested but admirable and trustworthy "Historical Account of the Rise and Progress of our English Stage," says that the suggestion in Aubrey's MSS. transcribed by Wood is confirmed by a subsequent portion of the MS., "imperfectly obliterated in another ink, and therefore probably by another hand than that of Aubrey." This portion was read by Warton, the historian of poetry, who, Edmund Malone says, informs him "the effect of the words is that D'Avenant was Shakespeare's son by the hostess of the Crown Tavern."

Against this testimony modern biographers have opposed, first, the inherent improbability (*query*, impropriety) of the story, the absence of corroborative evidence, and so forth, and, principally, the failure to supply any testimony on the subject from writers contemporary with D'Avenant. Some testimony of the kind I think I can furnish, and as every fact of slightest

interest concerning Shakespeare is of value, I have raked up an old story which might otherwise have been allowed to sleep. On the publication (1651) of the first edition of D'Avenant's "heroic poem" of "Gondibert," the English wits, chiefly refugees in Paris, were enchanted. A poem strictly moral in aim, and, it must be confessed, intolerably dull on perusal, written on the lines of a tragedy, offered as much attraction to them as the windows of an unoccupied house bordering on a newly macadamized road offer to boys. Satires upon poet and book were accordingly constant. Aubrey says: "The courtiers with the Prince of Wales could never be at quiet about this piece." In 1653 appeared, accordingly, a collection of poems with the title, "Certain Verses written by severall of the Author's friends to be re-printed with the Second Edition of Gondibert." Two years later this was followed by "The Incomparable Poem Gondibert, vindicated from the Wit-Combats of Four Esquires, Clinias, Dametas, Sancho and Jack Pudding" (then follows a motto in Greek, Latin and English), printed in the year 1655. So scarce are these little books, which were priced £7 7s. in the "Bibliotheca Anglo-Poetica," that no writer on D'Avenant, except the elder D'Israeli, appears to have seen them, and the latter is generally assumed to be a vindication of D'Avenant by himself, instead of, as it is, a wild satire upon him. To understand what follows, it is necessary to say that D'Avenant sought to derive his name from Avenant, which he speaks of as a Lombard town. One or two references to this fanciful derivation are given, the most striking being in a poem in the second tract, entitled "Upon the Author writing his Name, as in the title of the booke, D'Avenant." The opening lines of this are:

"Your wits have further than you rode;
You needed not to have gone abroad—
D'Avenant from Avon comes."

Unless this refers to the supposed relationship to Shakespeare it seems unmeaning. This Avon was not in those days a classic stream. Shakespeare, however, was called by Ben Jonson "Sweet Swan of Avon"; as in imitation of this D'Avenant was called "Swan of Isis." If this reference is not to D'Avenant's parentage, I shall be glad to be instructed in its real significance.

CRAPE.—Crape is made of the finest silk, but the details of its manufacture are a trade secret. The three processes of its construction are kept distinct; the weaver never sees the dyeing, nor the dyer or weaver the crimping. Each is carried on in a different place. Some facts are known. Thus, the dyeing is the last of the three processes, and the crape is dressed with gum. It is therefore of the utmost importance that if crape gets wet it should not be put near the fire. If wet, it should be wiped at once, or gummy marks will be apparent wherever the rain has fallen; but on no account should it be placed near the fire. The best method of removing mud or stains is to damp the crape with pure cold water, and dry away from the fire. The manufacturers could renew the condition of shabby crape, but in an amateur way that is less costly crape may successfully undergo home-treatment. Crape is a manufacture in which the English as a nation stand unrivaled, although there are manufactories of crape in France, Italy, and Germany. The imperial crape, as a material for dresses, is used where the ordinary crape is not required. It is made of wool, and is quite durable. It is often used for trimmings, but this is by no means its original purpose.

* He was born at Oxford, in February 1605-6, and was baptized March 3d of the same year.



FAIR FLOWERS OF THE FIELD.



THE OLD RUSSIAN MILL.

THE MAN OUTSIDE.

BY
CLARENCE M. BOUTELLE,
AUTHOR OF "THE WAGES OF SIN," "OF TWO EVILS," ETC.

PART FOURTH.

FROM A TRUTH TO THE CLEW—FROM A CLEW TO THE TRUTH

CHAPTER XXVII.—(CONTINUED.)

JASPER JAHNWAY had not started on his voyage without making more than necessary provisions for all possible financial contingencies. He was not exactly a stranger in London, having been there, for a very short time, on two or three occasions; besides that, he had one or two very good friends who resided in that city.

So it happened that he had made arrangements to have money placed to his order there, though it was far from his intention to attempt to cross the Atlantic in the *Homeward Bound*, or, at least, not until the weather was fair and settled, and it had not occurred to him to think of the possibility of going out in the *Homeward Bound* and coming home some other way. He would have been almost as likely to have thought of not coming home at all.

His action had been a fortunate one, however, since Fate had decreed that he was to land in England. He had money there, in plenty, and his nature was such that he was disposed to make the most of any event, no matter how unexpected or involuntary his part in the beginning of that event might have been. He had not started

for England; he had come to England, however; so in England he was ready and willing to stay until something more pleasant promised.

He told himself, as he went home that night from his call on Miss Bannottie, that something more pleasant did promise; he insisted, as though his *other self* was only waiting for him to finish before rising up to argue the point with him, that London was a deplorable, dismal place in which to live, with its fogs and its rain and its mud, and that Naples, though he had never seen it, must be far better.

He came to his lodgings. He took his key. He let himself in. He lighted his lamp. He gave the fire a vigorous poke or two, for the night and the room were chilly.

He glanced around the room with some complacency. He was rich, but he had not thought it wise to pay for much of luxury or elegance; there was everything for comfort—everything that convenience could require, however, and the man was pardonable for the look of pleased pride with which he regarded it.

"A pleasant place to live in," he said, reflectively, "if I had some one with whom to share it. If *she* were only good and pure and true, and I could win her, how happy we could be here together."

You see *she* received no name as he spoke of her. But we needn't remain long in doubt as to whom he meant. His thoughts were finding it hard to go back beyond the time when he saw Lurline Bannottie in danger, and hurried to her relief; he was already beginning to count the events in his life forward and back from that one, and to base his hopes and plans and dreams for the future on that circumstance, as well as to reckon them from it as the initial and superlatively red-letter day of his personal calendar. Once—

But no matter! If a man has remained a bachelor, and chosen the life of a wanderer, because of something in his life so sad that he never relates it, we ought, perhaps, to respect his silence and keep an equal silence. When he forgets his past, with the tears that were wept, the vows that were plighted, and the grave in which love sleeps, perhaps we ought to forget too. When he scorns his voluntary bachelorhood, when he begins to think of the delights of home, it is perhaps unnecessary for us to ask whose were the tears that flowed, whether the vows were kept or broken, or who lies in the grave, far away on a tiny tropical island, where the noisy clamor of the waves is eternal. With Jasper Jahnway as he is, and as he will be, we have to do largely in this history; and I grant you that what a man has done and suffered, what he has thought and said, index largely what he is and prophesy pointedly what he will be. But when a man sits down to plan how he may win the coveted love of a woman he instinctively distrusts—suspects—almost despises; when he allows himself to think how he may frighten and coerce when he cannot succeed by gentler and manlier means; when he deliberates on the future which may be his with one whose acquaintance he "*picked up in London*," I think we may put the earlier volumes of the record of his life reverently away, shut and lock the door upon them, and at least say, sadly, perhaps, but none the less firmly, "*Not yet.*"

Mr. Jahnway spoke again soon:

"A pleasant refuge, this, and a safe one, if one had been so unfortunate as to have been concerned in any—any—*any accident!* Authority might hunt long for guilt which had deliberately lost itself in London. I wonder whether Lurline Bannottie could learn to love me? I wonder whether she had anything to do with the

—the—the death of Constance Craig? I wonder whether I have the means of proving it? I wonder—I wonder—"

Do you, Mr. Jasper Jahnway, do you? I wonder, too! I wonder if a man may have a guardian devil—as well as a guardian angel? I wonder if two attendant spirits are fighting for the possession of your soul to-night? I wonder if you have strength to resist the allurements of temptation? I wonder if you will escape?

He speaks again:

"I found an awful document—a horrible letter. It had neither date nor signature, but many a jury has done less justifiable things than it would be to hang the writer of it as the murderer of Constance Craig. I sent it to Prier. He would use the evidence, and use it mercilessly, of course."

He rose then. He got a cigar and lighted it. He smoked with an intensity of effort which spoke volumes of the nervous strain there was upon him, and the difficulty he had in restraining it. Thus for five minutes. Then he threw the cigar away. He spoke to himself once more:

"I found a photograph, later. It was close to the place where I found the letter. It was stained—discolored—faded; but it was the picture of Lurline Bannottie; there is no doubt of that. There were three stanzas of poetry upon it, the same poetry I dictated to her to write to-night. I examined it with care; it was in the handwriting of the fearful confession I found; the one who wrote it killed Constance Craig. I wonder whether Lurline Bannottie wrote it, or whether she did not. I was careful to stand, to-night, where I could not see the lines as she wrote them; I do not think I could have kept a calm face under her glances, if I had seen the writing, and so been certain, no matter which way that certainty had decided the question. I—I have only to burn this folded paper, burn it and never go where I can see writing of hers again, in order to never know. Do I love her too much—or too little—to let her go?"

He rose and replenished his fire. And yet, there were great drops of sweat standing upon his forehead.

"I have the picture here—here in a waterproof case where I put it when I went away on the *Homeward Bound*, and it will take but a moment to know. There! The face is turned downward upon the table; I cannot think nor reason with those eyes looking into mine, even from a card. What is it she says?—"

"Have faith, because you cannot prove
The thought behind my brow!"

Faith, indeed! I have none. She called the sentiment atrocious; I think she did well; I should call it devilish, if I had to sit and look deep into her pictured eyes any longer."

He drew the folded paper from his pocket. He laid it, folded still, beside the card on which he had first seen, and from which he had learned, the lines he had dictated to her to write.

"There is the solution of the problem," he said to himself; "there is the truth. For right or wrong, for good or bad, for truth or falsehood, there it is. Dare I solve it? Will I solve it? And what shall I do when it is solved? For trust or certainty of guilt, for safety or danger, for—"

That is it, Mr. Jasper Jahnway; that is just it. Why do you not go on? What is there in that, since you have gone so far, to make you pause? For honor or infamy—(Do not wince, you know it is true)—for loyalty or treason—(That is the way the down-hill category of

horrors reads)—for paradise or perdition—for salvation or damnation.

That is the end, Jasper Jahnway, and you know it. Dare you solve the problem? Will you? And what will you do when it is solved?

"Look, listen, reason well," he quoted, gravely; "*you cannot know my soul!*" Yes, Lurline Bannottie, I can know your soul, and, even if it costs me my own, *I will know it!*"

He suddenly opened the folded paper, as though he feared his resolution would fail him if he delayed or hesitated.

He opened the paper—and it needed but a glance to see the whole horrible truth. He had known that the writer of the confession and the writer of the lines on the back of Lurline Bannottie's photograph were one and the same person. And now—he knew that the same hand had written the lines he had just looked at, on the paper he had unfolded, as had written the same words on the photograph! And—he had seen Lurline Bannottie write the words on the sheet of paper, with her own hand!

"She—*she is guilty*," he gasped; "and she has the face of an angel. She is the most beautiful woman I ever saw; more beautiful than any face I ever saw represented on canvas; more beautiful than the imagination of artist ever conceived; and guilty—guilty! Guilty, and in my power. I wonder—I wonder whether she would give—give—*give herself*—for my silence?"

Do you, Jasper Jahnway, do you? God help you! There is no voice to warn you, if Conscience and Reason fail. The darkness of the London night will give no sign. Your battle must be fought out alone, and in silence. But it is a terrible battle, none the less, and a most important one—important hereafter, when you are done with fancies for fair faces and all the rest of the follies of earth—important here and now.

Do you value peace and honor? Or are those terms too abstract and intangible? Very well. So be it.

Do you value long life, Jasper Jahnway, and hope for old age to set its seal upon you ere you go out from it? Do you? Oh, Jasper Jahnway, Jasper Jahnway, if you do, pause and think—catch at something—a hope—a memory—a fancy—to save you. You wonder whether Lurline Bannottie would give herself for your silence; you wonder that? Alas! man, though you cannot know it, Samuel Lyman wondered the same thing, and put his wish and his will to the test. She told him she would pay the price he asked, and then—

Then—God only knows the unimagined horror of the road she sent him on *alone*! God help you, Jasper Jahnway.

The man sat in silence. Minutes—hours—went slowly by. He was fighting out his battle with temptation, as every man must fight it at some time, and the struggle was a long and a hard one. The only question was how it would end.

Do not blame Jasper Jahnway's weakness; it may be no greater than your own. It is not the strongest who always turn temptation away at once and conquer from the beginning. Temptation is not sin; the sin is in the yielding. To wish wickedly is the first step toward happiness, if the wish be slain and its dead self be made such a step by the contrite heart.

Did Jasper Jahnway win?—or did he lose?

I am more than glad to have it to write that he won.

What saved him? A little thing. Little things have saved—and lost—souls and empires, since this world was. Could we look outside our own tiny planet, and see the races which people the countless worlds of the

universe, we might find that the little things of life have saved and lost worlds, since chaos shone with the first light of creation and nebulae began to condense into systems and suns.

What little thing? A memory. The memory of the farewell between himself and Gilbert Senn. Unseen, through the thick darkness, that act of heroism was, nevertheless, destined to bring forth fruit after its own kind.

"He—he saved my life," said Jasper Jahnway, the tears in his eyes; "and undoubtedly gave his own for it. A life bought at such a price should be one of honor. *I will be a man!*"

The struggle was ended. Jahnway was saved.

And then—

He faced the other task, a task you might have found harder than the first. For, much as you may love justice—in the abstract—and much as you may rejoice, over your pleasant and comfortable breakfast, with your fresh morning newspaper in your hand, at the tales you there read of the condemnation of men to long lives of confinement at hard labor, or to the scarcely greater horror of sudden and disgraceful death, you may not know how serious and solemn a thing it is to do that which will send even the guiltiest of human beings down the road which has but one ending—Death, and scarcely more than two gates at its end—Legal Execution and Suicide.

But Jasper Jahnway—*did his duty*. It is nothing to his discredit that I have to say that he did it hurriedly, as though fearful that he would find his resolution wavering if he delayed or allowed anything to hinder him. He did his duty. None could have done more. It is enough.

He sat and wrote his letter in the early dawn of a London morning—a morning of dampness and chilliness and fog. He went out and posted it himself, long before the most of the world of the great city was astir, and drew a long breath of relief when it was done, and he was safe from himself. Do not blame him that he did one thing, so kindly and generous and chivalrous that it bordered upon the weak and wicked.

"It is only fair to give her a fair warning and a fighting chance," he said to himself; "and she is a woman, only a woman, after all."

So a short note went to Lurline Bannottie to her London address, as well as a letter to J. B. Prier. The letter had Miss Bannottie's photograph, and the lines she had written at Mr. Jahnway's dictation, inclosed with it, and—

But let us enjoy the privilege which is ours, as writer and reader, and read them both:

"MR. J. B. PRIER, MY DEAR SIR."

(Said the letter, after the place and the date had been mentioned)

"I wrote you, some time after sending you the remarkable paper I had found in my grounds, saying that I had found another thing, or that I had another bit of information, which might be of use to you. You will, I hope, do me the justice of believing me when I say that I did not really think it of importance when I wrote, though I now know that it is.

"You will notice that the lines written on the back of the inclosed photograph are in the same handwriting as in the letter, or confession, which I sent you some time since. Two questions would naturally suggest themselves to one brought face to face with that fact.

"1. Did the original of the picture write the lines?

"2. Who is she?

"Fortunately, I am able to answer both questions.

"The original of the picture did write the lines. I inclose a

paper, written by her, from my dictation, here in London, last night. The lost link is thus supplied; the truth is thus made evident; the handwriting is the same in all three places, and—the woman is guilty!

"Her name is Lurline Bannottite.

"Her present home is in Naples, though she is recently from Maine.

"I regret having to write this letter, and only do so because I regard it as my duty. I saved that lady's life last evening, and am naturally much interested in her in consequence.

"As for myself, I am sick and disgusted with the whole business. Please do not try to see me again; I have put the clew in your hands; now be just enough and generous enough to let me alone.

"I must not forget to inform you of the death of Gilbert Senn. I have neither the time nor the inclination to enter into the particulars of the accident we encountered, nor am I either complaining or boastful enough to speak of my own sufferings and privations. Enough to say that you were right, so far as your belief went, in your estimate of that remarkable young man, though you fell far short of the appreciation of the simple dignity of his character which I feel as I write. Loyal, brave, of sterling worth, he died as he lived—a hero! With respect and good wishes,

"Very sincerely yours, JASPER JAHNWAY."

"MISS BANNOTTIE: I love justice and honor too much to see you again at any future time. But I am too—too *something*—to feel that I can betray a woman into the hands of her enemies and give her no word of warning. So I write these lines.

"You killed Constance Craig. No matter how I know that you did; I do know; there is no link lacking in the chain of evidence: it can be proven.

"And—

"I have notified Mr. J. B. Prier, and have sent him the whole of the items which constitute the demonstration of your guilt.

"With sorrow, I am JASPER JAHNWAY."

All of which would lead to the conclusion that Mr. Patsy Gullens was scarcely correct when he set Mr. Jahnoway down as a pirate.

CHAPTER XXVIII.

SENN'S EVIDENCE.

LET us go back a little—in our story—back to Mr. Prier and Gilbert Senn.

Let us repeat what these two gentlemen had just said when we left them.

"Who killed Constance Craig?" had been Mr. Prier's question.

"Elsie Barron Senn!" had been her husband's answer.

Prier gazed at the young man as though he believed him suddenly bereft of his reason.

"I—I—I'll be blamed if I don't hang some one," he muttered.

"No, Mr. Prier," said Senn, sharply, "I don't think you will. Remember your promise—my condition. She is my wife."

"She never did it."

"She did."

"You are mistaken."

"I am not."

"I tell you she did not do it. It is impossible."

"And I—I tell you that I saw her do it!"

"You saw her do it?"

He was thinking of the confession, if so it may be called, which Jasper Jahnoway had sent him. He was thinking of the almost incoherent words of madness with which some one—and that some one *guilty*—had written of the "man outside."

"Yes, I saw her do it. I said that before, and I am not in the habit of saying what I do not mean. You believe me, do you not?"

"I believe that you believe what you have told me."

"Which is the same as saying—"

"Which is the same as saying that there is some terrible error to be untangled here. For I know that Elsie Senn is innocent."

"You do? How do you know? I say I know she is guilty."

"Read that," and Prier took from his pocket the letter which Jahnoway had sent him, and handed it to Senn.

"To what event does that refer?" asked Mr. Prier, when Senn had finished.

"Of course I don't *know*," said Senn, guardedly, "but there is room for only one opinion. It refers to the murder of Constance Craig."

"It must. There were never two events of so strange and horrible a nature as murder so near alike as these two would be if the murder of Constance Craig were one, and this another. You grant that, do you not?"

Senn clasped his hands over his eyes, as though to shut out the horror of something which stood out before him in the galleries of memory.

"Grant it? God help me, I must grant it. There never can have been two such devils as the one who did this awful deed. And I," lowering his voice to an awed whisper, "I—you know, *I was the man outside!*"

"Yes. Well. Now tell me this: Is the handwriting of this document disguised or natural?"

Senn took up the letter again.

"I am no expert—" he began.

"And I am," interrupted Prier; "I know all that. But I want to know whether our opinions are the same. What do you think?"

"I do not think the handwriting is disguised."

"No? Good. Nor do I. You are familiar with the handwriting of Mrs. Senn, are you not?"

"Not very. I have seen several specimens of it."

"Exactly. And were the specimens you have seen written in her ordinary style?"

"Undoubtedly."

"And were they like this?"

"Not in the least."

"And yet—the murderer of Constance Craig wrote this?"

A sudden terrible thought smote the brain of Gilbert Senn with awful force. He remembered, all at once, where he had seen the same handwriting as had puzzled and baffled him as he gazed upon its beauties and peculiarities on the pages of the fearful confession he had but just read. It was the same hand that had written him the strange letter he had received when in confinement before his trial—the writer of the two was none other than the lifelong friend and companion of the woman he had wedded—the woman he had shut from the vengeance of Mr. Prier behind the shelter of the promise he had exacted—but none the less the woman he had accused.

Senn's pity went out to Lurline Bannottite. It must be so terrible to know of such a crime, and to find—or believe—it duty to conceal it. How long had he known of Elsie's guilt? It seemed a long, long time. And yet—counted in months—it had been very, very short. And Lurline Bannottite, poor Lurline Bannottite, had she known it all these years which had drearily drifted over her and the guilty woman since its commission. He pitied her!

How much she must love Elsie Senn! So much that she would have let an innocent man go to the gallows in her place; nay more, so much that she would have helped in a plot to send him there perforce, for had she not tried to do that very thing? Was not her letter to him designed to keep him from accepting Aldrich's services? Would not Aldrich, had he not been engaged in



A WALLACH WATER-GIRL.— FROM A PAINTING BY H. WEBER.

the trial, have been likely to have hidden himself, and the wounds his love and pride had received, in some distant place until it was all over? Was it not possible that Mrs. Senn—or Miss Bannottie—or both—might have made it necessary or convenient for him to be away, perhaps on some errand they made him believe was their service? And without Aldrich's presence—well, he could not quite bring himself to think calmly, even yet, of what that would have meant for him. But—how much Lurline Bannottie must love Elsie Senn! And how much he pitied her!

He could not tell Prier of all this, just yet; he could not tell him that another woman had shared her guilty secret with Elsie Barron through long, long years. It was so terrible—so incredible—and he so dreaded doing an injustice to even this mysterious woman on whose face he had never looked.

But, into the place of one lurking doubt—a doubt which had troubled him when he had spoken so firmly of Elsie's guilt—had fallen steadfast certainty. There was no doubt now. With the knowledge of the fact that the same one had written the letter he had received in prison, a letter in which he now saw nothing more than a cruel scheme looking to the forcing of him to deny Aldrich's aid, that had penned the graphic account of the murder he had seen done, came the undoubting and unconditioned belief that he had made no mistake regarding Elsie Senn.

But he could not tell Prier all this, not yet.

And so, he made no answer.

Prier had waited some seconds. He repeated his question again, repeated it in a little louder tone, a little higher key, and in a manner which was intended to be conclusively argumentative:

"And yet—the murderer of Constance Craig wrote this?" he asked.

Senn was silent. What could he say?

Prier spoke again; the same question; clothed in the same garb of words:

"And yet—the murderer of Constance Craig wrote this?"

"Yes, *unless this is a copy!*" cried Gilbert Senn, as he flung the package from him with as much loathing in his look and act and tone as would have been there had the sheets of paper been some venomous reptile instead.

A copy! He had spoken the conviction of his soul. To him it was evident—of course it was a copy.

A copy! To Prier it was not a conviction; it was a suggestion, and no more; a something to think of and *disprove*—but *never*, NEVER, anything to believe. And yet—It made his blood turn cold, and his brain reel beneath its load, and his heart falter at its task. *A copy!* That would mean that the letter might not be, perhaps could not be, a clue; that would mean that the weary end of all this search had withdrawn itself further still into the veiled future; that would mean that his verdict of innocence might be false as regarded one—any one—of those in whose favor he had recorded it, in his heart or in his book; it might mean that Gilbert Senn was right, and he wrong; it might mean that he had voluntarily shut himself from the vengeance the hope of which had alone made his life worth living. *A copy!* It might be. But God forbid.

"I—I—you say you saw Mrs. Senn—or Miss Barron, as she was then—commit this murder. I am free to confess that the possibility of this being a copy had never occurred to me, and, of course, unless it is, her guilt is an untenable theory. I—I was a student in physiognomy before I became a detective, and I have not lost all

interest in the art of reading the human soul in the face, and——"

"And it fails—sometimes—does it not?"

"Sometimes it does; not often."

"And you think my wife's face says she is innocent?"

"It certainly says so."

"Then it lies; then this is one of the cases in which your reliance on physiognomy must fail."

"I think not. Are you willing to tell me all I may wish to ask regarding this matter?"

"I am."

"Fully?"

"Yes."

"Freely?"

"Yes."

"Patiently?"

"Yes, patiently. Begin, please; you ask your questions—I will answer them."

"Very well. You say you saw Miss Barron commit this deed. Did you see her face?"

"Not clearly. Her back was toward me, and, though she faced a mirror, the light was poor, there was much moisture on the window through which I looked, and her hair had been disarranged in the struggle and concealed her face from view, and so I know nothing of her features."

"Nothing?"

"Next to nothing."

"You could not identify her, then, as Miss Barron?"

"Not positively."

"Not well enough to swear to her being the guilty one?"

"No."

"That settles it. You were mistaken."

"I think not. Let me tell you——"

"You shall tell me all. But let it be in answer to my questions. Let it be in my own way."

"Very well."

"I will ask you this, then. Did you suspect Miss Barron that night?"

"Certainly not; I had never seen Miss Barron."

"Did you suspect her before you married her?"

"Yes; I did suspect her before I married her."

"Before you proposed for her hand in the strange way you took for doing that?"

"No. I had never looked her in the face until she came into the bank that well-remembered morning when I demanded that she should marry me."

"I don't understand that. How did it happen that you had worked for Mr. Barron so long, and yet had never seen his daughter?"

"I can scarcely explain it. There is probably nothing more to say than that it happened so. I worked hard and late; you must remember that I had been promoted from almost the lowest and most menial employment, in Mr. Barron's bank, to the position of cashier, in the ten years which elapsed between the time of Constance Craig's death and my trial for her murder; all that meant close application, outside of banking hours as well as during the regular hours of business. At first I was not invited to the house of Mr. Barron, and did not associate with any in their walk in life—their 'set,' to use the word which I believe is common, unless it be that Walter Aldrich, my firm and steadfast friend through all those years, must be classed with them. Later—I was asked, but I did not go. My habits were formed, my associates had been selected; my friends were made."

"Certainly; but how did you spend your time?"

"Many evenings I read—read political economy—read the opinions of the greatest of men on the subject of finance—read in the direction of my growth, my progress, my success."

"And at other times?"

"At other times I found pleasure in lectures and concerts; many evenings I spent with Walter Aldrich; and there were other friends on whom I called, sometimes."

"And so you had never seen Miss Barron?"

"Never. She and her companion were away frequently, and for long periods at a time. I never saw Miss Barron, not to see her fairly and face to face, until the morning after the great bank robbery. Summers at the lakes, Winter in the South, and sometimes whole years at a time in Europe—for them, help account for what I have said."

"And Mr. Barron, did he go with them?"

"Toward the last, yes. I had become so trusted that he felt he could leave me."

"And yet—"

"And yet—*nothing!* Do you not understand, Mr. Prier, that I am an honorable man? Do you not know that I am innocent of the robbery of the man who had trusted me?"

"I believe you—but you married Elsie Barron?"

"Yes."

"And some one robbed the bank?"

"Yes."

"And you said you did it."

"Yes."

"And—and —"

"And some one killed Constance Craig. Mr. Prier, I will stake my soul's salvation on the assertion that she who did the one—did the other."

"How do you know?"

"I saw her do it."

"But—you had called on Walter Aldrich that evening?"

"Yes."

"And remained late?"

"Yes."

"And afterward you—I say, Gilbert Senn, was one of the others on whom you sometimes called a sweetheart?"

"No; I had no sweetheart; I never had; I never shall have. I simply felt worried and uneasy; I walked down toward the bank; a woman came out as I turned the corner. Her veil was down, but she did not seem to be especially anxious to avoid observation; I mean by that that she did not act watchful and timid and suspicious."

"Did she see you?"

"I think not."

"And you followed her?"

"I did."

"What did you see?"

"I saw her conceal a tin box."

"In the first place to which you led us?"

"Yes."

"And then?"

"And then I followed her home."

"And where did she go? In God's name, where did she go?"

"She went to Mr. Barron's house. She quietly let herself in. You see she was at home there."

"I confess it looks like it. What did you do after that?"

"I went and changed the hiding-place of the money."

"And then?"

"And then I went home, and to bed."

"And rested?"

"After a time."

"You have excellent nerves—though this is not the only instance in which you have illustrated that fact. Really, I congratulate you."

"Thank you."

"And you went nowhere else than to Walter Aldrich's that night, except as you followed the woman who robbed the bank?"

"Nowhere else. I don't understand why you are so persistent. I had no sweetheart. I never paid attention to any young lady in Boomville. If I had loved any woman, I could never have done what I did—"

"I should think not."

"Even to—to—"

"Well, to what?"

"I had rather not say what?"

"You must."

"But I do not wish to boast."

"I will excuse any egotism I may find in your answer. Why was it that you married Elsie Barron?"

"To save Walter Aldrich."

"What?" cried Prier, springing to his feet.

"To save my friend from the disgrace of marrying the manner of woman she had shown herself to be."

"A murderer, you mean?"

"Not yet; I only knew her for a thief, then."

"And that is why you married her?"

"It is."

"Your only reason?"

"My only reason; I swear it; so help me God."

Prier held out his hand and grasped Senn's warmly.

"God did not make many men such heroes as you," he said; "surely He will reward you for all you have done."

"In another world, perhaps," said Senn, sadly; "but we must neither of us forget that so far as this world is concerned I am *'the man outside'*!"

"Possibly. But I hope for excellent things for you."

"Thank you. But let us not stop to discuss them; I am getting tired; let us confine ourselves to the questions you wish to ask, and to the answers I must give them."

"Very well. You demanded the hand of Elsie Barron for the reason you have stated; will you tell me why you think she married you?"

"Because she was certain that I knew her secret; perhaps because she found that the hidden money had been taken and concealed a second time; but most of all, because she feared—she knew not what—and dared not do otherwise."

"You read it so—do you?"

"Yes; I read it so. How do you read it?"

Prier's head fell forward. He was a very dejected-looking man, just then, and a very old-looking one.

"God help me," he said, slowly, "I do not know how to read it. I thought she married you to save her father. Are—are you sure?"

"I am sure. Only Mr. Barron and his daughter and myself knew—"

"Wait!" cried Prier; "you say you had never seen Miss Barron. Did she never come to the bank?"

"Never. Never during business hours, at least."

"And yet she knew how to open the safe?"

"Yes."

"Why?"

"Because her father was foolishly sentimental about her, and felt that she must be intrusted with all that other and wiser men would have kept to themselves."

Yes, Mr. Prier, only we three knew how to open the safe. You do not think Mr. Barron opened it, do you?"

"I—I don't know what to think. No, I think he didn't."

"Nor that I did?"

"I *know* you didn't."

"Thank you," said Senn, who noticed the change in the word; "and now, I saw a woman leave the bank, hide the money, and go home to Barron's own house; and then, the morning she came to the bank, she wore the very dress she had on the night of the robbery. I did not see her face that night, for she had her veil down; but I am certain about the dress. I am willing to take oath to that. Are you satisfied?"

"It seems like the height of stupid stubbornness not to be, but——"

"But you are not?"

"No, Gilbert Senn, I am not."

"Do you see any clew to anything else?"

"No, not yet. But let us go back to the murder. Let us find the connection between that and the later event—if we can."

"Agreed. What shall I tell you?"

"The evidence given at your trial—was it substantially true?"

"As regards myself, yes."

"You were a tramp?"

"I suppose I should have been called one. I had been sick and unfortunate. I had lost the position I had held. I had no money—none of any account—and yet I was homesick for a sight of the green hills around my boyhood's home. I had no friends—and yet I could not try for more work, daytimes, because the old home was drawing me toward itself. I could not sleep nights, for my sleep was haunted with dreams of that lost heaven of my childhood's days. And so I turned my face that way one weary, wretched day, and started. I can never tell how long the journey took; how I scorched and froze by turns; how I wearied by the wayside; how I starved; I—I cannot bear it, Mr. Prier, so let us leave all that out. Yes, I was a tramp."

"The statement regarding your ring, the borrowed money, your going out into the country away from the railroad—I suppose they were all true?"

"They were."

"Will you tell me why you went into the country?"

"Because I had almost given up the idea of getting home without help. I felt that I must find work, again. And I expected to find more charity there than in the little towns along the road."

"When was the murder committed?"

"The night of the storm; one night earlier than was assumed at my trial; early enough to still leave me under suspicion, if you—and the world—please."

"But I don't please. I know you are innocent."

"Matilda Webb must have been absent two nights."

"Yes, she was."

"And the murder occurred the first one of the two."

"I see. How did you happen to be there?"

"Well, I lost my ring."

"Lost your ring?"

"Yes. And I almost felt that in doing so I had lost my luck, poor as that luck had been. I was down on my knees, in a sheltered nook through which I remembered to have passed not long before I missed the ring, searching, in the darkness, when the woman passed me. I did not see her face, but something in her every motion impressed me. I felt that she meditated evil of some kind. I followed her."

"You saw her enter Mrs. Craig's house?"

"I saw her enter the house which I now know was Mrs. Craig's."

"What then?"

"I saw, by her light, that she was searching the rooms. I came nearer and nearer. I knew when she went into the last room of all."

"And then?"

"I climbed up upon the balcony beneath the window. It was perilous, in many respects: I had no business to be there; it would go hard with me to be caught there; but those were not the only dangers. I ran the risk of my life, climbing there in the thick darkness; sometimes my foot slipped, my weak hold gave way, and I was almost gone. But I was successful at last, and drew myself, tired and panting, up to the very edge of the balcony. I think that even then I should have given up, and have fallen back to the ground again, had not what I saw nerved me to fresh exertions."

"Merciful God!" groaned Prier; "what did you see?"

"I saw it all."

"All?"

"All. The windows opened almost to the floor; I fought with slippery railings and trailing vines, with weakness and darkness and horror, for my own life, while your sister fought vainly with her assailant for hers. I saw all—all; all, from the moment when the sleeper awoke from the trusting slumber of innocence to the moment when the devil who had slain her lifted the pillow from the face which had on it the seal of the sleep that knows no waking."

"How long was this?"

"I do not know; some minutes."

"And you could have given no assistance?"

"None. By the time I could do more than help myself all need for aid was over. The murder was done."

"Why did you not give the alarm?"

"That was my first impulse. Then I remembered my situation. I was a tramp—a vagrant—an outcast, a stranger and a man to be watched and distrusted. I was where I had had no right to go. I had seen that to which only an unreasonable and unexplainable suspicion could have led me. The woman in the house was dead—dead—dead! She could never open her lips to tell the truth. Suppose I were to spring into the room and denounce the murderer? Suppose, in turn, I found her a trusted friend of the one toward whom her treachery had broken forth? Suppose she was exalted high above any suspicion of sin or scheming in the opinions of those who knew her—and who had known the dead—but who had never known me? Suppose she faced me with the same devilish coolness with which she had taken the guilt of Cain upon her soul, and told me and all men that I was a liar—a liar *and worse*? Suppose she denounced me?"

"I see your situation; I appreciate your thoughts. What did you do?"

"I watched."

"For what?"

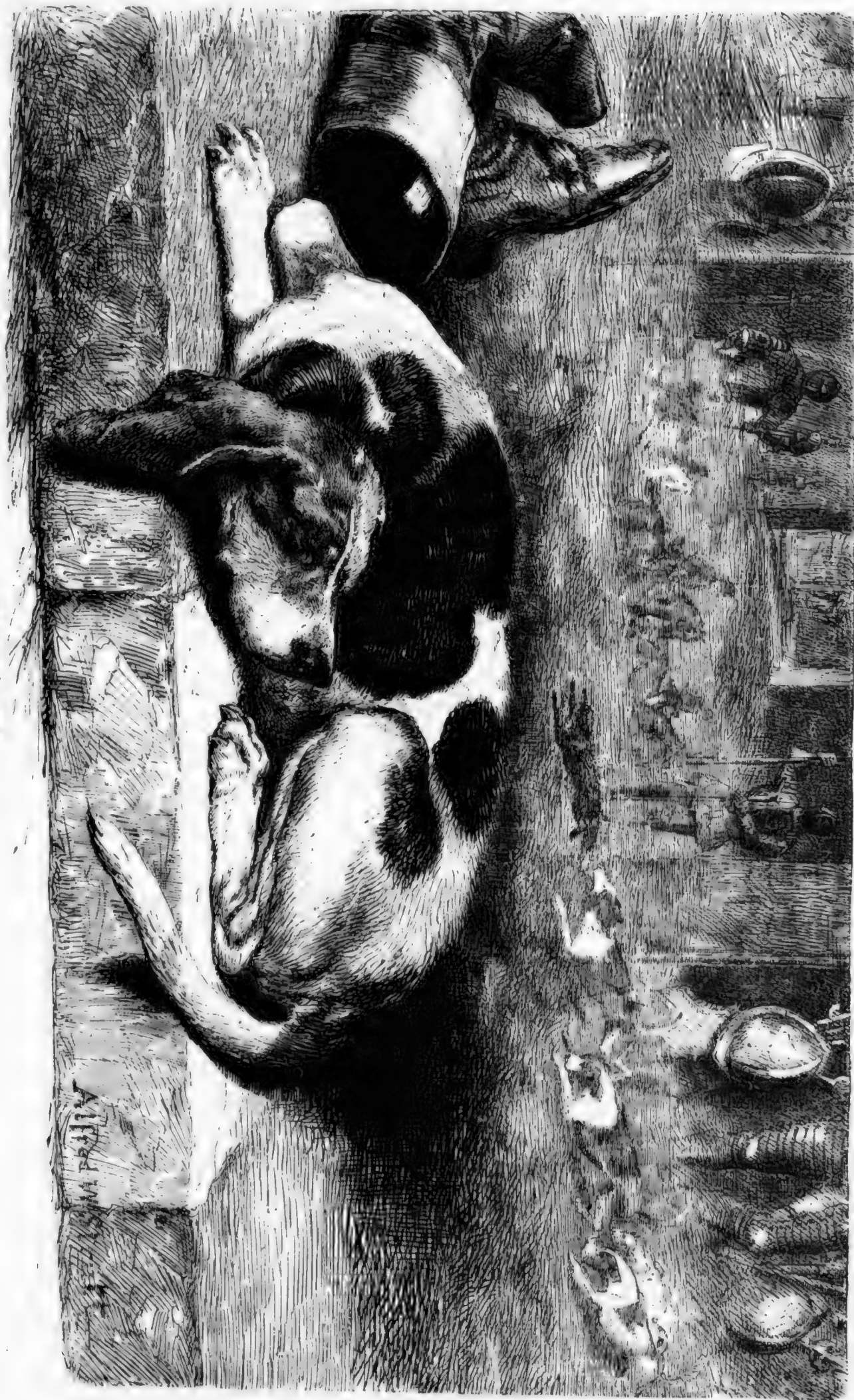
"For some means which would make the identity of the guilty woman a certainty."

"And you found none?"

"I found none. I have already told you of the mirror, the rain-washed panes of glass, and the disheveled hair of the fiend whose work I had seen."

"But you saw something. You would not be so sure of the guilt of Miss Barron if you had not seen something. Dresses, in the possession of such women as she do not last ten years. What did you see?"

"I saw my ring on her finger. She had found what I



THE HOUND'S DREAM.

He dreamt, as he slept on the marble hall,
Of hunting-days when he led the van;
And he uttered a low and plaintive whine,
As before his brain in succession they ran.

had lost. You picked it up, so you tell me, in the bank after the robbery. I——"

"But you cannot think that Mrs. Senn had worn that ring—that one and the other—and so risked her life all those years?"

"No; I think she had them concealed in some pocket upon her person, and that she lost them the night of the robbery."

"Do you? Have you never thought of the possibility of their having been on deposit in the safe?"

"Yes, of course; I have thought of that. But what of it. Does it make the matter any more clear and straight and plain? The rings are pretty; as keepsakes and memorials they are valuable. But what of their intrinsic value? They would scarcely have been deposited in a bank-safe by any one who had to pay for the privilege of putting them there, would they?"

"Perhaps not, but——"

"Wait a little. I have other evidence to connect Mrs. Senn with the guilty deed I witnessed."

"Indeed? What is it?"

"There was a peculiar thing in her hair—a sort of half-comb and half-ornamental pin—ending in a cross set with pearls. I never saw another like it anywhere. I would swear to the identity of it."

"Ah? And, you have seen it since?"

"I have. *Miss Barron wore it at her wedding!* Are you satisfied? Are you convinced?"

"Not—quite—for—I——"

"And Mrs. Senn let it drop to the floor in the courtroom where her husband was being tried for his life. Do you doubt still? Is there a link lacking?"

"Perhaps not. But——"

"Well?"

"There are two things I want to know. Answer them for me, and I will give up to your way of thinking. Give me even a plausible answer, and an answer which is convincing to yourself, and I will strangle my doubts, bury my faith in humanity, slay my belief in the truth written on her face, say that Elsie Barron killed Constance Craig, and go back to Boston to die."

"Very well. I suppose the first question is: 'Why should Elsie Barron kill Constance Craig?' Am I right?"

Prier shrank back, as though some one had struck him. But his voice was steady as he answered.

"No, Mr. Senn," he said, "that is not my question. I know of one reason that might have prompted some women, in her place, though——"

"Though you trust her still? Is that it, Mr. Prier?"

"That is it?"

"Then hurry to let me convince you. Ask me your questions."

"I will. Let me preface the first one by a statement, which is this: The rings I found in the bank were not carelessly lost; they were ostentatiously concealed, if I may venture to use such a paradoxical expression in which to convey my meaning; they were not in sight, to a casual observer or a superficial searcher, but they were where a thorough and systematic search could not possibly have missed them. They were where they were for the purpose of challenging attention. They were not dropped where I found them; *they were carefully and thoughtfully put there.*"

"You are sure of this?"

"I am."

"I had supposed, from what I had heard, that they were where the broom of the office-boy would have sent them unseen into the street had he used it. I had supposed that your finding of them was one proof of the fact

(proof to you, I mean) that the bank was robbed after the boy had last swept the bank."

"Your ideas were correct. And yet, mine are also. The rings were on the floor, but the piece of furniture under which they were placed, the distance they had been shoved beneath it, everything about them, and the finding of them—*indicated thought.* Do you understand?"

"I do."

"It seems to me that Mrs. Senn, if guilty, would not have wished these rings found."

"I agree with you."

"And you admit, I presume, that my judgment regarding their disposal in the bank is correct?"

"I do. I will admit that they were carefully placed where they were found, with the intention that they should be found."

"Very well. My first question is: *Why?*"

"Why?"

"Yes, sir, *why?* That is all there is to it. Give me some slight explanation—some hint—some guess—if you can. *Why?*"

"I—I don't know."

"And my second question is: Why did Elsie Barron rob her father's bank at all?"

"I—I don't know."

"You cannot answer either question?"

"I cannot."

"Then I'll keep my promise to you, truly and faithfully. But—I'll be blamed if I don't hang somebody!"

CHAPTER XXIX.

BY-THE-WAY.

LURLINE BANNOTTIE did not receive her letter from Jasper Jahway while she was in London. Early as it was sent, early as it came to where she had resided—and it reached there early, in spite of some little delay which no one, probably, could have explained—she had started earlier.

There was nothing for those who had served her to do but to forward the letter to Naples. So to Naples it went. And it happened, as such things sometimes will, that she met with one or two little annoying delays, while the letter went to her Neapolitan address with the greatest of speed and directness. It was waiting for her when she arrived.

Elsie Senn was waiting for her, too. She had waited patiently, loyally, faithfully, during all the time of silence and of doubt. The news which had come to her from America had been terrible indeed—but she had said, over and over again, to herself, that it would be all right when Lurline came.

And Lurline came. She felt it, when she heard the carriage stop at the door; she knew it, when she heard the step of the woman she loved fall upon the steps below. She sprang down the stairs, met her when she had scarcely passed the door, and the two women were clasped in each other's arms, kisses were falling in wasteful profusion (considering the fact that only ladies were present) on lips and cheeks.

"Where have you been all this cruel while?" asked Elsie, the sunshine of her eyes sparkling through her tears.

"Where I told you, dear; there, and in Scotland. I have inherited an immense fortune."

"I am glad, very glad, for your sake. Where did it come from?"

Lurline replied. She told her well-learned lie with an

easy grace that was—was—shall I say admirable or shall I not?

"And now, please never mention it again," she said.

"There are some memories of pain connected——"

"Pain?" cried Elsie; "pain? Did you suffer?"

"No," replied Lurline, sweetly; "some one else suffered."

"Have you heard the evil news from America?" asked Elsie.

Lurline had seen something of it in the London papers; only a brief and meagre account, of course, and answered accordingly. She was too wise, even with so loving and unsuspecting a woman as Mrs. Senn, to be betrayed into seeming to know more than, under the circumstances, she should. She repeated the little she knew, or ought to know; she eagerly asked for more particulars.

Elsie told her all. She shed some tears in the telling; the listening Lurline shed more. Such love and sympathy had rarely been witnessed before, even in the hot realms of Italy, where one expects to find passion and sentiment. (Is it not sad to remember that passion and sentiment sometimes hurt as well as heal?)

"And I am a beggar," said Elsie, in conclusion; "or worse than one."

"No matter," cried Lurline, coming and kneeling down beside her, and putting her arms around her; "no matter. I have enough for both."

"You are more than generous. Do you know that one of the hardest things for me to bear in the whole matter is the fact that I cannot pay you the allowance my father left you in his will? I had rather all the rest should suffer, if any must, than that you should be defrauded out of one penny of that which is yours."

Lurline brushed her filmy lace handkerchief across her eyes. Perhaps it was to wipe away a tear, for Miss Bannottie was a consummate artist, with tears and smiles ever at command. Or—Perhaps it was to conceal something which shone out of her eyes then; something of danger and menace; something which she could not keep down and conceal—the truth regarding her, possibly, glaring up from her fierce soul, as hell's threat of ruin sometimes shines from the mountain horror, which sits in awful majesty to watch over Naples—for ever!

"Your father was very liberal," she said. "He gave me more than I should need, were that all I had. And now I do not need it. Besides, you are not legally holden for it."

"It is a moral obligation, Lurline."

"Yes, Elsie, I suppose it is. But it is not a legal one, dear."

"I wish it were; since I must receive so much from you; since you have promised to do so much for me, I can only wish that you were to do all."

Lurline turned away her head. She knew herself very thoroughly, did this woman, and governed her actions accordingly. She did not dare let Elsie Senn, the woman who had loved and trusted her ever since she could remember, look upon the malignant triumph which she felt glittered in her eyes and distorted her lips just at that time.

"I wish so myself," she said, and her tone was not very unsteady or her manner very unquiet. "I wish so too. You have done so much for me, you and your good dead father, that I should be very happy in feeling that I had some claim upon you which you could not meet and satisfy. It would give me so much of pleasure to feel that I was giving where I might have claimed; that I——"

Exactly, Lurline Bannottie! Did you not dare to finish? Did you not dare to trust yourself to speak—for fear your tongue might get the better of you and tell the truth?

"I—I suppose it could be made legal," said Elsie, hesitatingly.

"Oh, yes, I suppose so," replied Lurline, carelessly.

She rose and went to a handsome desk which stood in one corner of their great parlor. She opened it; she took out pen and ink and several sheets of paper; she laid them all upon a small round table; she pushed the table noiselessly across the thick, rich carpet to where Elsie sat.

Her hands trembled a little, but Elsie did not see it. There was a strange quaver in her voice, but Elsie did not notice it.

"You have only to write me your notes of hand, each for the amount of one year's allowance, and then you will be bound securely enough,"

She stooped over and kissed Elsie.

Elsie looked up at her and laughed. It was the first time she had laughed since she heard of her misfortune in Boomville, and they were white and care-pinked lips over which the musical tones rippled and rang in sweet cadences. She had been laughterless long—so long—but *then* she had been lonely—had she not Lurline with her *now*? It was so good to have Lurline back again. She laughed! Do you wonder at it?

"How many shall I write?" asked Elsie.

And she glanced up at Lurline, who stood watching her. The latter smiled.

"How many? How many years do you think I am likely to live? I am not very youthful, it is true, but then, I am not very old. I do not look as though I should die soon, do I?"

"Certainly not, dear," said Elsie, as she turned to her writing.

"I—I suppose we shall travel, shall we not?" demanded Elsie, after a few minutes, pausing in her occupation, and looking up.

"Certainly, my love; I have not forgotten how passionately fond of new scenes and new sensations you are," replied Lurline.

"And, in some of the lands in which we shall journey, you can imprison me for not paying my honest debts, I presume?"

"I really don't know; I presume so. I can certainly make it exceedingly uncomfortable for you," said Lurline, laughingly, as she stooped and kissed Elsie on her hair. The face of the young lady was not easy to reach, just then, for she was bent over her writing, giving her undivided attention to it. Perhaps Miss Bannottie was not anxious to reach the face of the younger woman; perhaps she did not care to have her eyes raised to hers. At any rate, Elsie did not look up; she did not look up—and she did continue writing. If she had looked up—but why trouble ourselves with the failures and errors confined in life's fatal Irs? If she had looked in Lurline Bannottie's face, just then, she might have hesitated ere she gave her self-forged chains into the hands of that beautiful devil. Mankind has been falling, falling, dying, for more ages than even the wildest legends and most credulous listeners dare call historic, because they have looked down and not up.

Elsie finished her writing. And then, she started suddenly and nervously to her feet.

"How careless and forgetful I am!" she cried. "There is a letter here for you, and I have not thought of it until this moment. Can you ever forgive me?"

"Certainly, dearest; I dare say it is of little importance."

Of little importance, Lurline Bannottie—of little importance? Wait a little. And—

You do not think the worthless slips of paper to which Elsie Senn has just signed her name of little importance to you, do you? How eagerly you stretch out your hands for them, to be sure. Wait a little. Try to be patient. You will have them in a moment. Why so anxious? Your hands have been extended all your life long to blessings you have never reached—and never will. You have not hesitated to do anything and everything with those white hands, in the vain hope that the day might come when their grasp would close firmly on the ever-coveted and the eternally unattainable. Ah, well, Lurline Bannottie, you are not the only one to have sold a soul—and failed of payment, *in this world*. But, remember the way you have come; remember the way you are inevitably going; remember that lovely Naples is only a resting-place by the way; remember—remember—

And let Elsie Barron-Senn give you her notes for the money she can never pay you—and the letter Jasper Jahnway sent you—together.

* * * * *

"FOR RENT.—Any English family desiring a change of scene, such as would be afforded by a residence in America, can learn of a fine estate, in excellent repair, and with the house superbly furnished, by applying as below. The place is situated in one of the most picturesque parts of the State of Maine, in full view of the sea. Will be rented for a long term of years, and at a reasonable rental, to any person furnishing unexceptionable references or to one giving unquestionable guarantee for the prompt payment of the rent.

"The only reason for allowing the property to go out of his immediate control is the desire of the proprietor to travel for an indefinite time on the Continent. A personal interview (with an agent) will be accorded to any one giving evidence of being in earnest, by application to agent of Jahnway Park,

"Care of the *Times*, London."

"I fancy," said Mr. Jahnway, approvingly, to himself, when he read, in print in the *Times*, the results of his efforts as the author of an advertisement, "that this is original enough to be striking. 'Change of scene' is good and inviting; it may mean 'all things to all men'; it may suggest an asylum to sickness, a retreat to pride with partial poverty, a refuge to crime. It—it wouldn't be inappropriate for Miss Bannottie herself."

He read it over again.

"It is really unique," he said, egotistically; "quite unprecedented. I—I—but why discuss its peculiar merits? It will be strange if the old place doesn't go into the hands of some one who is so situated with regard to the world and its occupants that he ought to be as uneasy and discontented as I am. It will be remarkable if there are not strange doings in the weird old mansion while I am trying to find peace and quiet—among the whirl of gayety and the excitement of life of all the gay cities I can visit. Ha! ha! ha!"

Mr. Jahnway was not in any hurry to leave London, after all. He found a great deal of enjoyment there, and quiet enjoyment, too, compared with the sort of restless and reckless dissipation he promised himself should be his at no very distant time in the future.

He visited his agent every day. And for many days the answer was the same to the question he always asked. Jahnway Park was not rented. He came, after a time, to believe it never would be.

And yet there was no lack of applicants for this very desirable residence on the further side of the sea; there

were many who wished to go there, and not a few who were willing to take it without asking any questions—to say nothing of those who were anxious to secure it without answering any. The only difficulty in the way was the lack of agreement between references and money; men who had money—or said they had—seemed to find it hard to present such testimonials regarding character as would warrant any one in trusting them. And those whose testimonials were good, those in behalf of whose honesty and rectitude clergymen and statesmen and even nobility could not speak too strongly, were so unfortunate as to have nothing more substantial than promises to offer when the conversation, between them and the agent, turned, awkwardly perhaps, but naturally and inevitably, to the subject of the rent.

The agent, at Jahnway's request, went so far as to take the necessary trouble, and go to the necessary expense, involved in an investigation into the characters of two or three applicants for the use of Jahnway Park as a home. The results were unsatisfactory in every case. One man had had the pleasure of serving Her Majesty for a term of years, on account of an unfortunate disagreement between the authorities and himself regarding the propriety of the efforts he had made in the direction of an increase in the volume of the circulating medium used in the trade of Great Britain and her dependencies; and as he didn't seem to have any money, unless he happened to have some of his own manufacture left, he was decided to be ineligible as a tenant.

Another man had escaped such service of his country as that to which we have referred, but the agent looked into his case far enough to be convinced that that fact indicated carelessness or stupidity on the part of the authorities. And—

"The best of security or the money down," said the agent, with emphasis.

And, "The best of security or the money down," Mr. Jahnway agreed with him.

After which there seemed to be a noticeable dropping off in the number of applicants, as there certainly was a lessening in the amount of time it took to attend to their wants.

It was, therefore, a matter of surprise to Mr. Jahnway when, on calling on his agent one evening (he usually went in the morning, but had neglected doing so that day for some reason), the man shouted, triumphantly:

"Well, Mr. Jahnway, I've let the place."

"When?"

"Well, we first talked last evening. I put off the closing of the bargain until this morning, hoping you would come in so that I could consult you. As you did not come, I made all arrangements myself."

"That was correct. I am glad you did. A personal interview will not be necessary, then?"

"No. I think she preferred to do the business with an agent. Some owners are peculiar, and some tenants are delicate. I think she did not wish to see you at all."

"She? Have you let the place to a woman?"

"To a lady," corrected the agent, with his fine English sense of discrimination.

"It's much the same," insisted Jahnway. "Who is she?"

"I scarcely know more of her than three things."

"Of which the most important is?"

"That she's paid the rent in advance; paid in good, solid, yellow gold."

"Good. And the next?"

"That her name is Brown; Mrs. Brown, a young widow lady."

"And the last?"

"That she and her sister will live there in complete seclusion. Her sister is so unfortunate as to be insane, and——"

"Eh? Insane? Do you mean that you've rented Jahnway Park to be used as an insane asylum?"

"Not at all. There will be only those two, besides the servants, and Mrs. Brown has assured me that her sister is never violent nor dangerous. 'She must be kept from the rest of the world—the world in which she no longer has any part,' she said (I am quoting almost her exact words); 'there are some who must never see her—some she must never see—for there are possible meetings for the consequences of which I should not dare be responsible. Kept from these dangers, all will be right. Tenderly cared for, in the restful seclusion of such a place as Jahnway Park is represented to be, she need never suspect the terrible evil which has fallen upon her. She will live, seeing a little less and understanding a little less than she used to do. Her mind will be so calm and quiet that it will not guess its own weakness. She will die, when her time comes, as calmly as most and as full of faith as any, and never know that she died mad.' Those were her words, sir, and there were tears in her eyes as she spoke them. She is an angel, sir, if there ever was one."

"Undoubtedly!" growled Mr. Jahnway; "but I've had quite enough experience with angels. I'm glad I didn't meet her."

(Are you? Don't you wish you knew enough to be sorry?)

"It will be exceedingly unpleasant to fall in with her, if I should happen to do so at any time in the future," he concluded.

Yes, Mr. Jahnway, it is likely to be an unpleasant meeting for you.

It was late when Mr. Jahnway left the place of business of his agent. He had enjoyed himself. Why should he hurry? Was he not at peace with himself, and with his fellow-beings—most of his fellow-beings? Was he not in a great city—in London?

But there are unsafe places, even where there are throngs of people all about. There are places, even in London, where a man runs a risk in going. What shall we say of those herding-places of humanity where a handful of silver coin is ample compensation for the wickedness and the risk of murder? What shall we say of those localities where a frenzied cry for help would bring out a crowd of witnesses—too low and degraded to either help or inform—just high enough in the scale of civilization to covet a share in the spoils of crime? What shall we say of whole streets and alleys, reeking dens of iniquity, where the experienced and expert count on doing their wicked way so swiftly and mercilessly as to risk no midnight cry for aid—vain though it might be?

Jasper Jahnway's nearest way lay through such a part of the great city, that night, and he took the nearest way. He was well-dressed, with an excellent watch, a heavy chain, a genuine diamond in his shirt-front, and the look of a man who would not be without money. He was unarmed, too, strange as it may seem. But he was fearless. Men who could have crushed out his life leered hungrily at him as he passed—men, too, who would have had no loss of sleep for having done it. But he was quietly brave, and that counts for much, when desperate wickedness has no time to stifle its own native cowardice and take counsel of cunning.

Is there an irony in Fate? He went safely through the dangers which were none the less real because unseen—

unharméd, unthreatened, unaccosted. He came into a part of the city which was respectable, orderly, well-lighted, and well-policed—a safe part of the city, if there was one.

And then—

Will you wait a little, my friend, the reader? What has been your manner of life? Have you stood where accident—or worse—selected its victims on your right hand and your left? Or has your life been commonplace and prosaic—*so far as you know*?

Have you ever found that marvelous automatism which men name reflex action promptly obeying the sudden and cheerful command—"Hands up! And be quick about it!"

Did you ever have some one step up behind you, on a quiet evening, unheard until at your very elbow, and, without a word, lay one firm hand on your shoulder, while with a knife in the other he attempted to reach your heart or cut your throat?

On your answers depends something of the appreciation you will have of the adventure of Mr. Jasper Jahnway.

Suddenly, without a moment's warning, a light hand, with its long fingers clutching so tightly that it seemed almost like a claw, was laid on his left shoulder. A wicked-looking dagger, with a point like a needle and with edges like a razor, flashed in the segment of a horizontal circle, the right arm of his assailant the radius of it, and its height from the street-level the same as that of a plane half-way between Jahnway's shoulder and his chin. It was a strong blow, and a wicked one. There was no tremor of half-heartedness in it. It was intended to be fatal.

Fortunately for Mr. Jahnway, he had had some little experiences (I don't know as we need stop to particularize on the when or the where, or to moralize over the attending circumstances) which had made it possible for him to *act* first, and *think* afterward. He caught that supple wrist, the blade of the cruel weapon barely a half-inch from his throat when he did it, and gave it such a wrench that his foe let the dagger fall, uttering a cry as the muscles relaxed under his harsh grip and twist.

He caught the weapon as it fell, and thrust the blade deftly up his sleeve. He held the hilt in his hand.

"Thank you," he said, as courteously and kindly as one would have expected to hear him speak to a friend or a sweetheart; "thank you; I will keep this to remember you by."

"I—I failed," faltered Miss Bannottie, her face white and her lips like ashes; "you may turn me over to the police; there comes an officer now."

"No, Miss Bannottie," replied Mr. Jahnway, "I shall not turn you over to the authorities. And the police will not take you of their own accord, if you will try to keep your senses and look a little more like a lady friend and a little less like——"

"You needn't say it; I think I understand. Do you mean that you intend to spare me?"

"Certainly; why not? I think our little sleight-of-hand episode was so rapidly executed that no one who was looking at us—if any one had been—would have really understood it. Unless there were quicker eyes near us than I think, I shall spare you."

A policeman passed them as he spoke. The officer looked suspiciously and doubtingly at them, but he said nothing. It was something entirely outside of his experience for a gentleman to engage in a friendly conversation with one who had just attempted to kill him. He did not understand, much as he might doubt, and so he

made no arrests. He walked on, trying, I verily believe, to look preoccupied and unconscious of any thought of connecting evil with those he had just passed.

"I shall spare you, Miss Bannottie," repeated Mr. Jahnway.

"But you betrayed me to Mr. Prier," she said, looking Jahnway squarely in the face, while the color came slowly back into her lips and cheeks, "or—or—" and a flush of warm color ran riot over her neck and face: "or you said you did."

"I did."

"Why? Why then, if not now?"

"Because that was my duty. I knew you to be a criminal—a criminal toward one I had never seen nor known; I had evidence sufficient to convict you; it was my duty to tell the truth; I did it. But here—now—this is my affair, and yours, and God's! In the here-after—"

"Don't, please," exclaimed Miss Bannottie; "let us stop short of that. What of the present?"

"I have already said. I shall let you go free. I shall spare you."

Miss Bannottie looked down. Her voice was tremulous as she asked her next question.

"On certain conditions, I suppose?" she said.

"On no conditions," replied Jahnway, sternly.

She flashed a sudden questioning glance into his face. Then she looked down again.

"I—I have been used—" she began.

"I dare say," interrupted Jahnway; "but you'll find me a new sort of man to deal with, possibly. I give you your freedom, Lurline Bannottie; do you understand that?"

"I think so."

"And do you understand that you have never had the power to buy it?"

"I do."

She was looking him in the face again, now. He was a new sort of man in her experience. To stand face to face with him, and to listen to such words as his, was almost worth having failed in her mad attempt upon his life for.

"Good-night, then; I wish you well; I—"

"Don't say you forgive me; I—I cannot—"

"No; I shall not say that. You have not repented your attempt. Forgiveness would be a mockery. Am I not right in that?"

She looked down again, but made no answer.

"Good-night," he repeated, and turned to go.

She looked in his face once more, her marvelous smile—the riddle and despair of men—lighting up her eyes and dimpling her cheeks.

"Is that all?" she asked.

"That is all."

"But I thought I was almost sure—"

"You had no right to think; you were sure of nothing."

"Then—it—is—all?"

"It is, all but one thing."

"And that?"

"And that is this: I have warned you once; I have saved your life once; I have spared you once. *I shall never do either again!* You are never to presume on my weakness again—or on my strength. Never dare, as long as you live, to cross my path again. Do you understand?"

She made no answer in words. She bowed her head in token of her understanding, and she did not raise it again for many long minutes.

Jasper Jahnway walked rapidly away, without looking back. Perhaps he knew himself too well to dare turn and look behind him. Away—away—into the maze of streets and squares of the great city, and still she stood there, in just the attitude in which he had left her. Away—away—so far that her eyes could not have seen him had she raised her head—so far that it would have been safe for him to have looked back. Away—so far that she will keep his command of warning, whether she wishes to or not. Away—so far that they will never meet again, never look upon each other's faces again, until the Eastern skies of earth shall burn and brighten with the glory of the last great day—*when Christ shall come again.*

Lurline Bannottie raises her head. She lifts her clinched hands above her head. There is terrible agony in her face.

"Hunted! Hunted!" she cries, bitterly, "and I do not know where to turn. Shall—shall I do as I had planned, in spite of what he said? I dare not hide myself here; I dare not risk my life in London. He has given me over to my enemies—and yet—and yet— Oh, what a horrible ending of a woman's dreams and schemes it would be if—if—if one should ever give her soul in an attempt to win the love of some man—and—and then—when she had nowhere to turn from vengeance—nowhere to hide from justice—to find—if she should—that *she was glad she had failed!*"

The conversation between Mr. Prier and Gilbert Senn was not the last nor the only one they had during the voyage home. Each talked freely—except on one subject; Senn was not yet ready to speak of the certainty in his mind regarding Miss Bannottie's guilty knowledge of the murder of Mrs. Craig by Elsie Barron; Prier spoke sometimes of "Mrs. Senn's companion"—because he knew her by no other name, felt no need for a definite name for her, and had not thought of the question as to whether Senn knew her name as being one in which he had any interest whatever; Senn also spoke of "Mrs. Senn's companion"—because Prier did, because the designation was convenient, and because of one reason which involves a curious psychological fact. The strange truth in mental science, to which I have referred, is this: When one person is concealing, from a second, some fact or suspicion regarding a third one, he is often unwilling to speak the name of that third person, and will frequently resort to much ingenious circumlocution rather than pronounce it. I dare say that most of my readers will readily recall incidents of that sort which have fallen under their own observation.

For the rest of the curious train of circumstances which kept the name of Miss Bannottie from Mr. Prier for so long a time, I have only two things to say: Strange as they were, they were probably not unprecedented in strangeness; and, if they were—my duty as a truthful chronicler would compel me to record them just as they occurred.

The *Ocean's Own* arrived at New York in due time. Mr. Prier paid her owners, her officers, and her crew. He gave Patsy Gullens all he had promised him—and more—sending that gentleman home to Jahnway Station pleased with himself and the rest of the world, and so full of the remarkable adventures which he had to relate again and again to admiring friends that it was doubtful if he would remember the reputation he had once had as a fighter and a bully, and so live and demean himself as to keep it.

Mr. Prier and Mr. Senn returned to Boomville. Both were weary enough—mentally as well as physically—to

be glad of at least the semblance of rest. Each wished a chance to think; both desired to plan; neither one had any idea of their having need to hurry in what they were about to do.

Senn had settled it in his own mind, and fully to his own satisfaction, that his wife was guilty. He felt that a half-hour's conversation with her would prove that fact—after which, Prier's promise binding that gentleman to perpetual silence and inactivity, she would be safe, Aldrich would be safe, and the honor of the Senn name (so far as popular opinion had left it any) would be safe. So he had readily given his consent to a visit to Naples, and a call upon Mrs. Senn in company with Mr. Prier.

Prier was confident Mrs. Senn was innocent. He knew the strangeness of circumstantial evidence—how likely the conclusions to which it points are to be false. More than all, he wanted to prove her innocent; he was going to keep his word to Senn, no matter how much it cost him, but his hopes still looked in the direction of "hanging some one." Mr. Prier, then, in going to Naples, did not look forward to finding a woman with a guilty confession hidden in her heart; he expected to find an innocent woman—as pure and innocent as he felt Elsie Senn must be—but possessed of information which was of vital value to him. And he meant to make her tell what she knew.

Prier and Senn had not been in Boomville many days, and had not yet completed their plans regarding the intended trip abroad, when something happened which entirely destroyed what plans had been made, and rendered it necessary to begin all over again. This was the receipt of a cablegram by the Boomville *News-Express*. No one knew who sent it. No one knew why. The *News-Express* had never had a cablegram before, and the editor certainly never expected to have one again. It was brief, and of so little importance to the general public—to the editor of the Boomville *News-Express*, for instance—that any of the gentlemen or ladies you have met in these pages might reasonably have been interested in asking by whom it was sent, and for what reason—*unless some one of them happened to know*. This was the message:

"Mrs. Senn and her companion will reside in Naples no longer."

That was all. And—

Shall I help you a little, dear reader?

"Delays are dangerous," says the proverb, but did you ever think of the other side of it? Is it not true that delay means safety, too? Safety and freedom? Run with the hare once, instead of riding behind the hounds, and see! And the message caused delay—on the part of Prier and Senn. They waited—waited—waited. They waited until it was certain that Mrs. Senn and her companion were as unlikely to reside in Boomville as in Naples; waited until after other news of which I shall inform you after a little had been received, discussed, and made familiar; waited until they felt that they could ill afford longer delay, and so looked each other in the face with the cry, "Have we been duped?" "Has she escaped us?"

"Mrs. Senn and her companion—"

Surely the one who sent such a message should have known how low down Mrs. Senn's misfortunes had plunged her, and how high good fortune had raised her friend. We ought not to have to write *Ignorance* or *Inadvertence* of one who sends messages under the sea, for publication in so estimable a journal as the Boomville *News-Express*. Shall we say—*Modesty*? Or—*Cowardice*?

No, my dear reader, these are only suggestions. I am,

unfortunately, as much in the dark as you are. I don't know who sent that message to the *News-Express*! I never expect to.

The next day after the publication of the disturbing ocean message in the newspaper, the mails brought a copy of the London *Times* containing a brief mention of the rescue of Mr. Jasper Jahnway "after the wreck of his yacht, in which all the rest on board were lost."

Mr. Prier and one of the persons reported "lost" rejoiced at Jahnway's escape—undoubtedly for somewhat different reasons—and talked about it, and wondered regarding it, *while they waited*!

And then, one day, as though to increase the anxiety with which he was waiting for the return of "Mrs. Senn and her companion," a letter arrived for Mr. Prier.

"From London?" queried Senn, carelessly.

He was often at Prier's room, and happened to be there when the letters were brought in.

"Yes," said Prier, "and unless I am mistaken in my judgment of his writing, from Jahnway himself."

He tore the letter open. The picture fell upon the table, face down. The lines of verse Jahnway had seen written fell upon the picture. Prier took up the letter. He read it through. And Senn, watching him, knew by his face that somewhere, someway, the eyes of the old detective saw light at last.

Prier laid down the letter. He took up the lines of poetry. He read them from beginning to end.

He tossed them to one side. He took up the picture. He read what was written upon the back of it. He turned it over. He gazed down upon the beautiful face there. And Senn, watching with breathless eagerness, caught himself half wondering if that look of scorn and loathing and unutterable hate could scorch and burn—wondering whether he should see the card shrivel, smoke and burst into flame under Prier's glance.

Prier looked up. He spoke.

"Gilbert Senn," he said, slowly and solemnly, "did you ever hear the name of Mrs. Senn's companion?"

"Certainly."

"What is it?"

"Lurline Bannottie."

Prier rose to his feet. He raised his right hand toward heaven. He had a name, at last, for the "some one" he had followed so long. And Senn hushed his very breath as he spoke.

"I thank thee, God," he cried, "for this day and this hour."

There was a pause. Suddenly Prier seemed to remember Senn. He turned toward him.

"I'll be blamed if I don't hang Lurline Bannottie!" he said, solemnly.

(To be continued.)

On the racecourse it does sometimes happen that accidents of the most extraordinary nature occur. For instance, it could scarcely be imagined that a helmet should kill a horse going at full speed, without injuring the wearer of it; yet such a thing happened, as is related by a magazine whose position places the authority of the story beyond a doubt: "A most extraordinary accident happened some years ago on the Chester racecourse. A colt called Hairbreadth, by Escape, the property of the late Mr. Lockley, bolted over the ropes, and, coming in contact with an officer of dragoons, Sir John Miller, who was on horseback, was killed by the peak of the helmet entering his skull when on the head of the baronet, who escaped with a trifling injury."



A MASTERLY TOUCH.—FROM A PAINTING BY DEWARNO.



"HE WAS A GOOD SWIMMER, AND IN A FEW MOMENTS WAS HANGING ON THE SIDE OF HIS LITTLE BOAT. THE STEAMER HAD JUST PASSED, LEAVING A LONG LINE OF WHITE FOAM IN ITS WAKE."

A CASE OF EMOTIONAL INSANITY.

"WELL, if he should never come back?"

"I—I will not think of that!" the young girl said, with a tremor in her voice. "You shall not talk about it, Herbert."

"Forgive me, Nora, if I like to think of it—if I dream of it night and day. I am possessed with a feeling, a presentiment, that you will be mine, Nora, some time,"

The young girl, a slim creature in white, who stood holding a scarlet parasol over her head, flushed a little and turned away without speaking. She was not indifferent to the handsome young fellow who looked at her with such eloquent dark eyes, but she had a past. The

third party in this scene was the best possible for a pair of lovers—namely, a placid old Quaker lady with silver hair, and a face that looked as if the storms of life had passed it lightly by. Such a sweet old dimpled face, with blue eyes yet undimmed and full of tenderest feeling, with a brow illuminated with a sort of celestial goodness, and the whole face radiant with the light of a pure, well-spent life. But the chief qualification for Nora's grandmother's being a good third party in this scene was that she was very deaf and completely absorbed in a Bible lesson that she was studying. She interrupted the two young people occasionally by startling questions on

Bible history, wholly irrelevant, of course, to their own conversation.

Nora's patience with her grandmother was beautiful, and one of her charms in Herbert Bruce's eyes, although he could not imitate it.

It was such a glowing, sparkling June day. The fervors and the languors of Summer had not yet consumed the freshness of Spring. The sky pale, yet throbbing with a sort of opaline splendor; the green lawn still sparkling with the dew of the morning; glowing bits of color from clumps of tinted foliage lighting its verdure here and there; roses clustering about the porch, and many old-fashioned flowers yet lingering in the garden. The house was a quaint old structure, full of porches and gables, and places for vines of all sorts to climb and droop, and swing fantastic tendrils. In odd nooks were groups of forest-ferns, as rank and dewy in their dim corners as ever they had been in their own forest glooms. The smooth lawn slipped down green terraces to a river; not a turbulent, stormy, tossing river, but a placid blue expanse, like the river of a dream, with a phantom white sail going by now and then to complete the picture.

Grandmamma Clive sat in a Boston rocker upon the piazza, her books upon her knees. Herbert sat upon the lower step, and Nora stood near, with her scarlet parasol lending a sort of bloom to her somewhat pale face.

"Her face—oh, call it fair, not pale!"—a luminous pallor that expressed every shade of feeling so much better than a rosy complexion. Her eyes, rather melancholy just now with past memories, were of an indefinite color, and changed from golden-brown to deepest dark. She had a high-bred look about her, and an arch, independent poise to her head, with its carelessly twisted mass of bright hair that curled down low over her eyes in pretty rings and waves.

"Sit down," cried the young man; "you look ready to fly with that gorgeous article spread over you. I expect to see you float off like some bright-winged tropical bird."

"Poor Eli!" said grandmamma, with the keenest sympathy; "I wonder which of thee can tell me how he died!"

The old lady was for doing good in season and out of season, and considered that she had accomplished something when she sprung some pieces of gospel knowledge suddenly on these two thoughtless young people.

"He fell off a chair, didn't he, grandmamma," Nora said, demurely, "when he heard—what was it he did hear, Herbert?—something about the ark?"

"Is it a year since you heard?" Herbert began again.

"Yes, a whole year," answered Nora, dropping down near him on a rustic seat; "how miserable I should have been but for you, Herbert! Your friendship has been the one bright thing. I have not cared for society, and it is monotonous here with dear grandmamma. She is much more interested in the affairs of the Bible dignitaries than in—"

"How does thee think the manna tasted? I imagine something like honey," interposed grandmamma, who, not being able to hear conversation, was not conscious of her interruptions.

Herbert was looking at Nora's full, red lips, the only intense coloring in her face. He thought there was manna in sight that he would like to taste, but he only dared to look with inexpressible longing.

"I suppose this Carl is a paragon?" Herbert went on, in a somewhat piqued tone.

"No, he is full of faults, but I love him!" Nora answered, simply.

The words were like a sharp stab to the hearer. He stared out at the river in silence for a few moments.

"Is he handsome?"

"No, not at all; not as handsome as you are!" Nora answered, with a shy laugh.

"And how long will you wait?—how long before you will take pity on me?" Herbert had risen and stood near her—near enough to have taken the slim hand in his. "You know the vessel was lost in which he sailed."

"But some were saved, and we have all read stories of such wrecks," Nora answered, in a tremulous voice. "Who knows but he may be on some barren island now, poor dear Carl, struggling miserably with hunger, trying to live on shellfish, as we read about? And he was so fond of chicken and oyster *pâtés*, poor Carl!"

"Oh, if we may trust the wonderful romances, he is probably plucking French rolls from the tree near his cabin, and opening canned fruit instead of shellfish. But, Nora, tell me—do not keep me in this misery any longer—tell me!"

"How many loaves and fishes did they have——" queried the grandmother.

"I think I had better see how many *we* have," said Nora, rising, her face as rosy as the pink buds at her breast; "Bridget may not know Mr. Bruce is here!"

Herbert leaned back silently, and watched the white dress disappear beneath one of the vine-draped porches. For the time, the question that set all his pulses throbbing was unanswered, but he was full of delicious hopes. He could read encouragement in the rosy flush, in the downcast eyes and the heaving bosom, only the time seemed long—so long.

He was not cruel or hard-hearted, but he could not help hoping that if Carl were really upon that problematic island, he might still remain there, regaling himself upon raw fish and oysters for another year, or at least till the wedding-bells had rung and Nora Clive was his own.

The first leaf of Autumn that fluttered by the windows might have noted—only such leaves take no notes—a very different scene from the last. Herbert is an assured lover, and is standing with his arm around his darling, looking out at the whirling leaves. There is a satisfied happiness in his face, and a tender, appealing look in Nora's deep eyes that show the position of affairs. The young girl has not forgotten

"The ship that sailed for happy shores,
And ne'er returned again,"

but she has learned to care very much for the young fellow who has given her his heart's best love. There are some chords in her heart that he has never touched, but still she cannot cling for ever to a memory. The past is past, and the present, with its life and stir and hopeful work, is here, and appeals more powerfully than a vanished dream.

"I will tell you all about my excursion when I come back, Nora," Herbert is saying. "I shall take my row-boat for a good pull down the river; I need it. I have had no active exercise for days. I would rather go to town by boat than the cars at any time."

Indeed Herbert spent all the time he had to spare away from his duties and his love upon that same river. It had cheered him often when he came near despairing, and now in the fullness of his happiness it was still a joy to drift along—to see his little boat

"Rise and dip
With the blue crystal at its lip."

A few moments after Nora stood on the porch, the fresh wind tossing her bright hair, while she kissed her hand to her lover and watched the little boat dart out into the stream.

"When I have the ring, I shall make her name the day," Herbert is saying to himself. "I will surprise her with it to-night. How sweet and true, and good she is! The sunniest nature I ever saw! Oh, Carl, Carl! how grateful I am to you for keeping out of the way! She has some reserves from me yet, and they are on your account, my unknown benefactor! But once she is mine I will win every thought, every sigh, every smile for my own. Hullo! what a fog is coming up! Of all beastly things, a fog is the worst!"

There was a cold, wet mist softly dropping down over the banks like a dim curtain of vapor, till at last Herbert might have fancied himself sailing

"Through caverns limitless to man,
Down to a sunless sea."

It gave him a queer sensation to have the world blotted out so softly, as if it had been wiped out with a wet sponge.

But at last a faint twinkling, as of stars upon a cloudy sky, told him the town was near. He was glad of the social lamplights and the bright shop-windows after his misty voyage. It was something to see solid houses and real men and women walking about instead of floating on a vaporous stream with nothing tangible near, and every landmark wiped away.

The jeweler knew Herbert, and smiled a little genial smile at his request. He happened just then to be showing his box of rings to a rather seedy-looking customer, who did not hesitate long.

"I want the handsomest here," he remarked, briefly.

Herbert looked at the buyer with that sympathy, that subtle electric accord we are apt to feel for those who are in the same circumstances, whether of joy or sorrow, as ourselves. This man, then, had some dear one waiting for the little golden fetter that should bind her to him for life.

"Any date or letters to be put on it?"

The man coughed a little, in an embarrassed way.

"By Jove! I had forgotten that. Of course, I ought to have found out the time she— Never mind; I'll bring it back for that!"

Herbert reflected that he, too, had made the same mistake. He was not sure when his love would consent to crown him with life's supremest bliss. He looked at his companion with a new interest. They seemed to be in the same box.

The young man had the ring in his hand, and was looking at it with a gloating delight that transfigured his rather pale, thin face. He certainly had fine, expressive, brown eyes, and looked like a gentleman in spite of the very unfashionable cut of his clothes.

Dropping into his pocket the little box that contained the ring, he glanced at the clock above him, at the same time exclaiming, "Is that right?"

"To a minute."

"Then I cannot get the seven train?"

"No, sir."

"I wanted so much to get on to-night!"

Herbert had suddenly conceived a remarkable interest in this stranger. For the rest, he was very genial in temperament and courteous to every one.

"If it would be any use to you to get on to the little village of Pelham, I have my boat here, and I am going there at once. It's a foggy night for a sail, but—"

"Thank you!" answered the stranger, with effusion. "Pelham happens to be my destination. How lucky, or, rather, how kind! No, I am not afraid of the fog, although I have never learned to swim."

Herbert was at this moment very much engaged in examining the rings, but he concluded he would wait until Nora gave him the proper date. He noted the one he wished and handed it to the proprietor, who nodded, knowingly.

Then he turned away, with his new companion, toward the wharf.

"What a weird, strange effect the fog introduces into scenery!" said the newcomer, after they had pulled out into the stream. "I ought to know everything about here, yet it all looks as unreal as a dream."

"You belong to this part of the country, then?" asked Herbert.

"I lived here as a boy, but it is three years since I saw the dear old place—Pelham, I mean. I've had all sorts of adventures in foreign lands, and now I look forward with longing for a quiet home and a dear little wife of my own, who is waiting for me—bless her!"

Somehow the fog seemed suddenly to close about Herbert, and wrap him in a chilly vaporous embrace.

"You, too, if I mistake not, are on the eve of matrimony?" said the stranger. "Oh, how often, when I was on that beastly old island, did I think of Nora!"

"Nora!" For the very life of him, Herbert could not repress this exclamation.

"Yes; Nora Clive. Perhaps you know her? I used to dream of her, you know, and wake up from those enchanting visions to find myself in a beastly hole of a cave, up to my knees in sea-water. Sometimes I fancied she had forgotten me, or was tired of waiting; that hope was worn out, and that some other fellow—by Jove! that was a little foretaste of hell. But I knew my darling too well for that!"

Sudden lights seemed dancing before Herbert's eyes, as if some one had struck him a stunning blow on the head. He could not speak a word. He strove to do so, but his throat was dry and his lips too stiff to articulate. Only two thoughts passed through his brain over and over again with maddening reiteration: "This is Carl. He has come to claim his own." He was stunned. What was there to do? Could anything be done? Must he see his treasure snatched from him? see his sun go down for ever, all light and hope blotted out of his life? He could not see the man's face, but his voice sounded on like a far off fog-bell.

"You know her—you said you knew her! Is she well? My God! I never thought! She may be dead, my little Nora! But no, no! God would not have brought me through so much to dash down all my hopes at last! I prayed for her every day on that island. I tell you there's nothing like solitude and misery to bring one to their senses. Then one learns to pray with heart-throes. Oh, I asked God every night to keep her for me and to bring me back to her, and I am sure He has! Tell me, man, why are you silent? Think, if it was your love, how would you feel? She is alive?"

"Quite well, when I heard from her last!" Herbert ejaculated, with difficulty.

"Thank God!" the other cried, with fervor.

"God!" The name stirred Herbert's soul to bitterness. God had, indeed, been good to this wanderer, but what was left for all his own future life? It was madness to think of it. His head throbbed, his veins seemed full of fire. What if he took matters in his own hand? This man had been lost so long, why should he ever be found?



ALEXANDER PUSHKIN, THE NATIONAL POET OF RUSSIA.—PUSHKIN IN BOYHOOD.
SEE PAGE 344.

Something seemed to whisper these suggestions in his ear. He was sure they did not emanate from his own heart, but from some mocking fiend that rode the storm and uttered such horrid temptations to a poor despairing mortal! Ah, his companion was too exhilarated with the strong, new wine of joy to keep silence long.

"I say, it's an odd thing that we should have met, and both have been looking for wedding-rings, eh?"

"Yes," answered Herbert, with a sort of groan.

"You must come to the wedding, by Jove! I'd like to have you for groomsman. By-the-way, if you have nothing else to do, you could do me an enormous favor! Come with me to the house, and go in and break my coming to dear little Nora. She must have believed me dead for the last year, poor little thing! You see, her grandmother is so deaf. I cannot see her without shouting everything in her ear and alarming the house. I would not give my poor darling a shock if I could possibly avoid it. It's asking a good deal of a stranger; but then, you see, we're in the same boat—no pun meant, ha! ha!--and that gives one a sort of fellow-feeling!"

How the fellow's laugh grated on Herbert's ear! He felt as if the man were walking roughshod over his quivering nerves. His brain seemed whirling, as if innumerable wheels were whizzing wildly about, but there was something wrong with the machinery, after all. He could not think clearly. He tried to arrange his thoughts. This was Carl. He was coming home to take to himself the woman he loved. Why, he had only held Nora in his arms that morning. He could feel the touch of her fresh young lips yet. And he must never, never clasp her to his heart again.

Suddenly there was a rushing sound near, and the little boat was carried high upon heavy, swelling waves. The steamer was coming—it was near. Both men had forgotten their whereabouts in their own absorbing thoughts.

"You are going into it!" shrieked Carl, as his companion began to row furiously.

Herbert did not speak. A sudden frenzy possessed him. He knew that he was plunging into danger—deadly peril for both—but he was reckless. Better death—a thousand times better!—than to see another man take away the treasure of his life.

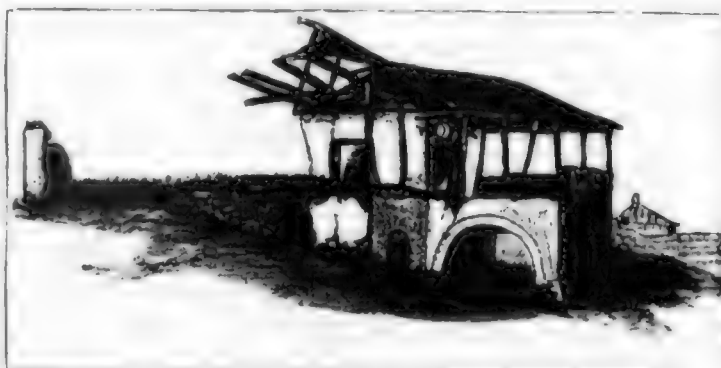
"My God! you are mad!" cried Carl, snatching the oars out of his hands. "You are rowing into the very jaws of death!"

They could just see the light of the steamer faintly gleaming through the fog. Only for a moment, then one of the

waves swept upon them and turned over the little boat. "He cannot swim!" Herbert said to himself, with a sort of fiendish exultation that fired his pulses and gave him the strength of ten, "and I must save myself. It is not murder for a man to save himself first. If after I catch the boat I can do anything, well enough! If I should go near him, he would probably clutch me about the neck, and drown us both!"

He was a good swimmer, and in a few moments was hanging on the side of his little boat. The steamer had just passed, leaving a long line of white foam in its wake when he righted himself, gave one half-fearful glance around, and then rowed away in the most frantic haste, as if the fiends of hell were after him.

After him? No, they were with him; with him when having made the landing, he went into the cheery little house; with him, as he took Nora's hand and kissed it with his quivering lips; with him in his down-sitting and



RUINS OF PUSHKIN'S HOUSE AT KISHENEFF (REAR VIEW).

uprising for ever more. The ghost of a man with pleading eyes, with agonized face, with dripping hair, seemed to push itself between him and his love at all times. When he strove to draw her into his arms, something cold, mistlike, with the chill of death about it, interposed and made him shrink away.

How changed the face of all the world was to him, when he looked at it through the medium of a great crime! All his innocent joy in a lovely day, in a pleasant landscape, in "dew-dappled morns and nights," was gone from him; only a haunting thought, a ghastly scene, were for ever present. He could think of nothing but the joy of that returned wanderer, his wedding-ring in his pocket, gone down with all his warm, impassioned hopes and dreams into the chilly embrace of death.

start at every noise? Really, sir, one would think this marriage frightened you, you seem so entirely to have lost your spirits as it approaches."

Herbert roused himself.

"I have never told you," he said, "but I did have a serious shock on that evening when I rowed from town."

Nora nestled up to him, and stole her hand into his.

"My little nutshell was upset by the swell of the steamer. There was such a fog, you know. I was only three minutes in the water, but it was a shock. Even three minutes' struggle against death gives one strange sensations. I didn't know I had nerves before."

"Am I my brother's keeper?" Does thee know who asked that question?" queried Grandmamma Clive from her snug corner by the fire.



PUSHKIN AT URSUF.

Yet he hurried on the wedding with frantic eagerness. He felt still a vague, unreasoning fear lest the ghost should arise and claim its own.

Nora had grown more tender, more bewitching, since that day. She saw that something preyed upon her lover's mind, and with pretty, girlish wiles she tried to learn and soothe his grief.

"You have never told me about that night," she whispered fondly to him one night, "and you said you would. Something happened then, I am sure, Herbert, for you are quite a changed person since that day! You have never laughed once—your old gay, ringing laugh.

"Something did happen, my darling," Herbert managed to say; "quite a circumstance in my life, for I selected the ring."

"But has that made you grave, sad, nervous, ready to

Herbert started, with a sort of groan, but turned it off with a nervous laugh.

"Now you have been so good and made a clean breast of it, I will reward you," said Nora; "I shall put on my wedding-dress, and show you what Art can do for your future bride."

"Ah, Nature has not left much for her to do?" said Herbert.

"Wait and you will change your mind," cried Nora, gayly, as she flew out of the room, and Herbert heard her singing as she ran up-stairs.

It was not long till she came back—not long, considering what a bewildering vision of beauty and ornament, of floating lace and fluttering ribbon and ivory-white satin, she was!

The fresh face, with the drifting lace about it, was too

bewitching for mortal man to resist, and Herbert did not try. He stepped forward to crush all the wondrous loveliness in his arms, but this time something more tangible than a ghost, something more material than the mistlike phantom that had haunted him, stepped between them. The deaf grandmother had heard nothing, the others were too absorbed to notice, and there stood a stranger—silent, pale and wan, but with a living fire leaping into his eyes, and every feature working convulsively.

Nora gave him one wondering glance. Then, with a great cry of "Carl!" she fell into his arms.

It was all over. Herbert felt it when he heard that cry. But the shadow of a great crime was lifted from his life, and he breathed freely again. He felt that he could lift his head serenely in the sunshine once more without the terror in his soul, the remorse that gnawed for ever like the torture of hell. He had lost Nora, to be sure, but what shall it avail a man if he gain the whole world and lose his own soul?

The stranger eyed him curiously. "I thought you were dead," he said.

"And I thought the same of you," answered Herbert, with difficulty.

"Oh, they picked me up on the steamer," answered Carl; "only I got an ugly blow going down, and was taken back to town in delirium. Had brain fever ever since. Just recovered, and have the wedding-ring safe in my pocket—ha! ha! Why, Nora, you seem to have the bridal dress on! Why, how—"

(Of course all was explained in time, but Carl never quite understood it, or Nora, either, for which some one was devoutly thankful.)

SIGN LANGUAGE OF EASTERN TRADERS.—In the customary open-air markets of Eastern countries—especially in those devoted to transactions in hides, leather, wool, grain, and fruit—it is no uncommon thing to see a couple of sedate-looking traders seated on the ground, each with his right hand concealed in his neighbor's capacious sleeve, and engaged to all appearance in squeezing each other's fingers. For a few minutes they will remain in this position, one nudging the other occasionally, but without exchanging a word; and then, rising, they will separate and go their way. Sometimes the performance is varied a little. A couple of merchants will stand in the middle of a brawling and gesticulating crowd by which they are surrounded and observed; one will raise the end of his long robe or unroll the muslin veiling his turban, and under cover of this the pair will begin to clasp hands and fingers as before. The spectacle is extremely funny to the Western traveler who does not understand what is going on; but, in point of fact, the traders are simply engaged in what they call "fixing the price," or bargaining, by means of a code of manual signs almost universally used by Eastern merchants, who are compelled to do much of their business in the open air, surrounded by people who are quite as curious about every affair in progress as the principals themselves.

HOW HE KNEW HER.—Madame de Montgolfier, who died in Paris in the last part of the reign of King Louis Philippe, passed her one hundred and eleventh year. It was her habit to take a walk alone every morning in the Garden of the Luxembourg. One morning while sitting on a bench there, she became conscious of a peculiar sensation in her head, and a loss of ideas. She rose to go home, but found that she had forgotten not only where she lived, but her name as well. She called to a

gentleman who was passing: "Will you please conduct me home, sir?" The gentleman offered his arm. "Where do you live, madame?" he asked. "I cannot remember the street nor the number," said she; "and, what is worse, I cannot remember what my name is. But perhaps you can understand why I should be in this plight, sir, if I tell you that I am one hundred and eleven years old." "A hundred and eleven years old!" he exclaimed. "Then you must be Madame de Montgolfier, who lives at No. 17 Rue d'Enfer." "Exactly, sir; I am she!" the old woman exclaimed, in delight. She had found out who she was. She was conducted to her home, and died peacefully within two days.

THE PRIMROSE CRAZE IN ENGLAND, BASED ON A BLUNDER.—Several "anecdotes" have lately been printed in Tory papers giving circumstantial but utterly fictitious reasons why Lord Beaconsfield was supposed to be devoted to the primrose. All the Tory leader's friends are well aware that he cared no more for primroses than for cowslips, and that the only allusion to them in his books is to be found in "Lothair," where Lord St. Jerome remarks that "they make capital salad." Here, however, is the true origin of the primrose legend: On the day of Lord Beaconsfield's funeral the Queen sent an immense wreath of primroses to be placed upon the coffin, and on a card attached to the wreath Her Majesty had written, "*His favorite flower.*" This inscription, of course, attracted attention, and it was the beginning of the primrose craze. But the fact was that the Queen was not thinking about Lord Beaconsfield when she wrote "*His favorite flower,*" but she had only the Prince Consort in her mind, as he was really very fond of primroses, and it was his predilection for them that Her Majesty was remembering.

MONKEYS OPENING OYSTERS.—The low-water rocks of the islands of the Mergui Archipelago, South Burmah, are covered with oysters, large and small. A monkey, probably *M. cacus cynomolgus*, which infests these islands, prowls about the shore when the tide is low, opening the rock-oysters with a stone by striking the base of the upper valve until it dislocates and breaks up. He then extracts the oyster with his finger and thumb, occasionally putting his mouth straight to the broken shell.

On disturbing them, I generally found that they had selected a stone more, apparently, for convenience in handling than for its value as a hammer, and it was smaller than a human being would have selected for a proportionate amount of work. In short, it was usually a stone they could get their fingers round. As the rocks crop up through the low-water mud, the stone had to be brought from high-water mark, this distance varying from ten to eighty yards. This monkey has chosen the easiest way to open the rock-oyster, viz., to dislocate the valves by a blow on the base of the upper one, and to break the shell over the attaching muscle.

MADAME D. had a magnificent cat. Monsieur de C. amused himself one day by killing it, for want of something else to shoot. Madame D. caused to be set in her own house and in the houses of her friends all sorts of mouse-traps; and when three or four hundred mice were caught, she had them put into a box, which was forwarded to Madame de C. at her country house. The lady eagerly opened the box herself, expecting to find in it some new fashions; the mice jumped out, and presently filled the house, while at the bottom of the box was found a note directed to Madame de C.: "Madame, your husband has killed my cat—I send you my mice."

ALEXANDER PUSHKIN: THE NATIONAL POET OF RUSSIA.

FIFTY years have passed since Alexander Pushkin met his tragical death in a mysterious duel. To this day, the patriotic Russian spits upon the ground as a sign of execration when the name of the poet's slayer is mentioned. At the termination, last March, of the fifty years' copyright on Pushkin's works, an enormous new edition of 700,000 copies was placed upon the market, and the rush to secure them was so great that a riot ensued. Pushkin's name is ever spoken with fervid enthusiasm by the Russian people of all classes; his writings have become a part of their very household language. His words may be said, like those of Homer, of Shakespeare, of Molière, of Cervantes, to have become the natural forms embodying the ideas which they have expressed and consecrated. In short, he is the great national poet of his country.

Like Alexander Dumas—to whose youthful portraits his own bears a noticeable resemblance—Pushkin had African blood in his veins. The cold blood of the North, transmitted from his father, was mingled with that liquid lightning which flashes in the fervid bosom of the child of the Desert; and this intermixture produced important modifications in the character, as well as in the personal physiognomy, of the poet. His maternal grandfather was a negro, brought to Russia when a child by Peter the Great, and whose subsequent career was romantic. The great Czar gave his African *protégé*, whose name was Annibale, a good education, and admitted him into the marine service of the Empire; in which service he reached, in the reign of Catharine, the rank of admiral. He died after a long and distinguished career, having founded in his adopted country the family of Annibaloff, of which Pushkin subsequently became the most distinguished ornament. The poet frequently alludes, in his writings, to this picturesque progenitor. On the paternal side, Pushkin's family was one of the most ancient and distinguished in the Empire, and was descended from Ratcha, a German knight, who settled in Muscovy in the thirteenth century, and who was the parent root from which sprang several of the most illustrious houses in Russia—those of Pushkin, of Buturlin, of Kamenski, and of Meteloff. Vassili Luovitch Pushkin, Alexander's paternal grandfather, was a poet of some reputation. The father of our illustrious Pushkin, also, appears to have enjoyed the intimacy of the foremost literary men of his age.

Alexander Pushkin was born in Moscow, on the 26th of May, 1799. At the age of twelve years he obtained, through the interest of Turgenieff, admission into the Imperial Lyceum of Tsarskoë Selo, where he was destined to receive the education and form the friendships which afterward so strongly colored both his literary productions and his character. This institution, then but recently established by the Emperor Alexander I., and which enjoyed the especial favor and protection of its imperial founder, was modeled on the plan of those *lycées* which France owed to Napoleon. It was intended to confer upon its pupils the advantage of a complete "encyclopedic" education, and, embracing not only the preparatory or school course, but also the academic curriculum of a university, could dismiss students, at the end of their course of training, immediately into active life. The primary object of the establishment's foundation, in fact, was that of furnishing to the higher civil departments in the government, and the Ministry of Foreign Affairs in particular, a supply of able and accomplished employes;

and some idea of the peculiar privileges which it enjoyed may be obtained from the fact that it was located by the Emperor in a wing of the Palace of Tsarskoë Selo, in the environs of St. Petersburg—a favorite Summer residence of the Czars of Russia since the time of Catherine II.

The Lyceum students were the flower of the Russian youth; and, among the intimate friends and classmates of Pushkin, was Baron Delvig, afterward the elegant poet, whose early death was an irreparable loss to the literature of his country. The innumerable allusions to Lyceum comrades and Lyceum happiness, scattered so profusely over the pages of Pushkin, have a charm to the imagination which is akin to that of Byron's reminiscences of Harrow. During the six years (from 1811 to 1817) which he passed at the Lyceum, the intellect and the affections of the young poet were rapidly and steadily developing themselves. He was not, it is true, considered a diligent scholar by those who looked at the progress made by him in the regular and ostensible occupations of the institution; but the activity of his mind found solid and unremitting occupation in a wide range of general reading. His own account of his acquirements at this period, and of the various branches of study which he cultivated with more or less assiduity, proves that, however desultory may have been the nature of his reading, however incoherent his literary projects, he possessed in ample measure, even at this period, two great elements of future fame—viz., the habit of vigorous industry, and the power of sustained abstraction and contemplation.

The personal appearance of Pushkin at this time may be regarded as an index to his character. The closely curled and wiry hair, the mobile and irregular features, the dark complexion, all betraying his African descent, formed an appropriate exterior to those traits of character which remained essentially unchanged during the whole of the poet's too short existence. The traditions of the Lyceum recall and do justice to the manliness, the honor, the straightforwardness of the poet's nature, and hand down numerous reminiscences exemplifying the passionate warmth of his heart, the gayety of his temper, and the retentiveness of his memory. In short, he was extremely popular among his comrades. The generosity of his character, and his physical vigor, shown in the sports of youth, enabled him to obtain a high consideration, which was increased by his ready wit.

At the Lyceum, too, Pushkin's poetical existence began. To this period belong not only a considerable number of short and fugitive essays in verse, but also the first conception of various poetical projects, some of which were eventually to mature into masterpieces—notably the romantic tale of "Ruslan and Lindmila." To one production connected with the Lyceum, special importance must be attached, on account of the circumstances accompanying it. This is a didactic poem, entitled "Infidelity," which Pushkin composed and read at a public examination, on the occasion of the conferring of academical degrees. On this occasion Pushkin was publicly saluted as *Poet*, in the presence of the Emperor, by the aged Derjavin—the greatest Russian poet then living, and the author of that sublime ode, "God," famous in many languages, including our own.

On quitting the Lyceum in October, 1817, Pushkin entered the civil service, and was immediately attached to the Ministry of Foreign Affairs. Young, noble, cultured, and possessed of those talents giving prestige in society,

he entered with all the ardor of his African blood into the pleasures of the capital. "The three years which he passed in St. Petersburg, after quitting the Lyceum," writes a personal friend, "were devoted to the amusements of the fashionable world, and to the irresistible enchantments of society. From the splendid drawing-room of the great noble, down to the most unceremonious supper-table of a party of young officers, everywhere Pushkin was received with exultation, and everywhere did he become the idol of the young, who gratified both his vanity and their own by the glory which accompanied his every step."

Though he may appear to have been losing much valuable time in the elegant frivolities of the drawing-room, the young poet was not less industrious at this period of his career in amassing a store of observation derived from a practical study of human character, than successful in filling out the poetical outlines which he had roughly sketched at the Lyceum. He was ever a voracious reader. On quitting the Lyceum, he was acquainted with the Greek, Latin, English, French and German

languages, to which, a little later, he added a knowledge of Italian. He turned from the ancient classics to pore over the pages of Voltaire, D'Alembert and Rousseau. About this time, too, the creations of Wieland and Ariosto were first presented to his imagination. With the natural desire to imitate what he so well knew how to admire, he conceived the happy thought of transporting Armida and Oberon to new scenes, well adapted for their reproduction—to the world of ancient Russia. The popular superstitions of the Slavonic races, though naturally possessing a tone and local coloring of their own, are not less poetic than the mythology so exquisitely embodied by the Italian and the

German poets. The poem of "Ruslan and Liudmila," the result of Pushkin's bold and happy experiment, may be regarded as one of the first embodiments of Russian fancy in a form appealing to the appreciation of European readers in general.

From the first, Pushkin had shown great facility as a versifier, though his boyish effusions were distinguished from the ordinary run of juvenile verses chiefly by the acrid raillery which pervaded them—a characteristic which grew and strengthened with his maturity.

The favor which the young Pushkin enjoyed in high

places was not without its perils. He became blasé and skeptical, and was, perhaps, in some danger of sinking the poet in the courtier. But, whether he wished it so or no, his keen vision could not be blind to the vast and growing danger that lies at the root of all communities despotically governed. To his prophetic ear, the first murmurs of a storm destined one day to shake and shatter the vast fabric of "All the Russias" were already audible. He did not hesitate to write odes to Liberty, and to speak out his conviction that sixty



PUSHKIN, SKETCHED BY HIMSELF IN THE CRIMEA, 1820.

millions of serfs would not for ever crouch beneath the lash of a class of masters contemptible in numbers, and neither physically nor mentally superior to themselves.

"You think," he audaciously iterated—"you think to fuse all these incongruous nationalities; to dazzle for ever these heavy-eyed, drowsy multitudes by the splendor of the Czar's crown—by the halo of divinity that plays around it. Error! That splendor will fade, that halo disappear, just at the time when they will be most needed. These sixty millions of swinish serfs still sleep, you say. True; but they stir uneasily already, and, mark me, they will awake!—not certainly in our time,



PUSHKIN'S AVENUE, MIKHAILOVSKOE.

nor perhaps in that of our children, but awake they will. And when that moment comes, the Emperor's sceptre will be a child's plaything; his divine right a jest; the supremacy of Russia a vanished dream! Be warned—and let the work that *must* be done, be timely set about. The army, do you say? Pooh! On the day I speak of, the extinguisher will also be on fire!"

A man of Pushkin's prominence could not bask in the sunshine of imperial favor, and utter words like these; he was instantly banished to the southern provinces of Russia. With this banishment began the epoch of the poet's travels and wanderings, lasting five years.

Although under surveillance, he was now, at least, free from the trammels of St. Petersburg; and, being subsequently expelled from Odessa for a tirade against the Governor-general, he traversed the whole of the South of Russia—a region well fitted to impress and inspire the imagination of the poet. He "took genial tribute from the wandering tribes of Bessarabia, from the merchant inhabitants of Odessa, from the classic ruins of the Tauride, from the dark-blue waves of the Euxine, and from the wild peaks of the Caucasus." Face to face with nature in some of her sublimest aspects, the luxurious cloth by which his faculties had been oppressed or perverted fell off; the tormenting image of his own personal ugliness, that had met him in the glittering salons of the capital, ceased to pursue him amidst wild steppes and pathless deserts, traversed by few save those mysterious tribes of gypsies, remnants of whom are to be found in the most remote and scattered places.

The first literary result of these wanderings was "The Prisoner of the Caucasus," a romantic poem which breathes the very freshness of the mountain breeze. During the period between the production of "Ruslan and Liudmila," and that of "The Prisoner of the Caucasus," the mind of Pushkin had undergone a transformation. "There is scarcely anything common to the two poems," remarks a Russian critic, "except the beauty of the verses." In the earlier work all is studied, elaborated, carefully and scientifically composed—worked out from the quarry of memory, chiseled by the imagination, and polished by a studious and somewhat pedantic taste; while the characters, the imagery and the passion of the later work are drawn immediately from Nature herself.

During his wanderings, as at every other period of his life, Pushkin was an insatiable reader, and kept the run of the best literature in all of the various modern languages which he had acquired. He would devote the last money in his purse to the purchase of new publications; and he used to excuse his extravagance in this respect by comparing himself to a glazier, whose trade renders it necessary for him to possess a diamond, which a richer man might abstain from purchasing. At this time, too, many of Pushkin's shorter pieces, which contain some of his best work, were written. One of these is a tribute to the exiled bard of Rome, whose fate and character had something in common with those of the Russian:

"Sweet Ovid, Love's own bard! I dwell by that still shore
Whither thine exiled gods thou broughtest—where of yore
Thou pour'dst thy plaints in life, and left thine ashes dying;
With deathless, fruitless tears the places glorifying.

"Here, with a Northern lyre the wilderness awaking,
I wandered in those days when Liberty was breaking—
Roused by the gallant Greek—her sleep, by Danube's tide;
And not one friend would stand, a brother, by my side;
And the far hills alone, and woods in silence dreaming,
And the calm Muses then would list with kindly seeming."

. The rising of Byron's star in the literary firmament of

Europe was simultaneous with Pushkin's beginnings as a poet; and it was inevitable that the latter should be influenced by the brilliant and powerful productions of his famous contemporary. To call Pushkin in any sense an imitator of Byron would be a great injustice to his genius. There is a striking analogy, however, between the personal character, the tone of thought, and even the nature of the subjects treated by the two poets.

The Byronic spirit is quite perceptible in the next important poem which Pushkin gave to the world—"The Fountain of Bakhtchisarai." In this work is reflected, as vividly as in the storied waters of the fount from which it takes its name, the wealth and loveliness of the luxurious clime of the Tauric Chersonese. Its scene is the ruined palace and "Gardens of Delight" which once were the joy and pride of the mighty khans—the rulers of the Golden Horde.

This work marks the Russian poet's first decided attempt at dramatic delineation; the opposition between the two principal characters of the tale, Maria and Zarema, being well conceived and executed. This poem first appeared in 1824, and became instantly popular.

Pushkin's next work exhibited his dramatic powers at a more advanced stage of development. It was the spirited tale of "The Gypsies," the outgrowth of the poet's experience amongst those rude and restless wanderers of the steppes and mountains, whose sole exchangeable wealth is their camels, their poniards and their daughters—who remember no past, and care for no future, but live in the present a nomadic life of outdoor freedom, pillage, song and strife.

This work is, after all, strongest in its descriptive passages. Pushkin's great defect as a dramatic poet was the same as Byron's: his chief character was always himself, talking love, scorn, rage, wit and philosophy in his own unmistakable manner.

The condescending graciousness of the Czar, perhaps accelerated by the wide fame which "The Gypsies" at once achieved, was entirely won, it is said, by a recantation of the poet's heresy regarding the stability of the imperial crown. At any rate, the Emperor Nicholas, in 1825, recalled Pushkin from exile, and afterward named him "a gentleman of the chamber," besides commissioning him to write the history of Peter the Great. The poet set to work with commendable activity to gather materials for the projected work; but it was not so easy for a man of Pushkin's temperament to suddenly throw off the mantle of the poet and romancer and assume that of the historian. His mind was full of other projects, and he had already begun the composition of his great romance in verse, "Eugéni Oniégin," the first canto of which appeared in 1825. This work is supposed to bear a certain superficial resemblance to Byron's "Don Juan," being a kind of satire upon society, embodied in easy, flexible verse. The varying moods, and sharp contrasts of passion, gayety and irony, so characteristic of Byron's incomplete masterpiece, are wanting in the work of the Russian poet; but the latter has more concentration, and the characterization of the heroine, Tatiana, ranks as one of the most exquisite tributes that poetry has ever paid to woman. Pushkin himself, in his dedication of "Eugéni Oniégin," asks the reader to—

"Accept this heap of motley traits,
Half gay, half sad, half false, half real,
Half commonplace, yet half ideal,
The careless fruit of idle days,
Of sleepless nights; slight inspirations
Of unripe years, of wasted art—
The reason's frigid observations,
And sad conclusions of the heart."

This period—1825 to 1830—may be called the most laborious, as well as the most tranquil, of Pushkin's life. Besides "Eugéni Oniégin," he had under way his historical tragedy of "Boris Godunoff," in addition to which he produced and published a number of shorter pieces, and aided his brother poet Delvig in the preparation of a literary annual, entitled "Northern Flowers." He has described his mode of life at this period, at the village of Mikhailovskoe, much after the style of Byron in his Letters, and in "Don Juan."

He was in the habit of rising early, and of devoting the morning and forenoon to those portions of his literary occupation which demanded the exercise of the reasoning powers, memory, etc. Before dinner he took walking exercise, no matter what weather prevailed. After passing the evening in society, either at home or at some neighboring country house, he returned to his poetical labor, which he continued far into the night. He often observed that dark, stormy nights, and the Russian autumnal season, were to him the most propitious for composition. As in the case of many persons of a highly nervous organization, the brilliant sunshine of Spring produced upon Pushkin's temperament an impression of melancholy—which, however, he explained in himself by a natural tendency to consumption.

In the Autumn of 1826, about the time that Pushkin actively re-entered the Government service in the Department of Foreign Affairs, he published a graceful, elegant and satirical tale in verse, entitled "Count Nulin." It describes the signal discomfiture of certain designs meditated by a young Russian coxcomb against the virtue of a fair chatelaine, at whose house he has to pass a night in consequence of a disabled traveling-carriage. To this period, also, is assigned the composition of "Poltava," a work which might have been entitled "Mazeppa," but that Byron's tale, having the same historical personage for its hero, had preceded it. Pushkin's story is a spirited and faithful version of the real history of the romantic Cossack, and sings the Russian victory over the Swedes.

In 1829, an edition of Pushkin's collected works, arranged in chronological order, was published; and in the same year he made another journey to the East, whence he had already drawn so much inspiration. He again crossed the Caucasus, and, leaving behind his beloved Georgia, he followed the movements of the Russian army in its campaign against the Turks. His letters describing the impressions of this period of travel have become classics of the Russian language. In the year following, Baron Delvig commenced the publication of the *Literary Gazette*. Pushkin joined him in the undertaking, contributing a number of poems and tales, which, though published anonymously, were promptly identified as the productions of the popular poet.

He now visited Moscow, to superintend the printing of "Boris Godunoff," the tragedy which he had been so long engaged in polishing and completing. The subject of this tragedy is the well-known episode of Russian history which placed Boris upon the throne of the Czar. Russian writers have taken various views of the character of the hero of this scene. Pushkin represents Boris as the assassin of the son of Ivan IV.; while the ancient chroniclers and the modern historians in general, concur in asserting that that prince was elected by the clergy and the people. Whatever may be the historical truth of the design, Pushkin has produced in the tragedy a dramatic picture full of spirit, of passion, of character and of life. The form of the play is ostensibly Shakespearean. It is in blank verse, and the style is

considered by the Russians as admirable for ease and flexibility.

A great change was now approaching in the somewhat restless and discontented life of the poet. He met and fell in love with Natalie Gontchareff, a lovely girl of eighteen, who had been educated on her father's estate. Existence took on a new charm for him, and his very nature seemed for a while to have undergone a transformation. He became engaged to Mlle. Gontchareff, and in the Spring of 1830 he retired to the village of Boldino, in the province of Nijegorod, in order to make arrangements for his future married life. He remained there until Winter, apparently plying his literary tasks with the greatest industry. "I must tell you," he writes to a friend "(but between you and me!)" that I have been working at Boldino as I have not done for a long time. Listen, then! I brought with me hither the last two cantos of 'Oniégin,' ready for the press, a tale in octaves ('The Little House in the Kolomora'), a number of dramatic scenes—'The Stingy Knight,' 'Mozart and Salieri,' 'The Feast in the Time of the Plague' and 'Don Juan.' Besides this, I have written about thirty small pieces of poetry. I have not done yet: I have written in prose (this is a great secret) five tales" ("Ivan Bielkin's Stories").

The year 1831 began sorrowfully for Pushkin. On the 14th of January Baron Delvig died; and all of Pushkin's letters of this period, in which he makes allusion to the loss of his friend, breathe a sentiment of deep melancholy. But love filled up the void, for, in February, the poet was married, at Moscow, to the lady of his choice. Announcing this happy event, in a letter to one of his friends, he writes: "I have now but one desire in the world, and that is, that nothing in my present life be changed. This existence is so new to me, that I feel as if I had been born again. The death of Delvig is the only shadow in my bright existence."

Pushkin edited another volume of the "Northern Flowers," for the benefit of the family of his departed friend. This labor detained him until the month of May in Moscow; and before his migration to St. Petersburg, the tragedy of "Boris Godunoff" was printed.

Upon the return to the capital, the bride's resplendent loveliness, her husband's fame, and the favor of the Emperor, combined to give great *éclat* to Madame Pushkin's *début* in courtly circles. She was intoxicated with the flattering homage which she received, and became passionately fond of the pleasures of society. Her husband at first encouraged her in making the best of her youth and beauty, although—as if with a presentiment of the fatal complications to come, a few years later—he cautioned her to avoid giving any grounds for gossip.

The remainder of Pushkin's life was passed principally at St. Petersburg, varied by occasional journeys to Moscow, and the customary autumnal retirements which were so favorable to the poet's moods of labor. He also returned, during one season, to the place beloved by him in his youth—Tsarskoë Selo. At this time the imperial groves sheltered two great poets—Pushkin and his friend Jukovskii. They not only resided here together, but engaged in an energetic, though friendly, rivalry. The deep impression produced by Jukovskii's patriotic stanzas on "Russian Glory" was worthily responded to by the noble poems written by Pushkin, "To the Slanderees of Russia," and "The Anniversary of Borodino." The two poets also rivaled each other in the production of two popular tales or legends, Jukovskii's being entitled "The Lay of the Czar Berendei," and Pushkin's "The Lay of the Czar Saltan."



PORTRAIT OF PUSHKIN.

Pushkin now girded up his loins to enter anew upon his historical task, the Life of Peter the Great. It was a task destined never to be completed. The poet-historian could not resist the temptation offered by the romantic and picturesque episodes of his materials; and he soon turned aside to sketch in vivid colors the dramatic rebellion of Pugatcheff, the Don Cossack. In 1833, he found means to gratify his curiosity by visiting the scenes of the rebellion, in Eastern Russia; and he was thus enabled to impart to his vigorous, concise narration a tone of reality, a warmth of coloring, and a liveliness of language, which make the work a most fascinating one to every Russian.

During the first two years of its existence, a periodical entitled "The Reading Library," published those minor poems of Pushkin's which formed the fourth volume of his collected works, published in 1835. In this periodical, also, were printed his two prose tales, "The Queen of Spades" and "Kirdjali." A journey to Orenburg gave him materials for the beautiful story, well-known through English and French translations, entitled "The Captain's Daughter." In all his writings, prose or verse, Pushkin is distinctively unaffected, rational and

straightforward ; and in the last-named story he may be considered to have attained his perfection.

At the very time when our poet was at the height of his glory, and the future seemed filled with bright certainties, came the beginning of the end. He seems to have had an obscure presentiment of the near approach of death, though little suspecting, probably, that that death was to be one of violence, of blood and of agony. When his mother died, he accompanied her remains to the Monastery of Sviatogorsk. There he fixed upon the spot where he wished to be buried by her side, leaving for the purpose a sum of money in the treasury of the monastery.

Madame Pushkin, it appears, did not give sufficient heed to her husband's admonitions regarding her conduct in the gay world of court society. The ugly rumors against which he had warned her began to circulate. One day Pushkin received an anonymous letter, written in French, informing him that he had been unanimously elected a fully qualified member of the club of "betrayed husbands." Pushkin would probably have treated the communication with the same silent contempt as the other numerous unsigned letters which he had received on the same subject; but finding that copies of the notice had been sent to all his friends, he made up his mind that it was time to interfere, and to chastise the author of these insulting communications. By some means or other his suspicions fell on a M. d'Anthès, who was betrothed to the younger sister of Mme. Pushkin. M. d'Anthès, one of the handsomest officers of the Regiment of Chevaliers Gardes, was at that time about twenty-two years old, and resided at the house of his adopted father, Baron de Heckeren, who held the post of Dutch Envoy to the court of the Czar. The poet challenged the young officer to a duel; but the latter was ill at the time, and before he could rise from his bed his father made satisfactory explanations to Pushkin, who finally wrote a letter withdrawing his challenge. In January, 1835, M. d'Anthès and young Mlle. Gontchareff were married; but the poet never became friendly toward his brother-in-law. A renewal of the anonymous letters again drove Pushkin into a paroxysm of rage, and hearing one day of a certain equivocal remark made by

[illegible]

FAC-SIMILE OF PUSHKIN'S HANDWRITING, 1820.



PUSHKIN IN HIS COFFIN.

D'Anthès in the presence of Madame Pushkin, he dashed off the following epistle to the old Dutch Ambassador :

"SIR: I have long been acquainted with the conduct of your son. Although I may have appeared indifferent thereto, I was carefully watching him, being determined to intervene as soon as it became necessary. At length the moment appeared to have arrived. I received anonymous letters. You know the rest. I caused your son to act such an abject part that any feeling which my wife may have had concerning him was changed into the deepest contempt. You yourself, the representative of a crowned head, have been guilty of the most indecent conduct in the matter. Like a cynical old woman, you have sought on every occasion to speak to my wife of your son's love for her. You have taken every opportunity of mumbling to her, 'Give me back my son.' I will no longer tolerate any relations between your family and my own. They must cease. It is only on this condition that I will consent to keep the dirty affair quiet. I will no longer expose my wife to your paternal exhortations, nor to the indecent puns of your son, which are more suited to a stable than to a drawing-room. If you wish to avoid a public scandal, I must beg of you to put an end to all this. A. PUSHKIN."

After this, but one course remained to the young Frenchman. He challenged Pushkin to mortal combat. A meeting was arranged to take place immediately, in a suburb of St. Petersburg. It was the month of January, 1837. The weather was intensely cold, and the ground upon which the duelists confronted each other was covered with hardened snow. The seconds earnestly endeavored to effect an amicable settlement, and D'Anthès himself is said to have been anxious to avoid the duel; but Pushkin was deaf to all expostulations. In order to diminish the chances of a fatal issue, forty paces were marked off; and, the signal being given, each combatant was to advance at pleasure not more than ten paces, firing when he pleased. The word was given. Pushkin did not move, but D'Anthès advanced a few steps, raised his arm almost carelessly, and fired. Pushkin fell heavily upon the snow. Both his antagonist and the seconds rushed forward to raise him up; but his determined spirit was not yet subdued, and he suddenly exclaimed: "Wait a bit. I will take my turn." Mastering the agony he must have suffered, the poet raised himself on his left elbow, taking deliberate aim at D'Anthès, whose proffered assistance he had fiercely repulsed, and who was now standing where he had fired, awaiting his wounded antagonist's shot. Pushkin fired. D'Anthès reeled and fell. "Bravo!" shouted Pushkin, in a burst of savage triumph. "I have killed

him!" He was mistaken. D'Anthès had only been struck in the arm, and was not seriously wounded. Pushkin swooned, and was carried home. After lingering in excruciating torment for two days and nights, during which time he exercised the most heroic fortitude in order that his family and friends might not be unduly pained, he died, on the afternoon of January 29th, 1837. It was his wish that the circumstances of his death should be buried in oblivion; and his lips, quivering in their last agony, murmured the words, "Pardon, and forget."

In accordance with the arrangements made by Pushkin before his death, his body, accompanied by a few friends, was taken on sledges to the Monastery of the Assumption at Sviatogorsk, where his mother had been recently interred. This monastery is situated at a distance of about four versts from the country house and hamlet of Mikhailovskoë, where the poet had passed several years of his life. The illustrious dead was borne to his last abode, past his own deserted cottage, past the beloved firs which his own hand had planted.

The body was placed upon the Holy Hill (*sviataya gora*, whence the monastery takes its name), in the cathedral church, and a requiem was performed in the evening. At daybreak the next morning the coffin was lowered into the grave, and strangely upon the ears of the dead poet's friends and the assembled monks and peasants fell the solemn farewell words, "*Earth thou art.*"

HENRY TYRRELL.

TO UNDERSTAND the world is wiser than to condemn it. To study the world is better than to shun it. To use the world is nobler than to abuse it. To make the world better, lovelier and happier is the noblest work of man or woman.



PUSHKIN'S GRAVE AT THE CONVENT OF THE HOLY MOUNTAINS.

THE SHIP OF DREAMS.

WHEN silent lies the sleeping town
In its profoundest rest,
There comes a brave ship sailing down
Upon the river's breast.

Wide-winged as that enchanted swan,
She saileth through the night,
And purple grows the gloom upon
The magic of her flight.

The bark she bears no mortal name,
No crew of mortal mold;
Ulysses' ship of song and flame,
Of cedar-wood and gold:

She is the ship that Turner knew
On the enchanted seas;
She floats far isles of music through,
And isles of memories.

And she is mystically fraught
With dreams remembered long,
That drift on all the tides of thought
And all the seas of song.

She hath Ulysses by her helm,
As in the olden time;
This ship of a diviner realm,
And of a fairer clime.

—Longman's Magazine.

BONNEVAL PASHA.

THE facilities now offered by the French Government by throwing open to inspection the archives of the Foreign Office have enabled M. Albert Vandal to clear away much of the mystery which has hitherto enveloped Bonneval's later years, and to shed more respectable light upon his career at Constantinople. Born in 1675, of a good Limousin family, Alexandre de Bonneval, at the age of eleven, started upon life in the French navy. In consequence of a duel with his superior officer, he quitted it abruptly, and, in 1698, entered the army in the Gardes Françaises. He served in Italy successively under Catinat, Villeroi, and Vendôme, and quickly attracted the notice of his chiefs, as well as that of his most illustrious adversary, Prince Eugene of Savoy. In 1701 he purchased the command of an infantry regiment, and in the following year played an important part in the French victory at Luzzara. Bonneval, however, soon found himself at variance with the Civil Commissioner attached to his corps, refusing to render accounts of the moneys passing through his hands. Chamillart, the War Minister, and a devout follower of Louvois, supported the Commissioner, and a lively correspondence ensued, in which Chamillart insinuated that Bonneval's unwillingness to submit his accounts to "*les gens de plume est parcequ'ils savent trop bien compter.*" Bonneval's reply was not without a certain dignity; but he concluded his letter by saying that, if within three months "an ample apology were not made to him, he would offer his sword to the Emperor, whose Ministers, being all men of birth, knew how to treat their equals." The three months having passed without an apology from the Minister, Bonneval quitted the army; and, after a short stay in Venice, applied to Prince Eugene for employment in the Imperial service. His advances were readily met, and in 1708 we find him holding an important command at the battle of Malplaquet, and leading a charge against his ancient regiment, the Gardes Françaises. At the close of the campaign Bonneval was dispatched to protect the eastern frontier of the Empire

against the Turks, and shared with his chief, Prince Eugene, the honors of the battle of Peterwaradin. It was just after this event that Lady Mary Wortley Montagu saw him at Vienna; and, in a letter attributed to her, she relates how she was conducted over Prince Eugene's library by his "favorite, Bonneval, a man of wit, and here thought to be a very bold and enterprising spirit." In the same year Bonneval was allowed to return to Paris, the sentence of death and the confiscation of his goods which had been pronounced on him having been reversed by the Regent, in spite of the protest of the Duc de Saint-Simon. The Duchess de Biron seized the occasion of Bonneval's visit to Paris to marry to him one of her twenty-six children. The story goes that after the ceremony his mother-in-law, thinking he looked anything but elated at his good fortune, inquired the cause. Bonneval, without hesitation, declared "*Qu'il se sentait bien malheureux de s'être marié!*" "*Vous auriez mieux fait de me dire cela hier,*" replied the Duchess. Having omitted to do this, he did what he probably thought was the next best thing. At the end of ten days he quitted his wife and Paris precipitately, and once more joined Eugene in time to take part in the battle of Belgrade. The honors showered upon him by the Emperor Charles VI. after the close of the campaign showed the high esteem in which he was held at Vienna. He was given a place in the Supreme Council of War, and admitted to a knowledge of the highest state secrets. Everything pointed to him as Eugene's successor, when his incurable vanity and restlessness once more shipwrecked his fortunes. His lampoons on his protector were overlooked, although they estranged from him his best friend at court; but his subsequent quarrel with the Marquis de Prié, the civil governor of the Low Countries, was so conducted that discipline required the recall of Bonneval, and his subsequent confinement in the state prison at Spielberg. Here he underwent his year of punishment, and on its conclusion turned his back on Austria for ever.

As on the former occasion when he quitted the French service, Bonneval made his first halt at Venice. Here he remained two years; offering his services successively to France, Spain, and Poland, but without result; and finally finding himself practically blockaded by his enemies, French and Austrian, in Venice, one Summer's night he escaped with a few adherents to the opposite coast. Landing safely at Ragusa, the fugitives, to avoid the Austrian soldiers sent in their pursuit, managed by unfrequented paths to reach Serajevo, the capital of Bosnia, where the pasha received them courteously, but at the same time firmly declined to allow them to continue their journey until the Sultan's orders had been received. Bonneval appealed to the French Ambassador at Constantinople, the Marquis de Villeneuve, holding out the perspective of his being able to do something to wrest from the Emperor Hungary, "the seminary of his armies." It did not suit the view of the Cardinal de Fleury, who at that time directed the French policy, to do anything to arouse the susceptibilities of Austria. Villeneuve was, therefore, instructed "to play the deaf man," and the Porte following the lead of France, Bonneval was detained in Bosnia in a sort of veiled captivity. Possibly to this momentary check he owed his life; for on his flight from Venice being known every European Power was alarmed, and anticipated that any moment the Turks under his leadership might threaten their possessions. Venice on this occasion displayed the advantages of an oligarchic form of government. The State Inquisitors without delay pronounced against Bonneval a sentence of death, and the representative of the

Republic at Constantinople was charged with the execution of this decree. Daniele Dolfino, who occupied the post, explained that, in view of the distance from the capital at which Bonneval was detained, some delay in carrying out their Excellencies' orders might be anticipated: although in the quarters allotted to him he was at times in danger of being carried off by Austrian agents, who were ever on the watch for him. His efforts to induce Villeneuve to help him as a Frenchman having proved abortive, Bonneval at length took the final step and abjured Christianity; and, throwing away his sword and epaulets, adopted the scimitar and turban. It is only fair to add that his change of religion made but little difference in his outward life, for he showed himself as rarely at mosque as previously at church.

His position, however, in the eyes of the Turks was at once altered; he was no longer a prisoner, but an honored guest. A few months later the revolt which placed Mahmoud on the throne changed the whole foreign policy of the Porte, and Topal-Osman, the new Grand Vizier, perceived at once Bonneval's value as an organizer. On the breaking out of the war of Polish Succession, all Eastern Europe was thrown into dismay by the sudden appearance of Russia on the political scene, and the opportunity for which the renegade had so patiently waited at length arrived. The policy of France at that time was to put Turkey forward as the guardian of Sweden and Poland against the designs of Russia, without committing herself to any reciprocal obligations; and she was in this way able at any moment to arrange her own terms of peace, as it suited her own interests, without consulting those of her ally. The election of Stanislas to the crown of Poland in 1733 was the signal for the renewal of these tactics; and on the advance of the Russian troops upon Warsaw the French Ambassador at the Porte was instructed to urge the immediate advance of the Turkish troops in defense of the menaced liberties of Poland. The Grand Vizier Ali hesitated to take so hazardous a step without some definite assurance as to the French policy; and Bonneval, selected to negotiate between the Divan and the French Embassy, acquitted himself with the resource and skill of a trained diplomat and of a far-sighted politician. Anticipating the future greatness of Russia, he held that it would be only by supporting Poland that Turkey could hold in check the Muscovites; and that France, in her own defense and in the interests of Europe, should guarantee to Turkey the maintenance of her possessions in Europe. To such an alliance Sweden, he maintained, would be first to adhere, on account of her interests in the Baltic; whilst Spain, similarly interested in closing the Mediterranean to any fresh rival, would follow the lead of France. The maritime Powers, England and Holland, could not, moreover, long close their eyes to the rivalry to their trade in the Levant and the Far East which Russia threatened. Bonneval further went on to sketch the course of events when Russia, having crossed the Caucasus, should occupy the shores of the Caspian and threaten the higher plateaux of Armenia—"en attendant que cette nation avide et ambitieuse se répande dans toute l'Asie." These views were adopted by the Grand Vizier, who at once intimated that the price of Turkish aid was a definite treaty of alliance. Villeneuve, without instructions, wished to temporize; meanwhile the Russian Court, awaking to a sense of its danger, dispatched a present of 850 purses (about \$85,000) to the Grand Vizier, who, knowing that no operation could be undertaken until the ensuing Spring, accepted the money, and calmly awaited the answer of Versailles to his proposal; but Cardinal de Fleury

hesitated to make alliance with the "Infidels." Bonneval, all this time, was rising in favor at the Porte. At first only consulted secretly and unofficially, public honors of all kinds were now showered upon him. As Governor of Caramania and *Beylerbey* of Roumania, he took precedence of all the pashas of the Empire; and he was further assigned a palace at Scutari and an annual revenue of £50,000 (Turkish). Without his advice no decision was arrived at by the Porte and in the negotiations with France he directed the Ottoman policy to an extent far beyond that supposed by Voltaire when writing the history of this period. After much hesitation, however, France broke-off the negotiations, and signed at Vienna the preliminaries of a treaty by which Lorraine was given to Stanislas as compensation for the loss of the Polish Crown; and France thus threw away probably the only chance she ever had of saving Poland in the course of the eighteenth century.

Russia and Austria, however, did not disarm; and, taking for excuse the ambiguous conduct of Turkey, they resolved to look to that country for compensation for the losses they had suffered elsewhere. Russia seized Azoff without warning, and openly avowed her determination to make herself mistress of the northern shores of the Black Sea, whilst Austria decided to annex the whole or greater part of Bosnia. The Ambassador of the Czarina at Constantinople, in a dispatch which might have been dated yesterday, wrote (January, 1736): "The Greeks of these provinces, and still more the Bulgarians, the Wallachians, the Moldavians and others, are working so persistently to escape from Ottoman tyranny, and so devoted to Russia, that at the first signal they are ready to sacrifice their lives for Your Majesty, the liberator they are waiting for. . . . Your Majesty legitimately rules over the hearts of all good Christians who still find themselves under the yoke of a barbarism at its last gasp." Thus in those days also the "sick man" was considered, even by shrewd observers, to be approaching dissolution. Diplomacy having for the moment given place to arms, Bonneval threw himself with feverish activity into the more congenial task of directing the military campaign. He seemed to be everywhere, to foresee everything, and to be daunted by nothing. Troops and cannon, instructions and maps, were forwarded to every point on the menaced frontiers. In the presence of the enemy he reformed the armaments, the tactics and the strategy of the Ottomans. The infantry were armed with pikes to resist the heavy Austrian cavalry; the Janizaries were taught to skirmish, and the Muscovites were tempted to wander for weeks in the steppes of Tartary, whilst the whole strength of the Turkish army was concentrated against the Austrian troops entangled in the Bosnian passes. The result of these tactics was that by the end of 1738 the Russians, decimated by hunger and disease, saw their armies dissolved without being able to come to close quarters with the cloud of Turkish horsemen who hovered on their flanks. And on the banks of the Danube the Ottoman troops, having taken Orsova, were advancing along both banks, and were once more threatening Belgrade. Already Bonneval, in imagination, saw that his dream of separating Hungary from Austria was on the point of realization. To effect this, he offered the exiled Prince Ragotzki the assistance which the latter had so long in vain implored from the Porte, but it came too late. Ragotzki died before the campaign could open, and his son, although invested with the high-sounding title of "Prince of Transylvania," was unable to evoke the patriotism of his father's fellow-countrymen.

Bonneval's good fortune forsook him almost at the same time, for by a cruel irony his bombardiers, whose European discipline had brought him and themselves so much prestige, finding that they were not paid with European regularity, mutinied one day, and their chief had to bear the punishment, which his many enemies were glad to see inflicted. Voltaire naturally expressed his surprise that Bonneval on this occasion, following his own precedents, did not challenge the Grand Vizier, and then, passing on to Persia, offer his services to the Sophy, and when he had quarreled with the Ministers of that country, suggested that he would still find a field for his talents in China. Luckily his confidence in himself or his carelessness of the future prompted him to no such romantic course. His short exile of four months was passed at Kastamouni, in Asia Minor, whence he was suddenly recalled, restored to his former posts and favor, and reached Belgrade in time to take part in those negotiations which resulted in a treaty which ceded Serbia and its capital to the Sultan, and Russia bound herself to maintain neither ships of war nor of commerce on the Black Sea.

After the conclusion of the peace, Bonneval returned to Constantinople, where, until his death, in 1747, he lived as much apart from his fellow-countrymen as from his co-religionists. His pleasure was to entertain all travelers who came to him properly recommended, and to act as the intermediary between the Porte and various Christian potentates.

His chief political aim was to interest Turkey more and more in the affairs of Europe; and to arouse her from an indifference which condemned her to isolation. In the full swing of the War of Succession, the Porte, on the suggestion of Bonneval, had offered its mediation, which was not accepted; but, a little later, he paved the way for an understanding with Frederick II., and opened the door to Prussian diplomacy in Eastern Europe. In his moments of leisure, Bonneval designed flat-bottomed

ships for facilitating the invasion of England by the French, drew up schemes for colonizing Roumelia with Swiss peasants, and for remodeling the Turkish army by the introduction of French recruits.

At other times, recognizing the enormous part which commerce was destined one day to play in politics, he put forward suggestions for neutralizing the Archipelago and the Turkish waters during any European war; and, grasping at once the importance of Egypt, he urged upon the Turks to open up this route to the Indies, and thus to hold in their hands the key to the commerce of

the Eastern and Western Worlds. In a very remarkable memorial presented to the Porte on this subject, he urged the construction of "a canal from the Red Sea to Cairo to convey merchandise thence to the Mediterranean."

His mind was never at rest, even when he seemed most given up to self-indulgence; and it may be gathered from the few familiar letters which exist that he was, in spite of his riches and honors, occasionally home-sick. This feeling grew upon him with advancing years, and, at length, we find that the golden wires of his cage became intolerable.

To quit the country openly was impossible; the Turks would never have allowed him to recant Islamism and live. He first attempted to

escape on board a Neapolitan frigate; but the arrangement fell through. But, at length, M. d'Argenson, the Minister of Foreign Affairs at Versailles, was moved to help him, and a correspondence, in cipher, was carried on between Bonneval and the Minister.

On March 20th, 1747, a letter reached the Embassy addressed to Bonneval. He was suffering from an attack of gout when it was brought, and he placed it beside his bed, intending to decipher it the following day. In the night he was seized by an attack to which he succumbed; and the letter, which was supposed to convey permission for his return to his native land, and the means to effect his escape, was never read.



THE PUSHKIN MONUMENT AT MOSCOW.—SEE PAGE 345.



ZAIDA.—"ONE NIGHT THE DOCTOR HAD A GLIMPSE OF A FOREIGN-LOOKING MAN LEANING AGAINST THE GATE, AND EARNESTLY TALKING WITH ZAIDA."

ZAIDA.

THERE was a wild sea that night. Some one along shore remarked that it was a grim night for sailors, and prophesied that "Davy Jones" would have some of their bones before daybreak. Off in the distance, against the horizon, a black object might be seen. Sometimes night and an inky sea covered it, until the watchers on shore thought it was gone; then a break in waves or clouds would reveal it—black, uncertain and still there, though storm-tossed and storm-broken.

It was a ship. There was no help for it on such a night. No lifeboat could live through such a storm. So men and women stood on shore, silent, awed, helpless,

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waiting for the inevitable disaster. And the storm beat their bare heads and faces relentlessly.

With morning came a bright sun and a quiet sea. But a living man and woman had been washed on shore, and taken to a doctor's house to be cared for. The man died at midnight, but the woman lived. When she spoke, no one but the doctor understood her, for she was a Castilian. Recovering from the sickness caused by fright and exposure, she proved to be a girl of twenty years, and extremely pretty. Finding herself with English-speaking people, she addressed them in a pretty babble which she mistook for their language.

She was on her way to see mamma, she said, and mamma was American. Being questioned, she failed to know where "mamma" lived, except that she was in the United States. Mamma's name was Anna Avila, and her own was Zaida.

She was a curious study to Dr. Halsey. He had long ago wearied of his even life. He had daily visited his monotonous patients with their monotonous ailments, and nightly had his rest broken by messages from over-anxious young mothers. His new patient—his "sea-bird," he called her—was an interesting feature in his experience. She was curiously silent concerning herself, but in answer to the doctor's questions she told him that her father had died away from home. She was on her way to her mother when the sea rose high and the *Aron* went down. She had no relatives excepting her mother, and she had been in the captain's care. It was the captain of the *Aron* who died at Dr. Halsey's house.

The doctor advertised for Mrs. Avila, and wrote to acquaintances the girl had in Madrid. The advertisements were unanswered, but letters from Spain told him that Señor Avila, "*un buen hombre*," had been separated from an American wife who refused to live in Spain, but in whose possession he had placed his property, and so rendered himself and his daughter poor.

Dr. Halsey held his peace about these letters, and awaited further developments. In the meanwhile, Zaida enjoyed his bounty as if it was her birthright.

The doctor's sister was his housekeeper, and strongly disapproved of Zaida. She filled the vials of her wrath one morning, and went to her brother's study to open them. She was a good woman, in her way, but her "way" was an extremely disagreeable one. He was absorbed in his papers, but he arose and gave her a chair, for he was a courteous man, this country doctor.

His sister did not immediately address him. His own strong reserve made it difficult to approach him, and she awaited an opportunity to open the subject which exercised her mind. It came very soon.

"How is our patient this morning, Hester?"

"Your patient is perfectly well," she answered, with strong emphasis on the pronoun, "and that is why I am here. Since she is in no further need of your services, what is to be done with her?"

The doctor settled himself more comfortably in his chair, for he anticipated a rather long call from Miss Halsey.

"Are you sure that she does not need other than medical services, Hester?"

"I am sure that you have already done more for her than your duty required, Harold. You have spent your money searching for her friends, you have nursed her in her sickness and sheltered and fed her. It is time she was roused from her Spanish apathy and made to do something for herself."

"It is a hard thing to turn any woman out to earn a livelihood," the doctor said, "and it would be specially hard in a case like this. The girl is friendless and beautiful, Hester, and there are many wicked people eager to speculate upon the innocence of such as she. She is in a strange country, speaking a strange tongue, and I cannot do less than shelter and protect her as long as she is happy under my roof."

"Then you will harbor this unknown creature as long as she chooses to remain? Have you thought of the probable scandal you will provoke?"

"I have not thought of that. I have only thought that every one of God's creatures is entitled to a living, and that I cannot turn the child out to meet privation

and temptation so long as I am blessed with a roof and a conscience."

Miss Halsey rose to go. She was a handsome woman when she was angry.

"I cannot say all that I feel about this matter," she told him. "This woman, who professes to be friendless, is to my eyes a mere adventuress. I distrust her entire race—a treacherous, sly, ungodly people. I believe she unblushingly lied to you as soon as you saved her from death. I believe that she has friends as unscrupulous as she, and knows where to find them. She will live on your credulity until she forms a more profitable speculation, but if you will rid yourself of her she will not suffer!"

She went out before he could answer.

Next morning Zaida, flushed and palpitating, stood at his study-door.

"Señor," she said, "I have a letter from my mother, and I go away this night."

They sat down while he translated for her:

"I read your advertisement long after it was printed, and I fear I have lost you by the delay. When the *Aron* went down I believed I was destined never to see the child I was robbed of years ago. I cannot realize that the babe I lost is now a woman: that she, perhaps, is like her father, and doubtless speaks a language I despise. You are my daughter, and yet, through no fault of mine, I know literally nothing of you. I hope I shall find something American about you, for, I tell you candidly, that I hate your father's race as only a wronged woman can hate. I shall expect you to come to me at once. I can support you comfortably and genteelly, and truly hope that we will be congenial companions."

When the doctor finished his translation Zaida was weeping.

"I cannot comprehend your people," she sobbed. "I believed that mother love was instinctive and unreasoning. I do not want for gentility; I want constant, passionate affection, such as my Spanish father gave me. There is more warmth now in his dead heart than there is in this living woman's whole nature!"

"I will telegraph your mother not to expect you for three days," he said, "for you are not yet strong enough for this excitement."

She thanked him, joyously.

"You have been most kind, always, señor," she told him, "and I have prayed that I might be able to repay you. I have tried to get music-scholars in this place, so that I might remain near you and keep you always for my friend."

He stood a moment looking at her—the little woman who had been such a curious study to him. She had touched a romantic vein in this prosaic man's nature, which heretofore had been undiscovered. Like his sister, he disliked the Spanish race, but this one girl was a poem in his life, and it pained him to lose her.

Later in the day he found her in the garden, with her hands full of flowers.

"Zaida," he said, "did you ever have a lover?"

He was surprised at the effect his words produced. She dropped her flowers, and blushed so bright a red that he broke into a laugh at her distress.

"You need not speak," he said; "your face has betrayed you, Zaida."

But the girl, angry at his laughter, fled to the house.

She was shy with him for the remainder of the day, but on the morrow she sought him in his study. He had begun to find her very companionable. When she left him he went to the mirror and inspected himself, with grim dissatisfaction. He was thirty-nine years old, and looked older. He was no Adonis, certainly, and, though

he was a strong, brave-looking man, his features were irregular, and he was almost careless of his dress. Zaida, bred among men of Castilian elegance, must think him positively old and plain.

That night her mother came for her.

"You see, my girl," the doctor said, "an American mother could not wait a day for her daughter, so she has come to you."

But he mistook the motive of his guest. Mrs. Avila was an exceptional mother, and she came on no impetuous, loving errand to claim her child. She came to deliberately inspect the girl, and to form her plans in accordance with the impression Zaida made upon her mind. If Zaida was like her mother, they would live together; if like her father, she must, if practicable, remain where she was.

Zaida was like her father, and her mother's reception chilled her. Mrs. Avila proposed that Dr. Halsey should keep her daughter in his house; offered him generous compensation, and promised to visit them twice a year. And Zaida remained.

Entering his house one night, the doctor had a glimpse of a foreign-looking man, leaning against the gate and earnestly talking with Zaida. The light from the house falling upon her, showed that she was pale and had been weeping. She was strangely unlike the Zaida who had brought back his youth with her infectious happiness. The doctor went inside, and was confronted by his sister.

"The distinguished-looking colored gentleman at the gate has been there three times to-day," she said, "and that little savage refuses to tell who he is, or what his errand may be. Perhaps you will, in time, believe she is less friendless than she pretends."

"It is time that I required you to speak civilly of the inmates of my house," he said, sharply. "You must know that I have no sympathy with your ill-humor, Hester."

But he was sorely troubled by the handsome face at his gate. Zaida came in at last, but avoided his eyes; then, failing to meet his questioning face with an appearance of unconcern, she went to her room, where he heard her far into the night, and knew that she was as wakeful as he. It greatly grieved him, long after, to know that she avoided him.

He tried to forget the matter, until one day he found Zaida five miles from home, and talking with the mysterious stranger. The man, who was middle-aged, was bidding her "Good-by" when the doctor surprised them.

"You are far from home, Zaida," he said.

And the girl, starting, flushed as she had done when he asked if she ever had a lover. He recalled the circumstance now, most unpleasantly.

"Will you introduce me to your friend?"

But the Spaniard interfered.

"Señor," he said, "at some future time I shall beg the honor of your acquaintance. At present, I am in great haste." Then to Zaida, "*Mia cara, adios, hasta esta noche á las ocho.*"

He had clearly no idea that the doctor understood the Spanish language. He called Zaida "My dear," and made his appointment for the evening as coolly as if the doctor had been absent. He was on his horse while he spoke, and left Zaida, painfully embarrassed, with Dr. Halsey.

They walked home in utter silence. She made no effort to speak to her companion, and walked beside him simply because he was there, and through no preference of hers. Once in a while she reminded him of her

mother, her growing composure and her dispassionate face were so out of keeping with her intense Spanish nature. It was plainly his duty to remonstrate with her, so he led her, like a naughty child, to his study.

"Zaida," he said, at last, "I wish you had given me your confidence unasked. Why do you receive your friend out of doors, and strive to hide his visits from me? My house is open to any honest guest. You are risking much by your indiscretion."

She flashed up, suddenly.

"I have been guilty of no indiscretion," she said.

He sat down, wearily, and he drew her to his side.

"Child," he said, "is it prudent for you to meet this man alone at nightfall? You are in my charge, and my grave duty is to caution you. I do not know who your friend is, but his choosing to meet you clandestinely does not prove him to be a gentleman. A man who compromises a woman's reputation by taking her for lonesome walks and by engaging her in secret correspondence can have no true respect nor love for her."

She was white with excitement and anger.

"What you say is false," she said. "He is a gentleman, and he does love and respect me."

"My little friend," he said, pityingly, "can you not confide in me and let me help you?"

She broke down then, clinging to him and weeping. She was so lovely in her helpless grief that he longed to comfort her.

"I am bound by a sacred promise, señor, and I can tell you nothing. But believe me, I am doing nothing wrong; and let me stay with you!"

"I do not know the nature of this man's control of you," he said, "but I will never close my doors to you. Study your conscience, Zaida, and let that alone control your actions."

They were interrupted, but before she left him he asked, "Do you love this man, Zaida?" And she answered, "Yes."

He went out on the beach that night, and was pacing back and forth like a caged and restless animal. He had made a discovery since morning, and life went hard with him. He had found out how dear the girl was to him, and he must stand by her side and help her now, when there was no one else to serve her. But, first, he must see the man she loved, read his character and learn her danger.

He was glad to be out of doors. The night had turned stormy, and was in keeping with his mood. It was not unlike the night when the sea had yielded him Zaida. He was a strong man, and brave withal, but he had not greatly cared if the sea had rushed over him and carried him down, as it had the wreck of the *Aron* on that hapless night. He was still on the beach when he heard Zaida's voice:

"Señor," she cried, "there is a boat at sea, and the man—my friend—is in it, on his way to meet me!"

He remembered, then, the Spaniard's appointment to meet her at eight o'clock. He remembered, too, that he had seen a boat approaching just before the storm made the night so dark.

He was a strong man. In a rowboat he would have a far better chance of reaching shore than the slighter Spaniard. He might even save the other's life, and bring back the man who had robbed him of his treasure, bringing with him, it might be, ruin and sorrow to Zaida.

But, being brave, he made his preparations at once, and Zaida, watching, knew he was going into peril for her sake.

When he was ready she clung to him, white to her lips. "You shall not go!"

"I am going to save the man you love, Zaida," he said, "because you are far dearer to me than life. God grant that this man is worthy of you."

She had an overwhelming fear of the sea, even when it was calm, but she would have gone with him had he not sternly compelled her to remain where she was.

And he, coming home to her, with a man lying half dead in his boat, prayed for her.

* * * * *

When morning came she sought him.

"Will he live?" she asked.

The doctor did not look at her while he answered.

"He will live," he said, "and he has told me all, Zaida. Can you pardon my mistake?"



A FAIR REBECCA.

"Oh! if I lose you both," she said, "I have no desire to live."

She stood, immovable and dry-eyed, while he was gone; waiting, praying, listening while the sea lashed the shore, and while she strained her eyes to discern his boat.

"You have sent two men to meet death," Miss Halsey said to her, but she never answered.

"I have nothing to pardon," she said, gently. "You could not know that he was my father. You went out to save my lover, señor, and you brought me back the father whom I have twice believed dead. When I was told that he had died abroad I came to America to find my mother, for my father had never spoken a harsh word of her, and I needed her. You know how she received me. One day, while you were away, my father came



ARRIVAL AT GONDOKORO.

here. I could not believe my eyes, until I had heard his voice and felt his warm kisses on my lips. He had been near death, he said, and when he was able he went to Madrid, only to find his home empty. He traced me by your letters of inquiry. When he heard my story, he implored my silence, until he could see my mother, unknown to her, for he loves her still, señor. I am going away soon, dear friend, but before I go I must try to make you know how deeply thankful I am to God for giving me so true a friend in my sore need. You can never know how much you did for me last night."

He had stood motionless while she talked.

"Have you told me all, Zaida?" he said at last.

"Señor," she whispered, "if you would look at me I could tell you more."

He did so, and, finding her sweet eyes swimming with tears, his composure left him.

"You have told me your wild little history, Zaida," he said. "Do you think I could interest you in the grave romance of a commonplace country doctor? You are in the first flush of your sweet girlhood; I am in the old age of my youth. I am sadly unlike your ideal, I know, but I love you, and I can never tell my story unless I tell it while I have you in my arms."

She kept her eyes on his face and moved toward him. She read at once the intense, reserved nature that others mistook for commonplace.

"Señor," she said, "I am content." And she went into the arms outstretched to receive her.

THE BLACK AND BROWN PEOPLE OF THE SOUDAN.

BY COLONEL CHAILLÉ LONG.

THE final solution of the problem of the Nile sources, the recent massacres in those regions, and the assumed peril of Emin Pasha, the Austro-Egyptian Governor, lend a special interest to a land and people over which the veil

of romance and mystery has been spread back to a period beyond the memory of man.

In drawing aside the curtain, it will be found that not all the fables of the historian can be swept away, for much remains in this field of fiction to be transferred to the domain of fact.

Herodotus relates the story, which he tells as a tradition, that in the far-off Ethiopia, not far from the Nile sources,



THE BAGGARAHs MAILING THE BOAT.

there was a land where the lotus grew, and where, if the luckless stranger entered its confines and ate of the flower, he soon forgot his own country, slept and returned never. The writer, passing that way, several years ago, in the navigation of the unknown Nile, found in Lake Ibrahim the lotus and the lotus-eater, and, compelled to eat of the plant in his necessity, felt its strong narcotic influence, and thus recognized, in this physical enchainment, that the historian's fable was, indeed, based upon a quantum of fact.

Herodotus wrote, also, of a nation of Lilliputs, who, in a battle with the Swans, were defeated and devoured by the latter. Not so, however, for Dr. Schweinfurth, the German traveler, tells of the existence of this diminutive people, whom he locates west and south of the Munbutos, and of which the writer, in a voyage to the Niam-Niam country, secured a specimen—an adult female of the Akka or 'Tiki-Tiki race, and brought her back with him to Cairo, where she now is a member of the household of the Khedive—proving thus that Herodotus had heard only the Swans' side of the story, for the fable, so far as the race is concerned, still exists.

A country so full of romance, and which presents little, if any, trace of physical convulsion and change, contains, without doubt, the primitive human species, and since, as Pope has said, "The proper study of mankind is man," it will interest the student and the *savant* to glance at these black and brown people of the Soudan, whose fathers constructed for the masters of Egypt the vast piles which still remain to excite the awe and wonder of the present age.

For a fact, the study of man is the only vital interest which attaches to Central Africa. Neither its climate nor its traffic offers material inducement to the commercial spirit of the times, which may seek in vain to obtain a *quid pro quo* for its speculative investments. The construction of projected railways and canals in Central Africa is impracticable and illusory, and the end would never justify the means employed, even if it were possible to overcome the barriers interposed by climate and country. The production of ivory and gums is limited, and the exploitation of these is readily and easily accomplished with the beads and gewgaws carried for barter by the patient caravans which for hundreds of years have crossed and recrossed the Dark Continent to the two oceans. The black man, not unlike the redskin, disdains our civilization, not, perhaps, without an atom of reason, for it reaches him largely adulterated with rum. The black man is as proud of his naked black skin and metal ornaments as the redskin is of his moccasins and feathers. Liberty, license and laziness count for more, in his estimation, than the hardships which civilization imposes. He does not want it. A happy illustration of his case is that of the negro in the old slavery days, who, after apostrophizing a monkey, in a facetious attempt to secure a reply, said: "Old man, yus right to keep yo'r mouf shet; if you opened it, the white man wud have a hoe-handle in your hand mighty quick, for shuah." Hoe-handles, in fact, are no more in favor in Central Africa than they are with our colored brother at home.

The Bilad-es-Soudan, literally, Country of the Blacks, comprises all the country lying south of the Second Cataract, extending east and west indefinitely and south to the Equator, as far as known. In the north, Khartoum is the capital. The provinces acquired during the reign of Ismail, extending from the junction of the River Sanbat with the Bahr-el-Abiad (White Nile) down to the Equator, and including the sources of the Nile, were

known as El Mahimour Khat el Istowee, *i. e.*, the Government of the Line of the Equator, with its capital at Gondokoro, subsequently removed to Lado. It is there, as the successor of General Gordon, that Emin Pasha governs to-day in the name of Egypt. When General Gordon was appointed Governor-general of the Equatorial Provinces, Khartoum was the great *entrepôt* for the ivory, gums, ostrich-feathers and slaves collected by the rich ivory merchants, whose Divans, under the direction of Rataz, Agad and Abou Saoud, maintained a small army of irregulars recruited from the nomad natives of Dongola, who for years have overrun the interior in the Dar Fertit, Bongoland, Fazogla, Bahr-el-Ghazell, Kordofan, Darfour and the countries south. These merchant princes looked upon the whole Soudan as their kingdom. Zebehr Pasha, then simple Sheik Zebehr, was at the head of the Zeribas in the districts of the Bahr-el-Ghazell, where his authority was supreme. In 1867 he refused to pay the tax levied upon him by the Hokomdar of Khartoum, and Belaloni Bey was sent to enforce the Egyptian governor's authority. Belaloni's force was cut to pieces, and the Government, in alarm, offered the victorious Zebehr the rank of Bey. It was accepted, and subsequently Zebehr, conjointly with Ayoubé, the Hokomdar, undertook a campaign against Darfour, which resulted in the defeat of Sultan Ibrahim and the occupation of Fathr, his capital. Ayoubé's jealous nature was soon aroused against Zebehr, and he commenced a system of intrigues and complaints which finally decided Zebehr to go down to Cairo and appeal for justice to the Khedive. Ismail Pasha received him with every mark of favor, decorated and even promoted him to the rank of Pasha. Such quick favors at the hands of the Oriental are always accepted with distrust by the initiated courtier, who, experience has taught, is raised the higher in order to make his fall the more pronounced.

When Zebehr quitted the Viceroy's presence he was arrested, and, with the symbols of his new-made honors in his hands, hurried off to prison; subsequently he was released and placed under the surveillance of the police and allowed \$500 a month, while his property and estates in the Soudan were being confiscated for the benefit of the Khedive. The decivilization of Zebehr by Ismail was the precursor of the robbery and murder of the Mofetieh. With injuries such as these added to the atrocious and inexcusable murder of his son in the Soudan, it is not strange if Zebehr should have been guilty of the crime of leze-majesty and of aiding the cause of the Mahdi, for which he was arrested, and is still confined in an English prison at Gibraltar.

It is not proposed, however, to deal here with the political complexion of the Soudan, but only with the color of and condition of its black and brown peoples. Khartoum was the metropolis of the Soudan, or, rather, the monopolis, for it was the only city which had a claim to that dignity. All the rest were cities of straw huts, whilst Khartoum was composed of houses of burnt brick, stone and mud. There one might see types from every part of Africa, among whom were the Gallas and the beautiful Abyssinian women, whose symmetrical forms, finely chiseled faces and black silken hair commanded the highest prices in the slave-market.

On the 18th of March, 1874, the Hokomdar invited Colonel Gordon and the writer to a grand banquet. The notables of the city and the superior officers of the army were present. When the banquet was concluded the guests, led by Ismail, adjourned to the spacious courtyard of the Palace where, several years later, Gordon spent the last hours of the siege. Variegated lanterns were

suspended from the walls and trees which grew within the court; under these lights 500 black Soudanese soldiers, dressed in white uniform, were gathered by order of the *Hokomdar*, to give an exhibition of the *Kamalateh*, a curious dance of the Dinka and Chillouks, which consists in bending the knees and throwing the body backward as if in a sitting posture, whilst gliding about as if suspended in space, accompanying the movement the while by a song whose strange inflection and cadence are indescribable. It was a novel sight, but scarcely more so than the dance which followed. Twelve Abyssinian and Darfourian girls entered the vacant square around which sat the dignitaries upon divans. Entirely nude, barring the bangles on their necks, arms and ankles, whose clinkings kept time to the music of the *summarah* and the *chef d'orchestre*, who kept up an incessant thumming on the *darabouk*, the *danseuses* moved with graceful gyrations, producing a clucking sound with their tongues compressed against the teeth. M. Hanzell, the Austrian consul, greatly addicted to *raké*, by this time had become quite oblivious of his consular dignity. He arose from the divan, where he was seated next to Gordon, and reeling into the circle of maidens, endeavored to follow their eccentric movements, much to the amusement of the applauding spectators—all save Gordon, who, horrified at the brutal exhibition, bolted from the place and disappeared, to the consternation of Ayoubé. Shortly after the exercises were closed, the ballet dismissed and the lights extinguished, Ayoubé said to me, "The entertainment you have witnessed is our only distraction; it is '*il teatro bitai Soudan*'—(the theatre of the Soudan).

Proceeding southward from Khartoum along the banks of the Bahr-el-Abiad, the Hassanieh or Baggarah Arabs, will be found. Their origin is quite as obscure as the copper-colored people of Dongola and the black but refined types of Berber, Darfour and Kordofan. These people are doubtless relics of the Arab invasion of the Beni Omar and Beni Abbas which crossed from the Red Sea into the interior during the first and second century of the Hegira, or mayhap of the period more remote, when, at the close of the 14th Dynasty, about the time that Abraham descended into Egypt, 2214 B.C., the Hyksos Arabs invaded the Valley of the Nile, and during five hundred years ruled the country with an iron hand and were driven out, finally, by that mighty Theban power whose civilization they were unable to withstand. Again, it is not improbable that they are descended from the ancient Egyptian garrison, several thousand strong, who abandoned the service of King Psammetichus, and, leaving the island of Elephantina, went over to the King of Ethiopia then at Meroe, not far from Khartoum. Certainly their color, customs and traditions mark them as strangers in a country whose primitive inhabitant is the black man.

It was among the Bagarras, at the Island of Abba, that the late Mahdi found his most devoted followers, and where, sanctified by the religious society of the *Sid-es-Seurousie*, he received the sword of the Prophet, with which he hewed his way through successive victories to the gates of Khartoum.

Fasliada, on the left bank of the Bahr-el-Abiad, five hundred miles south of Khartoum, was the penal colony of Egypt, where political prisoners, or those who had incurred the displeasure of some Pasha or favorite at the Palace, were sent. The town itself was a mere collection of straw huts, except the Government buildings—a divan and prison—which were built of stone.

In the immediate vicinity, and for some distance, the country is occupied by the Chillouks, and further still to the south, along the Saubat, the Dinkas and Nouers, and

along the Bahr-el-Abiad, the Kych, Shirs, Bors and Baris, as far as Gondokoro.

The Chillouks, according to Malte-Brun, are descended from a race of conquerors who founded the Kingdom of Sennaar, but in common with most of these tribes their present wretched condition presents but little evidence of their imputed ancient glory. At the junction of the Saubat River with the Bahr-el-Abiad there was a station of black troops, which marked the commencement and northern limit of Gordon's former government. There, under the protection of the troops, the different tribes met, and forgetting their rivalries, might be seen around the camp-fires at night engaged in the dance, the favorite pastime of the savage.

From this point south to Gondokoro, a distance of nearly one thousand miles, and to an unknown distance east and west, the aspect of the country is desolate in the extreme. On all sides a sea of marshes, through which the Nile runs its eccentric course, impeded here and there by great masses of "sod" or matted grass, which cause the river to break from its natural bed to form another, and in this way add to its tortuous course. On the uncertain surface of this marshy plain wander great herds of buffalo, elephant and deer, whilst the river itself is filled with hippopotami and crocodiles, the roars of the former alone breaking the terrific silence which reigns in these regions.

The native villages may be descried by the heavy columns of smoke which hangs over them like a thick cloud, and by the offensive odor emitted from the filth, burned with grass, which serves both to protect them from the savage mosquitoes and also as a canopy against the scorching rays of the sun. Besmeared with muck and ashes, they seem yet more hideous with their protuberant jaws, the absence of the inferior incisors, and their upper teeth projecting like the tusks of a wild boar. Neither the Dinka nor Chillouk at home appear to be entirely human. Ill-fed and half-starved, these people procure an uncertain sustenance in fishing the river for fish, crocodiles and crocodile-eggs, added to the reptiles which they find in the marshes. Wretched-looking cows form a great feature of these starving communities. They constitute the Penates of the household. The student of history may find in this fact a proof that in some time, long ago, the idea may have been brought by one of his race escaped from the toils of his master in Egypt. The negro savage has no innate idea of a Supreme Being. He is superstitious, and has great regard for the supernatural, and dreads the darkness, but this is, after all, but an animal instinct quite common among the brute creation.

Lubari is the favorite god of many tribes along the Nile as far as Fatiko. Lubari signifies the heavens, with reference to rain. A rain god or weather bureau has great consideration in the African mind. In illustration the writer quotes from his journal of December 4th, 1874:

"At six o'clock A.M., through jungles and over country broken by numerous ravines, we commenced the weary march, losing the way at every moment. The clouds hang heavy above us, and a thick mist prevents us from being certain of the road. At half past one P.M. we bivouac. During the march two of our porters succumb to the fatigue of the route and insufficient food, uncooked dourah being their only nourishment. Their comrades quickly divest them of whatever poor ornaments or beads they possess, heartlessly leaving them without burial; a negligence that horrified me then, but to which I soon became familiar in my intimate life among these tribes, where heartlessness, brutality and selfishness are the rule. We encamp under the shadow of the Shona Mountain, from which point Fatiko, a military post flanked by Jebel Franki, can be seen in the distance over a country



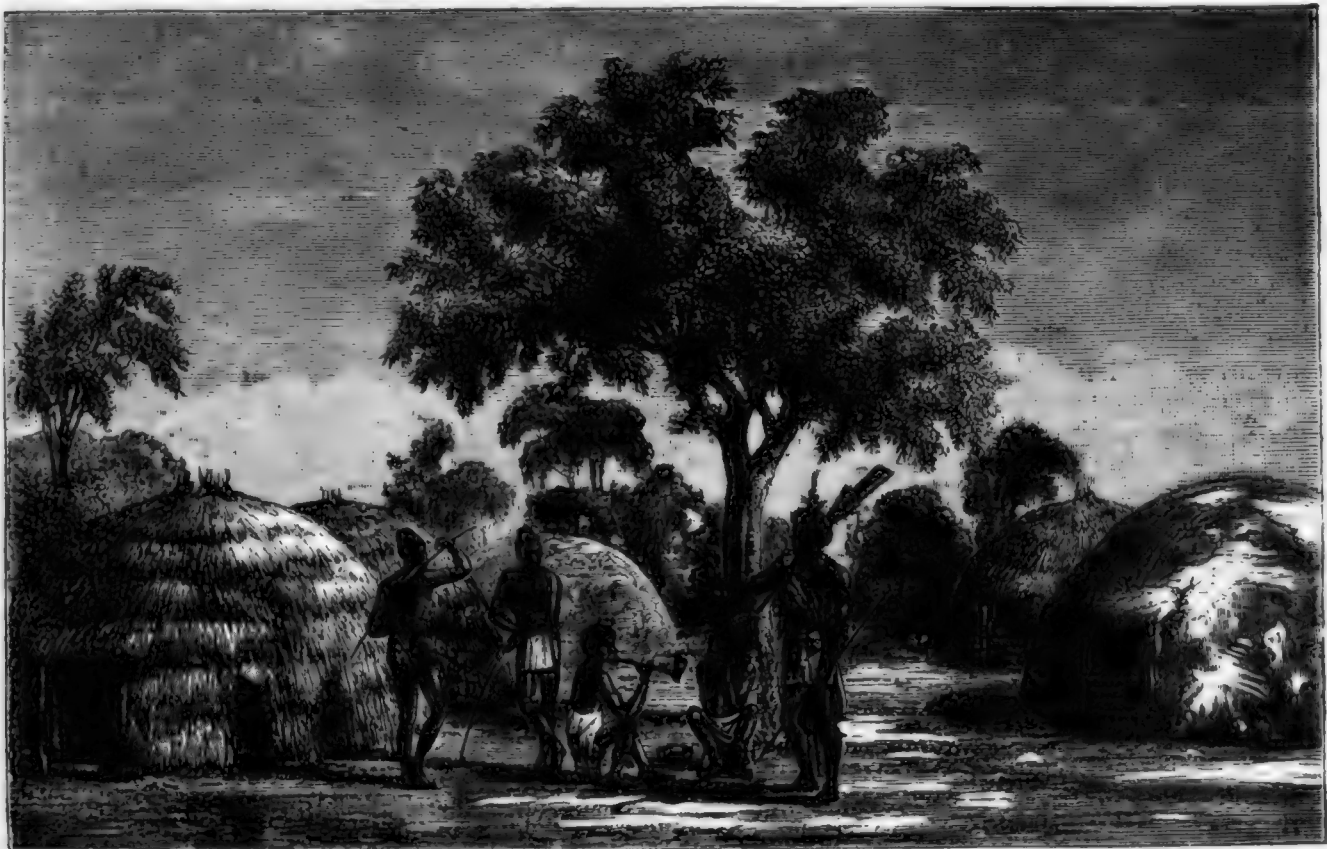
CHILLOUKS, WITH THEIR REED BOATS, AMONG THE LOTUS.

less wild, and with but little jungle to obstruct the view. My camp is pitched among huge boulders of rock, with a grateful little rippling rivulet making its way through them. The close and sultry day had given place to a clear sky and a brilliant sunset, causing an elevation of spirits among all my suite, and as well among the poor Fatiko porters, who assembled to partake of

their frugal repast (dourah), now for the first time prepared with boiling water, since fire had been denied them by the incessant rains, that had rendered the use of fuel impossible by reason of its complete saturation. Whilst my soldiers were pitching my tent I had strolled around the mountain, that hid from view the setting sun, and noticed the portentous cloud that emitted sharp,



A DESERTED CHILLOUK VILLAGE.



MUNDONITE VILLAGE.

quick flashes of lightning, coming rapidly up on the horizon, but which, hidden by the mountain, was ignored by all. On my return to camp the happy Fatiko, flattering himself that his repose for the night would be unbroken, and glad of heart that on the morrow he would rejoin his tribe and kindred at Fatiko, was giving vent to boisterous cries of joy. The moment seemed propitious to 'Gimmoro,' the native chief, a diplomat in his way, to exhibit his powers, not only as a rain-maker, but as a 'cloud-compeller' as well. The heavens were bright with stars, and the Fatiki, assembled in a circle, were thus addressed by Gimmoro: 'O Lubari, thou who art my slave, thou who hast maltreated my people and wet them continually, I order thee not to do so again. Leave them and begone.' The Fatiki received this speech with much confidence, and, warmed by a grateful fire, fell asleep. Two hours later a drenching storm fell upon the camp, putting out the fires, and rendering the savages miserable. Gimmoro's prestige was gone, and loud threats were made to kill him. I enjoyed the scene for some time, and finally went to Gimmoro's aid, and succeeded in calming their fury by declaring that, a rain-maker myself, I had played a trick upon the chief, and in this way Gimmoro escaped their vengeance and retained his place."

In the dreary waste of marsh which separates Khartoum from Gondokoro and Lado there is nothing to

relieve the tedium of the journey save the frequent stoppages made by the steamers to procure wood for fuel, which the men cut from the ebony and mimosa trees, found at certain intervals. Ant-hills, ten to twelve feet high, dotted here and there, rise from the marshy plain and serve the savages as lookouts or signal stations. On the summit of these, the savage stands, leaning upon his inverted spear, his right foot resting upon the knee of

the left leg, if peaceably inclined, as a sign of friendship. In my itinerary, there appears the following:

"April 13th. — Stopped for wood near a deserted negro village in decay. The ground is covered with skulls and human bones, relics of the ravages of smallpox, the pest of Central Africa. The huts are perched upon ebony posts, which we secure for fuel.

"April 15th. — The river is becoming less deep and navigation more difficult. At intervals we stick on a muddy shoal. Immense numbers of hippopotami and crocodiles, our constant companions *en route*, seem here with angry roars to oppose our passage.

"April 16th. — We can see in the distance the Mountains Longo, Lado and Regof, near Gondokoro. The pestiferous marshes of the Styx-like river now give place to *terra firma*, when we had begun to think that Central Africa must lose itself in the black, stinking



A MARRIED MORO WOMAN.

mud that has been our bane in the journey of twenty-six days from Khartoum."

Gondokoro, situated on the right bank of the Nile, is a village constructed of a thousand straw *tokels* (huts), inhabited by the Egyptian garrison of 1,200 soldiers, with their wives and children. The Austrian Catholic missionaries had endeavored to gain a footing there, and had burnt the brick with which they had built a *canissa* (church). When Gordon and myself arrived there, on the 17th of April, 1874, the missionaries had died several months before, and the Bari, undisturbed by the Moslem soldiers, had pulled down the *canissa*, ground the bricks into dust, and, mixing it with grease, besmeared their bodies with the bright unguent. Loron was the Sheik or King of the Bari, fully six feet six inches tall, and a magnificent specimen of a man. Loron, like all the peoples along the river, both male and female, wore nothing on his person except a broad band of polished ivory, which encircled his right arm, and a ring of iron around the ankle of the left leg. Every Bari man carries on the left shoulder a curiously carved stool of ebony wood, and upon this he squats when he comes into your presence. Thus accoutred, the Bari is always in full dress, *à la Bari*. Loron brought his many wives to make a visit of ceremony. They were dressed, or, rather, undressed, much after the same manner as their lord and master, with this difference, that, in place of the ivory bands, the forearms were covered with a number of bangles, and, attached by a slender thread around the waist, the tail of some wild animal was suspended from behind. This, and nothing more, completed the toilet of the Bari women, who sometimes indulged in a coquetry of grease and oxide of iron in order to give a reddish tinge to a complexion already inclined to a copperish hue.

It was from Gondokoro, on the 24th of April, 1874, that the writer set out upon his secret mission, which, after untold hardship and suffering, was received by the King of Uganda with the massacre of thirty human beings in honor of his visit. The precursor of Stanley's expedition, it opened the gates of Uganda to that traveler, who followed ten months later, but who found on arrival there that M'Tsé had signed a treaty, in which he acknowledged himself a vassal to Egypt, and that Egyptian military posts extended from Gondokoro to the Nyanzas. The Nile sources, till then an unsolved problem, had been definitely determined, and a third lake discovered, in the midst of which lived the lotophages, who feed, as the fable truly said, upon the lotus-flowers, of which Lake Ibrahim is the great nursery. Saïd Bagarrah and Abd-el-Rahman, two black soldiers, accompanied the writer in his diplomatic mission to the court of the savage King M'Tsé. Saïd was a tall, brawny, square-shouldered man, black as ink, as brave as a lion, and a native of the Bagarrah tribe. Abd-el-Rahman was short, rather inclined to be delicate. Both were gallant and devoted men, and, when the Khedive promoted and decorated the commander, assimilated honors were conferred upon his soldiers when they arrived in Cairo. They had left their numerous wives at Khartoum, and, having remained a while in Cairo, they were, finally, sent back to the Soudan at their request.

Immediately south of Gondokoro are found the Mogi, Labori and Madi tribes, the only people who, for a distance of 2,000 miles, manifest any notion, however vague, of dress. Even here, it is limited to a slight covering around the loins of the male, made of the skin of some wild animals, but the female retains her natural dress, and refuses to adopt even this affectation of modesty.

Nudity, in fact, is one of the vanities of the savage black.

The Mogi speak the Bari language and the Labori and Madi an idiom of their own. Wani, Sheik of the Labori, was very friendly. The color and general characteristics are not unlike those of other savages cited. They have a peculiar manner of salutation. Parties approaching one another eject saliva into each other's faces, and, in turn, distribute it upon different portions of their bodies. Honors of this character were studiously and energetically tabooed by the writer during passage through their country, and Saïd was always on the alert to eject the astonished Labori who might seek to operate a salivous salutation. Fatiko, further south, was a post commanded by an Adjutant-major in the Soudanien corps. It was a neat little earthwork constructed by Sir Samuel Baker, surrounded by a fosse ten feet deep, flanked on its western side by a huge rock that served us well as a lookout. From this rocky eminence one may see the Nile, though more than a day's march distant westward, winding its serpentine way from the Albert Nyanza. The stations of Habbo and Falors may be seen in the distance on a clear day, and also Waddai, Emin Bey's present station. Accompanying the expedition from Gondokoro, there were a number of Fatiko porters, as we have seen, commanded by Gimmoro. The Fatiki are a patient, tractable people, the best-natured, in fact, of all the tribes encountered. They are natural dandies and dudes, and each sex pass hours plaiting and dressing each other's hair, which, though kinky, is fashioned with great pains into a very stylish coiffure. Their necks are incased in successive coils of iron bands, which hold them in such restraint that they are quite unable to look downward. It would quite break the heart of a New York dude to see with what grace the Fatiko men and women submit to the torture of coil-collars. A peculiar characteristic of the Fatiko male is that the two inferior incisors are extracted, and a piece of flesh cut out of the lip sufficiently large to admit a substance like rock crystal in the shape of a nail, which is maintained in place by the head, with which the tongue plays incessantly, causing it to make a rotary motion.

The Fatiki are a "happy-go-lucky" set. At night the Soudanien soldiers assist at their *fêtes*, and around the blazing fires join the Fatiko maidens in their dances, which resemble the Cancan which once held sway at the Mabilles.

One hundred and fifty miles south, and on the Nile, which there describes a westerly direction from a point further east and to the Albert Nyanza, is situated Foneira, the last military outpost of the Egyptian Government which existed at the period (May 17th, 1874,) to which reference is made. The garrison there was under the command of Major Baba-Tucka, a black officer, who had served in the Black Legion which Saïd Pasha, then Viceroy of Egypt, had lent to Napoleon III. for service with Bazaine in Mexico. In the trenches at Vera Cruz these gallant soldiers had won great honor among the French, and on their return the officers were rewarded with the decoration of the *Légion d'Honneur*. The remnants of this Legion were sent by Ismail to the Soudan, and had formed the main support of the new Government of the Equator. Baba-Tucka wore his decoration during all the time of my stay at his camp, and was never so proud as when relating stories of his campaigns with the Fransowee (French).

Foneira is in the country of the Riongi, south of which lie the Unyori and Ugandi, all belonging to the same stock, doubtless, and speaking very nearly the same

language. Nionga, ex-King of Unyoro, lives at Kissembois, on the river, not far away, under the protection of the Egyptian garrison, having been driven from the throne of Unyoro several years before by Kamrasé, the father of the present King, Reba-Rega. The Riongi manufacture pottery of curious device, and their milk-jars and pots are really beautiful. Here, as in the country south, there grows a gourd, very much in the shape of a bottle, which the females tie around their necks, filled with *merissa*, or the juice extracted from ripened bananas. The males ferment the same liquid, and use it oftentimes to excess, although it cannot be said that the negroes are much given to intoxication. The Riongi and Unyori are a tall, well-made people, of somewhat darker hue than the Ugandi. The lowlands of Unyoro are succeeded by the high, mountainous country of Uganda. Banana forests cover the hills and dales, and through these roam great herds of elephants and buffalo. The banana-trees constitute the principal food of the elephant, who breaks off the upper part, leaving the trunk standing, and in this way hastens the process of reproduction. The banana is also the principal food of the native, who wraps the fruit—plucked in its green state from the tree—in its leaves and steams in a vessel on the fire. This régime is varied occasionally by wild sweet-potatoes, sugar-cane and Indian corn, but these are luxuries. The banana is, in fact, the national food of the people of Uganda. M. Quatrefages once asked me why it was that the native African had never domesticated the elephant, buffalo, or other wild animal? and my reply was, "The savage wants are few, and Nature supplies these without work. His weapons are not sufficiently strong to battle with either the elephant or buffalo, and, as a proof of his defenseless state, the negro herds together in villages, where night is made a season of amusement, dancing and singing around their camp-fires, which serve the double purpose of guarding against the attacks of wild beasts—the lion often raiding them and carrying off their people." In the regions where the seasons are divided into dry and wet, there is an annual-recurring elephant-hunt. When the dense jungle-grass has become very dry and the country parched, elephants in great herds move rapidly over the country in search of water. The adjacent tribes meet, and, forgetting their feuds, surround a large area, around which they cut a wide, circular road. Along this sentinels are placed, to give warning of the approach of the elephants. When a herd, numbering seventy-five or more, is announced as having passed within the devoted circle, the torch is applied at every point, and in a few moments the whole herd falls lifeless, blinded and asphyxiated by the dense volume of smoke. The feast lasts during several days, and even when it has become putrid and unsavory the flesh is eagerly devoured. The ivory is divided among the chiefs, who cause it to be taken away and buried, to await the coming of the trader, with whom it is exchanged for beads and other trinkets for ornament. There is a beautiful breed of humped cattle in Uganda, yet they are seldom, if ever, used for food, but, as in the case of other tribes, are kept as their Penates. The natives are dexterous workers in iron, with which the soil is impregnated, and out of which they fashion their beautiful lances. They tan the skins of wild animals; and among the presents made me by M'Tsé, were four skins, so light and soft, that Prince Hussein, the Minister of War, told me that he had caused an opera-cloak to be made of the one presented him for the Princess. The Ugandi are the only people who affect to clothe themselves in Central Africa, and where nudity is a violation of the rules of court

etiquette. A cloth is made of fibre torn in sheets from the bark cut from the *gimmamais* tree, a sort of wild fig. When exposed to the air, it changes to a nut-brown color. After being dried, it is sewn together in sheets, and forms a kind of toga, worn here much after the old Roman fashion, and tied in a knot over the right shoulder. The females wear the same covering, but their garment is fastened under the arms. At court, both the king and his ministers of state are dressed in the rare white cottons procured from the slave-traders, and none others are allowed to wear the same dress under penalty of death. The Ugandi are generally of a dark-copperish hue, due, perhaps, to their mixture with some unknown Arab invaders. The negro, however, is clearly the primitive color of the people. Neither in Uganda nor Unyoro, as stated by H. M. Stanley, is there the slightest reason to suppose the existence of a white race. The whole story was founded upon the simple phenomenon of a poor little Albino boy, whom M'Tsé presented to me as evidence that he had sprung from the white race. Ibn Batutah was never more fanciful in his stories than Stanley in a statement which he has not even attempted to substantiate.

The people of Uganda have no religion. They have, however, a sort of fetich, in which devils and hobgoblins have a place, but in the existence of a God there is not an idea, however remote. The Moslem faith was adopted by M'Tsé years ago, and has made some little progress since, but Stanley's theatrical conversion of him to Christianity resulted in a clear case of backsliding to his ancient pagan rites, which he celebrated by putting to death fifty virgins. Rumor says that M'Tsé finally accepted the Moslem faith, and there is but little doubt that Emin Bey, who was made a Moslem at Fatiko in 1876, exerts no little influence now at the court of M'Wanga, the son of M'Tsé, who has succeeded to the throne of Uganda, and who is surrounded by Arab courtiers.

Let us now quit the Equator, and return to Lado, in latitude 5° north, and thence take our way southwest of the Nile, where the writer, in January, 1875, joined the route taken by Dr. Schweinfurth, who had entered the Niam-Niam country from the north by way of the Bahr-el-Ghazell.

My column of march was 600 strong, and so imposing as to command the respect of the hostile Yanbari, who threatened our flanks. These people are very warlike, having until now successfully resisted any attempt to reach their country from the eastward. The Yanbari is tall, very black, and armed with bows and arrows and lance. The blade is worked into sharp points running transversely, so that, having entered the flesh, it cannot be withdrawn. Steeped in the milk of the cactus, a species of *Euphorbes arborescente*, it inflicts a wound from which the victim is almost certain to perish. The Yanbari attacked me in force on my return from the interior, and compelled me, during two days, to give them battle. My column, augmented by 600 friendly Niam-Niam warriors, who, by order of their Sultan, were carrying a large quantity of ivory collected in their country, made a desperate defense, and finally succeeded in defeating the Yanbari with great slaughter. The Niam-Niam collected the freshly slain bodies of the enemy, after the second day's fight, and building bonfires, roasted and ate them with much voracity! After crossing the River Yeh we passed into the peaceful territory occupied by the Mundo Muro, Kiyeh-Aboker, and finally the Makraka-Niam-Niam, who hailed us as friends.

The Niam-Niam may be accepted as the type of the



A NIAM-NIAM HAMLET ON THE DIAMOORO.

peoples mentioned, who are branches of the same race. Copper-colored, they are perfectly nude, and their long bodies and muscular limbs constitute them the most redoubtable warriors of the countries lying west of the Nile. They are armed with spears and huge knives, and carry a square shield made of hard wood, with which they cover their bodies. Adroitly catching the spears and arrows of their adversaries on their shields, they await the moment when they are disarmed, when, rushing upon them, they seize them by the neck and cut off their heads with their knives. When questioned as to the reason of their man-eating proclivities, they said that their enemies had robbed them of their cattle, and, obliged to sustain themselves upon bananas, potatoes and ants, they ate their enemies

slain in battle. They confessed that they ate the aged and the deformed, and Parafio, the great Sheik of the Niam-Niam, told me that, constantly engaged in warfare, they were often obliged to abandon their villages. "What can we do?" he asked, "with those who cannot fight? We must eat them." Ants are considered a great delicacy, but they do not seem to appease the craving for flesh.

Parafio and his wife came to see me quite often. The Princess was a very beautiful copper-colored woman, whose heart I had captured on my arrival by a present of a wonderful necklace of smoke-colored glass. It had the same value in her mind as if it were composed of the most precious stones. Short in stature, with large, almond-shaped eyes shaded by eyelashes which swept her cheeks, Zoga



NIAM-NIAM WARRIORS.



CURIOUS NIAM-NIAM HEADRESS.



LORY, A MITTOO WOMAN.

would have made a sensation among the copper-colored belles of the South. In the Yeh country she was the pride of the Niam-Niam. The Niam-Niam cultivate both mustache and imperial, and both sexes wear their hair plaited in cords down their backs. The nose and ears are pierced and copper rings inserted. A few of the men wear leopard-skins around their loins, but more for ornament than for modesty's sake. The females have no such affectation, and, with the exception of the bangles on their arms and legs, are in a state of *puris naturalibus*. Parafio informed me that he was the father of 250 children and possessed a great many wives—he did not know how many. The law of selection, only, governs the marriage code in the Yeh country.

Further to the southwest, we encountered the Munbutto Goorah-Goorah and the Mittoo. The females of the latter tribe lead all the rest in these curious attempts at ornament. They elongate the upper lip to such an extent as to form a sort of roof for the mouth, and when this object has been effected a piece of flesh the size of a half-dollar is cut out, and in the place thereof a piece of ivory is inserted. "Why," I asked of Saïd, "do they do this?" and Saïd replied: "*Ye Bey ana Araf? Fantasiah betaon.*"—(Do I know, Your Excellency? It is their fetich.)

In the vicinity of my camp there were significant piles of human bones and skulls. Many of these were the remains of those who had died of smallpox, but, horrible to relate, the most of them were the relics of a feast!

During my stay among the Niam-Niam a slave caravan *en route* to the West Coast was captured. It was commanded by an old Afghanistan, named Achmet Agha, and contained four hundred and fifty young girls, most of them captured when mere children in the *razzias* made upon villages by the slave-traders. It should be known that it is between the two oceans to the east and west that the slave-trade is principally carried on, and a caravan

is often five years or more in accomplishing the journey, and with intention. The chief halts to sow and reap and provide means for the sustenance of his people, who, in the meantime, are increasing in value as they mature, and thus become more marketable. Aside from the question of humanity, the capture was most opportune, and relieved me of much embarrassment. It was my intention to occupy the country, and for this purpose 275 men had already been detached; these men were most unwilling to accept the service. Marriage was the remedy with which to rally their *esprit de corps* and preserve their *morale*. The girls were taken from the custody of the old rascal Achmet, and gladly accepted the proposition made them to become the wives of the detachment, who were now highly elated at the prospect of settling in the Niam-Niam country. The detachment was ordered under arms and drawn up in front of their future *marahs*. This marriage *en bloc* was truly a novel sight, never to be forgotten. The Katab or battalion clerk proceeded to unite them, so far as he might, after the manner of the Moslem, the great



BOMBY, THE AKA.

difficulty being to properly write the names of the maidens, but this difficulty was finally solved by the Katab, a bright fellow, who inscribed each one in the name of the numeral of each soldier, the first one being known as Numero Wohad, and the last one as Mitteen Khamisa Sabacine (275). It was a happy stroke of policy, and the garrison was installed in comfortable quarters, highly delighted with their pretty little wives. What has become of my military colony among the Niam-Niam during these last ten years no one has been able to tell me.

An entry in my journal about that time reads :

"On the night after 23d of February a great 'Congo' dance was given in my honor by Parafio, who had caused all of his warriors to assemble, and invitations (verbal, of course,) had been sent out to all the Niam-Niam lassies, and the 275 brides and grooms were naturally to be of the party. It was a gala night. The girls came with their bangles and copper fastenings burnished and bright, and wearing fig-leaves for the occasion. The loose bands that incased their ankles kept perfect time in loud, clanking sounds to strange music evoked from a wooden-horse-like machine which served as a drum, accompanied by horns made of elephant-tusks and reed instruments. Rude it was, certainly, but not without an indescribable charm, and it carried me back to old plantation times, when, a boy, my fancies were enraptured by the strains of "Old Zip Coon" and like melodies, drawn out with the "fiddle and de bow" of some old Uncle Ned.

"The master of ceremonies, one of the sheiks, a large, well-developed man, led his brave warriors in the dance, holding in his hand a curiously shaped sword, his insignia of office, whilst the round, plump forms of hundreds of the Niam-Niam girls followed each other with giddy swiftness in the eccentric evolutions and gyrations of a dance not one whit less graceful than the one practiced in the salons of our own society."

On the eve of my return march to the Nile, Parafio presented me with a remarkable specimen of the Akka or Ticki-Ticki dwarf race, a people who inhabit the country still further to the south and west, and who it is certain confirm, *in partibus*, at least, the fable told of them by Herodotus. In exchange, I gave the sheik a yard of calico, the last remnant of my stores. Ticki-Ticki was a most curious specimen of humanity, and the impression created upon myself and others is scarcely within the possibility of expression. Certainly twenty-five years of age, she was not more than three feet nine inches high, and apparently quite as broad across the hips. The diminutive hands and feet and well-rounded limbs were strangely at variance with her huge breadth of beam. The head was well proportioned, the eyes and mouth large, the nose flat, and the forehead broad; her color, a reddish-brown. That her people were anthropophagic was evident, and when I asked her if she would accompany me, she replied, in Arabic, which she had learned from her Arab captor: "*Iwayh izzikan ente mosh akela.*"—(Yes, if you will not eat me.)

Presented with a red handkerchief and a handful of colored beads, the little Lilliput soon lost her shyness, and when assured that neither the white man—whom she regarded with terror—nor the people with him ever ate "*inus*"—(any one)—she lost her shyness, babbled away, and told me many stories about Gongo, the King, and his people, who lived in the jungles, and who, females as well as males, made war with the big peoples on the borders of their country. Ticki-Ticki—for she was so named, after her race—told me that she had been sent to the court of Munza, King of Munbutto, in company with an infant (whom I afterward discovered had been taken to Chambé, on the Nile). Ticki-Ticki was passionately fond of smoking, not in the sense of enjoying the exhilarating effect of tobacco, but after the manner common to all the tribes. A huge bowl is filled with

tobacco and clay, frequently mixed with some unsavory compound, and the fumes are inhaled until the smoker falls stupefied or deadly sick, this being the effect desired. Ticki-Ticki was subsequently taken by me to Cairo, and created great interest among the *savant* ethnographers there and in Europe, for she was the first adult specimen of the race which had ever been brought out of her country. She is still in Cairo, and was presented by me to the Queen-mother at the request of Ismail the Khedive.

It is at Wadelai, on the Nile, at the present moment, that Emin Pasha, surrounded by the brave Soudanich soldiers, governs in the name of Egypt. The sensational stories told of his danger were mere pretexts to send a costly expedition to the interior in the interest of the speculators.

It is possible, nay, quite probable, that Emin wishes to abandon the country. If he should return, it is to be hoped that he will have obtained, by intelligent investigation, some thought with which to enrich the poor field of ethnology, some fact which may serve to determine the mysterious lines which separate the black race from the white. If he shall have done this, the sacrifices and hardships endured shall not have been in vain. Every other question touching Central Africa is illusory.

TILL DEATH DOTH PART.

Spring comes in Russia not by soft approaches, but suddenly, as by the wand of an enchantress. It is full of sweet surprises, as Nature wakes from her long sleep, shakes off the silvery powder from her frosted dress and dons a robe of tender green, brodered with rainbow-tinted flowers.

The Countess Olga stands at one of the windows of her palace, breathing in with delight the balmy air and looking out on the coming nightfall, the vague golden light touching with amber hues the great quay, the ships, the stone palaces, the massive bridges, and, nearer, the budding trees; while the echo of the songs of the sailors as they pass comes to her ears.

She stands there, a tall, slender, queenly shape, dressed regally in gold-hued satin, with a cluster of wine-dark velvety roses at her throat and belt. There are brilliants like suns of fire swaying at her small, pearly ears, and sparkling on the slim, fair hands and circling the white, bare arms. Her face has that rare pearl-and-rose complexion peculiar to Russian beauty; the eyes, large and luminous, of a blackish-blue, were full of a tender sweetness; and the lips, ripe and red as cherries, seemed half-trembling with eager, expectant emotion. About this young, fresh and charming face a mass of fair hair is wreathed and coiled, a few glittering rings escaping and curling over her forehead.

Now and then a happy light comes into the large eyes, and a half-smile parts the scarlet lips. She is so very happy, this young and beautiful woman! She has all the good gifts of life: Love and unbounded wealth, and a heart at rest in the one she loves.

She has just returned from her wedding journey, and its scenes pass before her like a shifting panorama as she muses. Oh, the lovely journey, the grand steppes that stretched before her like an endless green carpet. Now a pine-forest pluming a dark hill; now a blue-gleaming river, still, soft marshes, or purple-hued rocks; then glimpses of gilt church-steeple, like a lightning-flash as they fly by. Huge herds browse along the hedgerows, and gypsy songs with fife and drum and flute waken the echoes. Then come the great woods near Moscow, and

rosy children with curly blonde hair offer baskets of early strawberries, or large bouquets of bright flowers; and then Paul leans nearer to her and smiles into her eyes, and their hands meet. Oh, lovely days of perfect love, spanning the gloom of aftertime,

"Like rainbow hues, that bend profuse
O'er cloudy spheres like this."

Some one is walking slowly over the hall, with its grand mosaic pavement and walls of malachite covered with golden arabesques; some one's foot falls without sound on the Smyrniot carpet that lies on the marble stairs; some one stops a moment in the anteroom, with the grand panels covered with green satin, embroidered with gold, but only for a moment, then pushing aside the heavy emerald velvet *portière*, he steps into the room, as one who had a right there.

The Countess Olga turns from her restless survey of the scene without at that step. The room is in a half-gloom, but she comes forward, with a little glad cry.

"At last, Paul!" she cries. "Oh, what a baby I am. I've been counting the moments——"

She starts back.

"It is not Paul, as you see," says a sombre voice. "It is only Ivan, your friend, your cousin—your little lover once!"

This last with an accent of bitterness.

"Of course you have no greeting for him?" as Olga keeps silent. "Of course this new love, like the breaking-up of the Neva, has swept everything else before it?"

The cadence of pain in these words thrilled the tender heart of the countess. She stepped forward, and laid one jeweled white hand on the young man's arm.

"You know it is not so, Ivan. You know I do not forget the old days."

He laid his hand over hers. He was a tall, blonde giant, with a rosy, fair complexion like a girl's, glittering golden mustache and hair that shone like gold-thread. There was a smoldering fire in the blue eyes like the heat-lightning that plays in Summer skies.

Olga looks into those eyes serenely.

"You were like a brother to me in those days. You are the same now."

He stared at her gloomily.

"You were my queen, my idol, my heart's life in those days! You are the same now!" he says, with a half-gasp. "Oh, Olga, how quickly you have made all this up. How little time you took to consider it. I have been away six months, and I come back to find the wedding journey over!"

"And why should I have delayed it?" Olga asks, proudly drawing herself up to her full height and looking bravely into the lowering eyes.

"You ask me—you, one of the greatest heiresses in St. Petersburg!" he said, rapidly. "You marry an unknown man, who, for all you know, is an adventurer. The whole matter is concluded in a suspicious manner——"

"Stop!" cried the countess, in a clear, cold voice. "Now you are no more either friend or brother. A word against Paul; and we never meet again. I love him, do you understand, with a love that will not listen to slander?"

Ivan regarded her with a smile that had a strange element of pity in it.

"Poor child!" he said, softly.

Olga's heart throbbed painfully, yet the air seemed to grow cold about her.

"I will not ask you to listen to vain accusations. Only

do this: Stand behind that broiled curtain yonder for the next few moments. I think I hear your husband's step upon the stairs. I am a stranger to him, but I have a message for him."

Olga had no time to consider; involuntarily she stepped behind the heavy curtain whose drapery fell to the floor. Her heart was throbbing strangely, and a mist was before her eyes. What could all this mystery mean?

She did not wait long. Then she heard her husband's voice—that voice that made her pulses beat from head to foot. He was greeting Ivan.

"I come from the *Third Section*," Ivan said, in a formal voice, but with significance.

"Ah!" in a somewhat careless manner.

"You have not reported yourself."

"What would you have?" in a somewhat irritated tone.

"To a man who has just returned from his wedding journey this surveillance is intolerable!"

"Your wedding journey! Ah, my friend, it seems you forget, then, how you came to take a wedding journey."

"*Ma foi!* Because I married, I suppose?"

"You forget yourself," Ivan resumed. "Worse than that, you forget *your party*! You are their instrument!"

A sort of suppressed oath answered this.

"You cannot deny it. You were appointed to do a work for the Nihilists, and you have performed half of it. There was a certain heiress, young and beautiful, with an enormous fortune. It was needed for the cause. You were chosen to win it for the good work. You were thought to have the requisite gifts to captivate a tender, confiding heart. You accepted the task. You had never seen the heiress, but the work seemed pleasant for an idler—an adventurer, who sought to ennoble himself by a noble cause!"

"Do you come to insult me?" In an angry gasp these words came forth.

Olga clutched the curtain. A burning shame seethed in her heart, and sent hot tides to her face. She had been made part of a bargain to this man, to whom she had given herself in her fresh, young beauty. She had forgotten the pride of rank for him. He had come to her, poor and unknown, and she had loved him and delighted in bringing him a princely dower, while he—oh, Heaven!—had accepted her before he had even seen her!

"I am telling you plain truths," Ivan went on, in a more collected voice. "You cannot deny the least of them. Were you not chosen as the instrument of your party? Did you not accept the heiress without seeing her? Have you not maintained a dead silence since this marriage, not making the least response to the notes, maps, plans that have been submitted to you? Is not the Czar still firm on his throne, the work at a standstill for want of money?—the money pledged to the cause, that money which is not *yours*, but only held by you as a steward for the party! Oh, beware, unjust steward, of treachery!"

Ivan had forgotten all about Olga in his fervor. Paul was intimidated.

"I must have time," he said. "Do they wish to make paupers of us?"

"You have had time, but the cause shall not suffer! When will you be ready for us?"

"Say a week."

"Very well, then, a week be it. The cause will have no evasions. You are dealing with men. Adieu!"

Olga had stepped out of the low window, softly, upon the balcony. A deathly faintness was coming over her, and she dared not stay longer. From this balcony steps

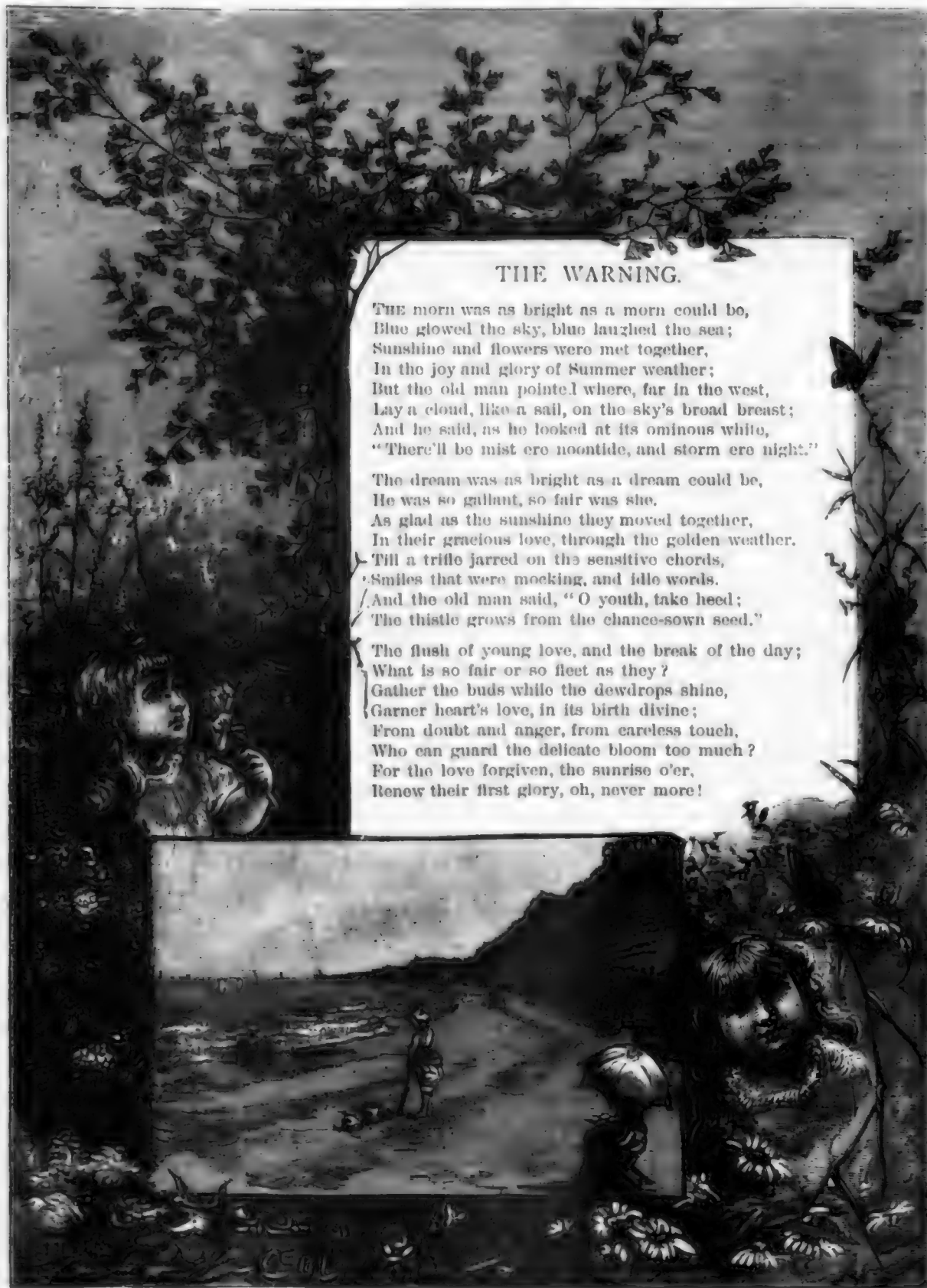
led into the garden. She held fast to the cold, carved stone, and crept down slowly, feebly, as one smitten by a terrible blow.

Ivan, as he confronted her, could see even in that light how ghastly her face had grown. He looked at her in wonder, then said, tremulously: "I am sorry!"

bring misery to a woman's heart for the sake of self. What could you gain by it?"

Ivan stood confounded. He had yielded to a mad impulse. He dared not confess to the proud woman before him what he had hoped to gain.

"Forgive me!" he said. "It was so hard to see you



THE WARNING.

THE morn was as bright as a morn could be,
Blue glowed the sky, blue laughed the sea;
Sunshine and flowers were met together,
In the joy and glory of Summer weather;
But the old man pointed where, far in the west,
Lay a cloud, like a sail, on the sky's broad breast;
And he said, as he looked at its ominous white,
"There'll be mist ere noontide, and storm ere night."

The dream was as bright as a dream could be,
He was so gallant, so fair was she.
As glad as the sunshine they moved together,
In their gracious love, through the golden weather.
Till a trifle jarred on the sensitive chords,
Smiles that were mocking, and idle words.
And the old man said, "O youth, take heed;
The thistle grows from the chance-sown seed."

The flush of young love, and the break of the day;
What is so fair or so fleet as they?
Gather the buds while the dewdrops shine,
Garner heart's love, in its birth divine;
From doubt and anger, from careless touch,
Who can guard the delicate bloom too much?
For the love forgiven, the sunrise o'er,
Renew their first glory, oh, never more!

"Why did you do it?" she said, in a hoarse voice. "I was blindly happy. Why did you not let me enjoy my fool's Paradise?"

"Because I loved you!" he faltered.

"Bah!" she cried, flushing up angrily; "do you call that love? That is a poor, selfish feeling which would

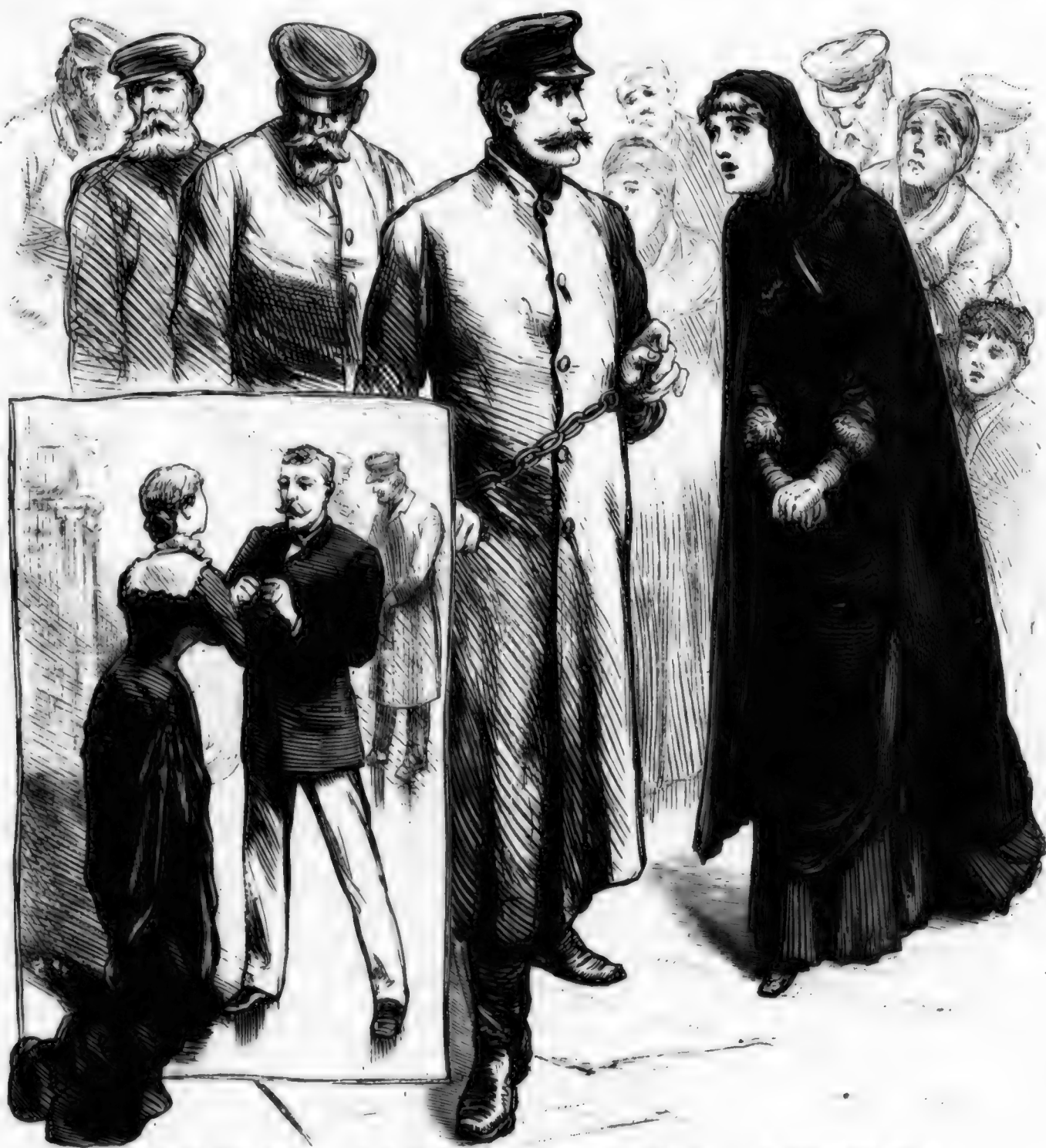
lavishing your affection on such a man! One who had not the grace even to love you!"

Olga winced, as if struck by a blow.

"While I have adored you——"

"Never mind! You have done your work—go!"

Ivan started.



TILL DEATH DOTTH PART.—“I HAVE NOT COME TO SAY GOOD-BY,” SHE SAID. “I AM GOING WITH YOU.”
SEE PAGE 366.

“You dismiss me like that!”

Olga passed her hands over her eyes.

“Perhaps I am wrong,” she said, coldly; “you have saved my fortune, if you have broken my heart!”

“Then, at least, you will not banish me! You will look on me as a friend, and if I can serve you——”

“I think I can serve myself now,” exclaimed Olga, with a proud smile, “but I forgive you. It would have come in time—this terrible awakening. You have only hastened it. Why should I wish to cling to a delusion?”

“God be with you!” murmured Ivan, as he grasped her cold hand. “Believe me, I would give my life for you!”

Olga sat where he left her, motionless as a statue; the vernal airs blowing about her; the sweet scent of newly budding leaves; the soft splash of a fountain near! How lovely it all had seemed an hour ago! Now it seemed as if a burning sirocco had swept over her soul,

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and that hope could never again bud or bloom there. She had been cheated, tricked into a marriage, that a party might profit by her wealth, and her husband had been the tool in its hands.

And that party! She shuddered with horror as she thought of it. She was of the old blue blood. She believed in “the divinity that doth hedge a king.” That party meant assassination, bloodshed, lawlessness! Ah, she had been foully wronged, but the remedy lay in her own hands. A hot throbbing pulsed through her at the thought. The vengeance would be swift and terrible as the crime. She sat there in a sort of trance of pain, scarcely conscious of the coming shadows; only alive to her misery, and the sick throbbing of her heart. Then she remembered that nothing must be suspected. She could not hide her agony with smiles; not yet—ah, not yet! It was too fresh, too keen! So, with the plea of a headache, she went to her own room with a tender kiss

from her husband burning like a brand on her forehead.

"Traitor!" she murmured. "So Judas kissed his Lord while he was selling Him for thirty pieces of silver."

A ray of sunshine—the last for the evening—struck upon the figures of two plain-looking men, as they stood at the grand portal of the Countess Olga's palace. It was the close of another day, and the Countess Olga was once more looking out at the streets, at the pale-coppery sun that was fast dying out in the cold, dun sky; finally, with a quick stare, at those two men, and the drosky that had stopped at the door.

Their dress was simple enough; only great gray overcoats and knobbed caps, but Olga knew that they were gendarmes, and that they came armed with a terrible power.

She sank upon a seat near. She was growing weak and faint. She heard her husband coming down the staircase in an unconcerned manner.

"We have come to arrest you," one of the men said, simply; "here is the order."

Olga struggled to her feet, and went to the door. She saw Paul's face turn ghastly white as he faltered:

"Why, what does this arrest mean?"

"It means that you are a Nihilist!" said one.

"Who is my accuser?" cried Paul, attempting a coolness which he was far from feeling.

"That you will hear at the trial."

"I am your accuser!" said Olga, making a step forward and then tottering back.

She would have fallen if Paul had not caught her in his arms.

"My wife! my darling! The shock has unsettled her reason!" he said, leaning over to kiss the pale lips.

But Olga was strong again, and withdrew herself with a cold gesture.

"Yes, you may thank me for it. I have betrayed you. I have forwarded all your secret papers to the court. You are condemned already."

"My God! Why have you done this? Olga, are you mad? Do you want to destroy me?"

"Yes, I want to destroy you, as you have destroyed me—my heart, my hopes, my life! Ah, you never thought of vengeance from this quarter! You have been dreading the *Third Section*, perhaps, because you have not fulfilled all of your bargain, but you never remembered that the poor victim might turn!"

Paul started away from her, with an exclamation. She stood up, stern and strong, then, and looked him full in the face. She was dressed in black velvet, that fell in rigid, straight folds to the floor. All the prettiness, the nameless witcheries of her toilet had disappeared. Only a broad, square collar of old yellow Flemish point relieved the blackness. But never had she looked so royally beautiful.

"Ah, you see I know all!" she said.

The men had fallen back. There was only the door for escape, and they were stationed there.

"No; you do not know all, or you could not have done this thing. Olga, you do not know! The first is true enough, but I swear that before we stood at the altar I loved you passionately—madly, with the one love of my life!"

Olga stared at him, and the room reeled around her.

"Believe me, my own! and then I can bear anything! Believe that I have not been false in my love. I accepted the mission of the *Third Section*, that is true, but I loved you at first sight." He had grasped her dress, but she drew it coldly away.

"That is too hard for me to believe," she said, in a hard voice. "You deceived me once. I cannot trust your avowals now."

"The time will come when you will believe," he said, seizing her hands. "Olga, I kiss the hands that have exiled me to Siberia."

She reeled now and fell to the floor. When light dawned on her eyes again she was in her own room, and her maid was bending over her. Paul was gone—gone for ever out of her life. She turned her face to the wall. There was nothing but loneliness and desolation before her. Why should she rise? And she had plucked down this misery on herself with her own mad hand. She had exiled her love to the fields of endless ice and the desolate wastes of snow, and, in so doing, she had made for herself an exile as cold, as desolate, as eternal as Siberia. His last words rankled in her heart like a poisoned arrow. He loved her, and she had destroyed him and her own happiness for ever.

At that moment Paul was in his cell, in the same prison with robbers and murderers, perhaps cursing her in his heart! How did the days pass till the final day? She knew not. She only knew that sentence had been passed, and that on one damp and misty morning, when the sun seemed unwilling to behold the terrible spectacle, the fortress-doors opened and the convicts came forth.

She knew the hour. She had asked a servant of Ivan at last. It was to find out when the exiles were to go forth, and to take her to the spot in time.

The fortress-gates opened punctually, and, although the hour had not been made public, a crowd gathered at once.

Two by two the sad-faced men come forth—some in rags already—poorly enough prepared for the terrible journeys. Hands of sympathy are stretched out. "Good-by, brothers!" resounds on every side. Scarcely a word comes in answer; only a groan; the convicts do not speak; their despair is too great. In advance, leading the chain, comes a figure in the long brown convict coat. His rank had been high, so he is a leader yet. Something thrills him within, and he turns his weary eyes and haggard face. A tall figure in sombre black is near him. A black mantilla of Spanish lace is thrown over the head, but it does not conceal the pearly complexion, the starry dark eyes of the Countess Olga. She reaches out her hand. He looks with hungry eyes into her face.

"You believe me, then?" he says. "You know I love you?"

"I believe you!" she gasps. "Can you forgive?"

"Forgive? Oh, my darling! I sinned against you first. Now that you know I am not utterly false I can be content. May God bless you and keep you! Farewell!"

"I have not come to say good-by!" she said, firmly.

"Do you think I shall let you go alone now?"

"Olga, what are you saying? You are raving."

"No, I was never so sane. I am going with you."

"Oh, my love, my own, if it might be! But I cannot let you sacrifice yourself. It is death to leave you, but it would be death to you to go."

"Then I can but die, for I am going," she said, with an air of quiet determination that unmanned him. Tears came into his eyes.

"Poor darling! you do not know what you are doing. Oh, it is like a cordial to me to know that your love is like this, but I must not yield to you. You could not endure life in exile. You do not guess the horror."

"Ah, Paul, it is no use without you. My heart is in

exile anywhere. I have tasted what life is without you, and it is bitter—worse than death. I cannot be moved. Where thou goest, I will go! Where thou diest, I will die, and there will I be buried!"

The husband's arms are about his wife. The universe for a moment is blotted from them both as their lips meet. Then, with resolute heart and brave and steadfast faces, they set forth to the bleak and desolate regions of exile with that love in their hearts that can create sunshine amid the eternal snows, and make the wilderness blossom as the rose.

A MODERN COPHETUA.

A cold February night, with a piercing east wind sweeping the streets. A lowering sky, starless and moonless.

Outside, coldness and gloom; inside, warmth and brightness, the glow of a blazing fire flickering on the gold of picture-frames and on the rich-lined folds of the curtains, which shut out the forbidding night.

By the fireside sat a man whose years scarcely numbered thirty-five, yet deep lines were traced on his forehead and about his eyes. There were, too, a few silver threads among his hair and beard. But there were no signs of age about his vigorous frame, bent now in an attitude of thought, perhaps of depression. The hands, which lay idly on the arms of the deep easy-chair in which he sat, were muscular and sunburnt. They were the hands of an athlete rather than the hands of a student. Yet the room in which he sat told that his tastes were the tastes of a student.

Books of all sorts and sizes lined the walls, from big folios of brown leather to duodecimos in vellum. Over the mantelpiece, and spaced here and there between the books, hung several pictures: A Claude—the gem of the collection—had the place of honor; a copy of Sir Joshua Reynolds's "Heads of Angels" faced it; the rest were by living artists.

But though he loved his pictures, Bertram Vane never once lifted his eyes to watch the mellow firelight playing on those precious canvases. His gaze was fixed abstractedly on the glowing caverns in the fire. He was thinking, not of the present, but of the past; reviewing the years which lay between him and his youth.

At twenty he had been full of fiery ambition, full of hope, full of life and youth and undimmed energy. At thirty-five he was a lonely, disillusioned, loveless man. He was alone in the world; no living creature loved him. The woman he had loved with the fervor of youth proved unworthy, mercenary, heartless. Then he was a poor man, and had little to offer her besides his love and his determination to win wealth and fame for her.

But she grew weary of waiting. A richer suitor came. Bertram Vane had his dismissal.

It was a crushing blow, but he bore it like a man. He worked on steadily at his profession.

Within five years he had his foot firmly on the lowest rung of the ladder. As junior counsel in a *cause célèbre*, he tasted the first sip of Fortune's cup. After that briefs came in steadily. Bertram Vane's name was known and feared. He had, like most successful men, some admirers, and a host of enemies.

Now he was a rich man, and had he chosen to marry need not have sought far to find a wife. Charming girls smiled on him, ambitious mothers showered cards of invitation on the rising barrister. But Bertram Vane went little into society. He worked hard and long. What

hours of recreation he permitted himself he preferred to spend at home among his books.

But to-night he was not reading. A worn, morocco-bound volume of Shelley lay open on the table near him. But for once the glorious thoughts, the bright fancies of the poet had no charm for him. He was thinking of his own life—measuring the depth of his solitude, of his disappointment. The world who knew him as one of the most promising young men of the day (the world still called him young) would have laughed at the idea that Bertram Vane was a disappointed man. There were no heights to which a man of his talent could not rise. The very woolsack itself was not an impossible position for him.

As for his solitude, that could be easily remedied. At least a dozen unexceptionable alliances were open to him. Youth, beauty, rank—he might have all in the person of some charming girl who would share his solitude, brighten his home, and help him socially.

But Bertram Vane shunned women—young and beautiful women especially. He had once loved a young and beautiful woman, and she had trampled on his heart, embittered him, disillusioned him. He would have nothing to do with youth and beauty.

He preferred liberty, and solitude among his books.

To-night his thoughts were not bitter, only sad and vaguely regretful. He looked round the luxurious room, and for the first time its quiet oppressed him. He stretched out his hand toward the volume of Shelley, to seek the companionship that never fails those who seek it, but ere he touched it a clear, sweet singing in the street outside arrested both hand and attention. It was a woman's voice, singing an old English ballad—a voice pure and fresh and thrilling as a bird's.

Bertram listened in surprise. There was a tone of refinement he could not mistake in the singer's pronunciation of the words. And the voice was not the nasal whine of the ordinary beggar, or the coarse, strident shrieking of the more ambitious street singer. It was a cultivated performer—one, indeed, far superior to the average drawing-room songstress—to whom Bertram listened so eagerly that cold February.

"Good heavens! A young girl to be singing in the streets at night! And with a voice like that she might be earning an honest living."

He was certain it was the voice of a young girl—the tones were so pure, so marvelously fresh and sweet.

"Poor child!" he breathed.

But he did not move from his place by the fire. Those thrilling tones seemed to have cast a spell over him. As he listened, memory played him a strange trick.

He was back again in the past—a lad of eighteen, with life all before him. That was long before Isabel—his fair and false Isabel—had risen on his life's horizon.

He was reading for Oxford then with a tutor—a clergyman and a ripe scholar. What a pleasant place it was, that quiet Devonshire parsonage, where the roses bloomed nearly all the year round! He seemed to see the smooth, green lawns, the gnarled apple-trees in the orchard, where he and the rector's baby daughter May had many a romp in Autumn, when the ripe apples lay on the ground.

May . . . the little golden-haired bit of a thing, with eyes blue as the speedwell growing in the Devonshire lanes . . . why, he seemed to hear the ripple of her childish laughter. . . . What could have made him think of her? He had not seen her for fifteen years—had not even heard her name. May Meynell . . . if she was living she must be a woman grown—eighteen—

no, twenty years old. If she fulfilled the promise of her childhood she ought to be beautiful. . . .

Tush! What had he to do with youth and beauty?

Outside in the chill night the singer still sang on.

Never before had music had so powerful an influence over Bertram Vane. There was magic in those flute-like tones—a magic the loftiest song-flights of the most famous *prima donna* of the day had never possessed—

"What has come to me?" he murmured, passing his hand slowly across his forehead. "A weight seems lifted from my heart."

A fanciful idea shot across his brain. He had read the wild German legends of unearthly visitants to this sad world of sin.

"It is an angel singing there," he thought, and, rising suddenly, he moved toward the curtain-draped window.



NO CHOICE.

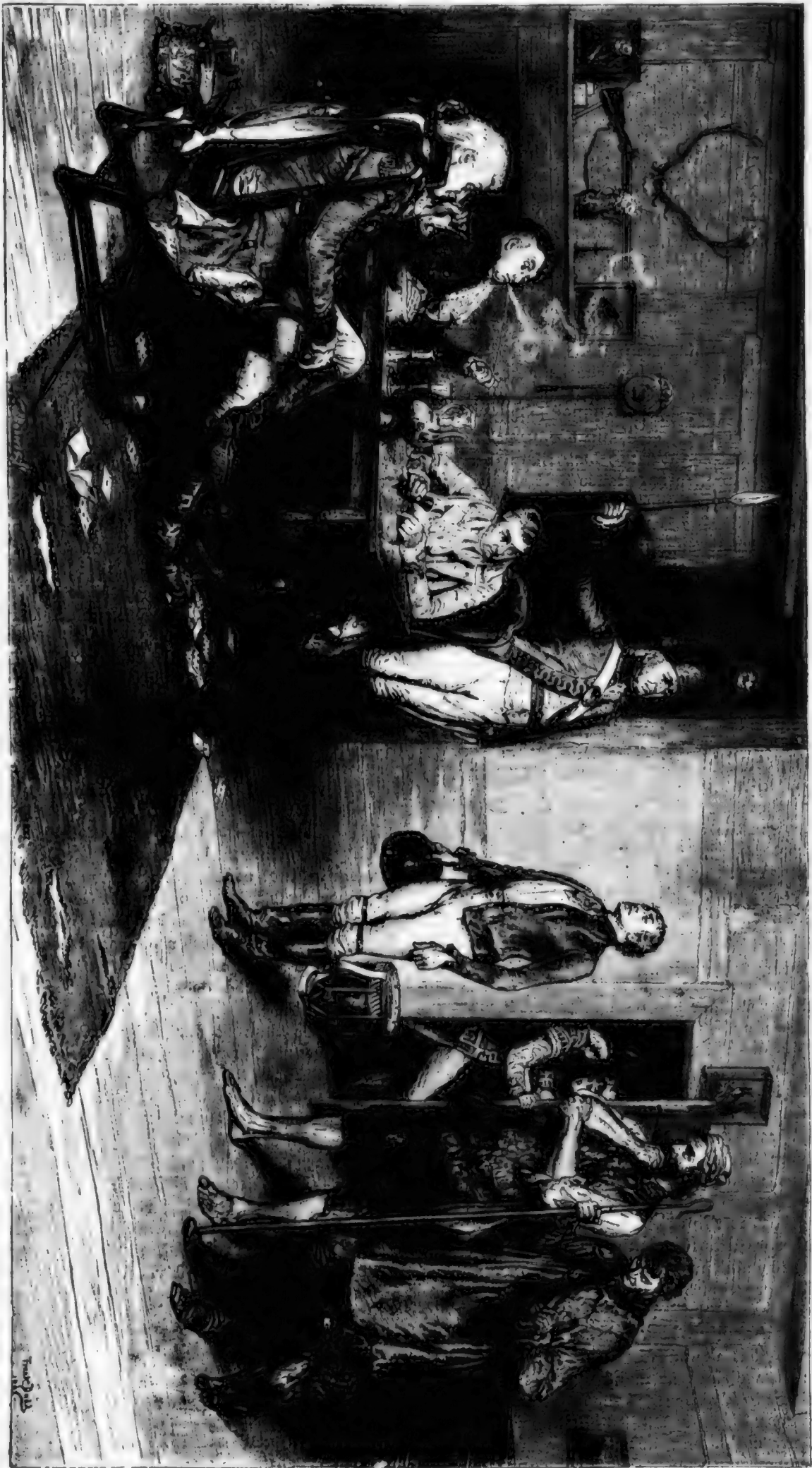
Two LOVELY creatures sitting at the play,
From separate boxes holding converse sweet,
Concerning, say, the fashions of the day
Or the last Drawing-room and its *élite*;
We really do not know what 'tis they say,
Nor do we care, enough now to repeat
That they are charming, and that all around
Gaze at those boxes where such beauty's found.

Their beauty rare, in *décolletée* array,
Plays havoc with beholders, it is plain;
One feels that, like the hero of a play,
He'd battle to win either of the twain.
Though which to choose 'twere difficult to say,
He'd have to toss which one he'd try to gain,
Yet, to pursue the subject we are loath
Ere one could settle *which* he'd lose them both.

for him. The simple pathos of the quaint old ditties she poured forth in rapid succession went straight to his heart. A gush of warmth, of fuller life, seemed to pass into his veins; his deep eyes grew soft and tender; his lips relaxed. He looked years younger.

He yearned for a sight of the angel face that must surely go with that angelic voice.

But before his hand could push aside the heavy curtains the song ceased—a cry, a woman's piercing cry, rang out on the night. "Help! Help!"



SHE REPENTS TOO LATE. HE HAS TAKEN THE KING'S SHILLING.—FROM A PAINTING BY FRANK DODD.

Then the sound of scuffling feet, another smothered cry, and a fall.

Pale and trembling, Bertram rushed from the room, crossed the hall, flung wide the house-door, and passed into the street. On the ground, not ten paces off, lay a dark heap, that might be a human form; over it bent the figure of a man. Bertram thought, with a shudder, it was like a vulture battenning on a corpse. His approach scared the bird of prey. The human vulture slunk away into the shadow and disappeared.

Bertram was too concerned for the safety of the unconscious girl lying prone on the hard, frosty road to pursue the creature. Murmuring softly, "Poor child! Poor child!" he bent over the girl.

Then, lifting her in his strong arms, he bore her tenderly into his house and placed her in the armchair by the fireside.

The light of the reading-lamp fell on the girl's face. Her eyes were closed, and her cheeks and lips were white. Thick masses of golden hair had fallen from their fastenings and lay in long, silky coils about her shoulders. She was poorly clad, but her black dress and shawl were neat, and she did not look like a beggar.

In one swift, comprehensive glance Bertram had noted every detail of her appearance.

"Whatever she is, she is a lady," he thought, as he looked at her small and delicately modeled hands. "Poor child! How came she to be singing in the streets alone at night?"

Some instinct warned him not to call assistance. Women are not always charitable to women; he would not expose this poor girl to the contemptuous pity or the ill-veiled scorn of his good housekeeper, a worthy woman in her way, but a bit of a Pharisee. The girl had only fainted. She would soon recover in the grateful warmth. He fetched some wine and moistened her pale lips, and then took the slender hands in his and softly chafed them.

Yes, surely those were the hands of a lady. He looked at the fine wrists, the taper fingers, the rosy nails, narrow and filbert-shaped. The forefinger of the left hand was much roughened and worn.

"A poor seamstress," decided Bertram, "overworked and underpaid."

By-and-by she opened her eyes, shivered nervously, and closed them again. Bertram put the glass of wine to her lips and bade her drink. She obeyed mechanically, Bertram watching her with almost maternal tenderness as she sipped the reviving draught.

Again she opened her eyes. This time they did not close again, but remained fixed in wonder on the face bending over her.

"Where am I?" she breathed.

"In safety," answered Bertram, kindly. "Poor child, I will take care that no one harms you."

"He knocked me down, he stole my money—the money that it had cost me so much to earn," she went on, incoherently. "Oh, it is a cruel, cruel, cruel world!"

Her hands were drawn quickly from his grasp. She covered her face, and burst into a passion of sobs.

Bertram let her weep. He knew enough of women to allow nature her own remedy. Tears were the relief her shaken nerves needed. When she was calmer he asked her how it was that she, a lady, came to be singing in the streets at ten o'clock at night.

The color flew to her cheeks at the question.

"Was it wrong?" she asked, timidly.

"Wrong, my child, no; but unwise. You did not know the dangers you incurred."

"It was for my mother," she said, simply. "There was no money in the house, and she is ill. The doctor says she needs good food, and I could get no work. All day to-day I went from shop to shop asking for work. And then, and then, I got desperate. We had tasted no food for two days. My mother!—oh, it made my heart ache to look at her poor, pale face! I felt I would do anything, suffer anything, to relieve her pain. She is dying—dying of hunger. Oh, let me go to her! I have a few pence; it will buy some bread."

Then, with a sudden look at her empty hands, she cried:

"No: the money is gone. He took it from me, that wicked man! Oh, how could he?"

Bertram watched her in silence. Pity for her was now tearing at his heart-strings.

"I sang—sang in the streets like a beggar-girl. People threw me pence, and I groveled to pick them up—like a beggar!—for we were starving. Oh, if we could die!—die and be at peace!"

Her voice rose shrilly; hunger and exhaustion made her light-headed. Bertram put her back in the armchair; told her kindly, but firmly, not to move until he returned. The servants had retired for the night, and the coast was, therefore, clear. He went into the kitchen and found some soup, which he warmed over the fire, also some cold chicken and bread. With this spoil he returned to his study.

The girl lay back in the easy-chair with closed eyes. As he entered she looked up and smiled. Bertram's heart leaped as he came to her.

"Child, you must eat," he said, kneeling down by her. "Come, sip this soup. You shall not talk any more now. Eat."

Spoonful by spoonful he fed the starving girl, and, with every spoonful strength returned to her.

"Now," he said, when the plate was empty, "you may tell me where your mother lives, and together we will take her the food she needs."

She mentioned the number of a street in a very poor locality some four miles distant.

"You cannot walk so far. We will take a cab," said Bertram, thrusting a couple of bottles of wine with the chicken and bread into his brief-bag, which had certainly never been used for such a purpose before. "And now, child, tell me your name?"

The girl blushed deeply, and her eyes sought the ground.

"I never thought my father's daughter would be ashamed to tell her name—it is because I have disgraced it. I am a beggar-girl—now!"

Then she lifted her head, and her dark-blue eyes flashed a proud look on him.

"I am May Meynell," she said; "my father was Rector of Roseburgh, in Devonshire."

"May—May, dear little May!" cried Bertram, clasping her hands and kissing them; "and I am Bertram Vane—your father's pupil, who loved you when you were a child only three years old. May, May, my little blue-eyed May! Have I found you again? Thank God, for the mercy He has shown to me. I am no longer alone in the world!"

The story of May's parents is one too often sadly true.

The Rector of Roseburgh—a man of education, with an income so limited that no provision could be made for the proverbial rainy day, which, in his case, came all too soon—died, after a lingering illness, leaving his wife and child to face the cold charity of the world.

For several years Mrs. Meynell supported herself and May by teaching; but illness came, her pupils fell off one by one, and, finally, the two women were reduced to plain needlework, as the sole means of earning the poor pittance which sufficed for their simple needs.

Mrs. Meynell's health, always delicate, broke down completely under the stress of the privations she was forced to endure. The long hours of work, the confinement, the anxiety which constantly gnawed her on May's account, put the finishing touch to her burden. Ill, weak and despairing, the unhappy woman saw death approach; and no one was near to comfort her save May, poor little May, the beloved child whom her death would leave alone and defenseless.

With aching heart the poor mother saw her child sit day after day toiling at her needle. They had no friends; her husband had been a proud, reserved man, caring little to win the good opinion of those who might have befriended his widow and child. May tried to get an engagement as a daily governess, but her youth, and perhaps her beauty, were against her. And she was unrecommended.

Then at last even the plain sewing failed. Trade was depressed; the workers suffered, for the supply of labor increased, while the demand for work decreased. How May, made desperate by her great misery, stole out one dark February evening to sing the ballads she had learnt in happier days, and thus earn a few pence, has already been told.

It was the turning-point in her life. She and her mother made a friend who never failed them—a friend whose delicacy and kindness were only equaled by his generosity. Thanks to him, Mrs. Meynell had the best medical advice in London; health and strength returned, and with it the power to work. May—bright, winsome May—found a fitter vocation than that of a street singer. Bertram Vane declared a voice like hers was worthy of the highest cultivation, and May was entered as a student at the Royal Academy of Music.

But long before the needful training which should enable her to earn her living as a concert singer was completed Bertram knew that life would be impossible without blue-eyed May.

He loved her less passionately, perhaps, but far more dearly, than he had loved Isabel.

And one day he found courage to tell her so. May listened to him, with the color coming and going in her sweet face.

"You love me! Oh, Bertram!" and she raised her brimming eyes and looked at him almost reverently. "You want to marry me! You are like King Cophetua, and I —"

"You, my darling, are my equal; nay, my superior—the sweetest, purest— Why, I said when I heard you singing that night, 'It is an angel!' I was right. You are my better angel, my saint! I love you. May, can you love me?"

"I think I have always loved you," was the answer.

SUBMARINE MOUND-BUILDERS.

By C. F. HOLDER.

"HARD a-port!" shouted an angler, jestingly, as our slender boat glided up a wild-rose hemmed channel among the Thousand Islands of the St. Lawrence.

The helmsman plied the oar, that was doing duty as a rudder, ingeniously, and the little craft just grazed the obstruction—the cause of the above command. At first glance this appeared like a rock rising out of deep water on the edge of the little channel, and dangerously near the path of boats and a small steamer that occasionally made her way through the winding lane of water.

"It is not a rock," said the helmsman, "but a pile of small stones."

As this was evidently a curiosity, headway was stopped, and the boat held by the oars over the supposed ledge of rock.

"It looks like a haymow," remarked one of the party.

"More like a beehive," said another.

"You are all wrong," added a third; "it's a heap of ashes dropped from the steamer."

These conjectures, in explanation of the occurrence, were, however, all unsatisfactory, and the mystery remained unsolved for some time.

A few days after, two other mounds were discovered, and, later, quite a number on the borders of Grenadier Island—that lies on the Canada side, below Alexandria Bay. They formed quite prominent objects, and in one locality were within six feet of each other, in about four feet of water. The mounds were composed almost entirely of small stones, piled one upon another, and, as these latter are only occasionally found in the same vicinity, it would seem somewhat of a puzzle to know where they all came from.

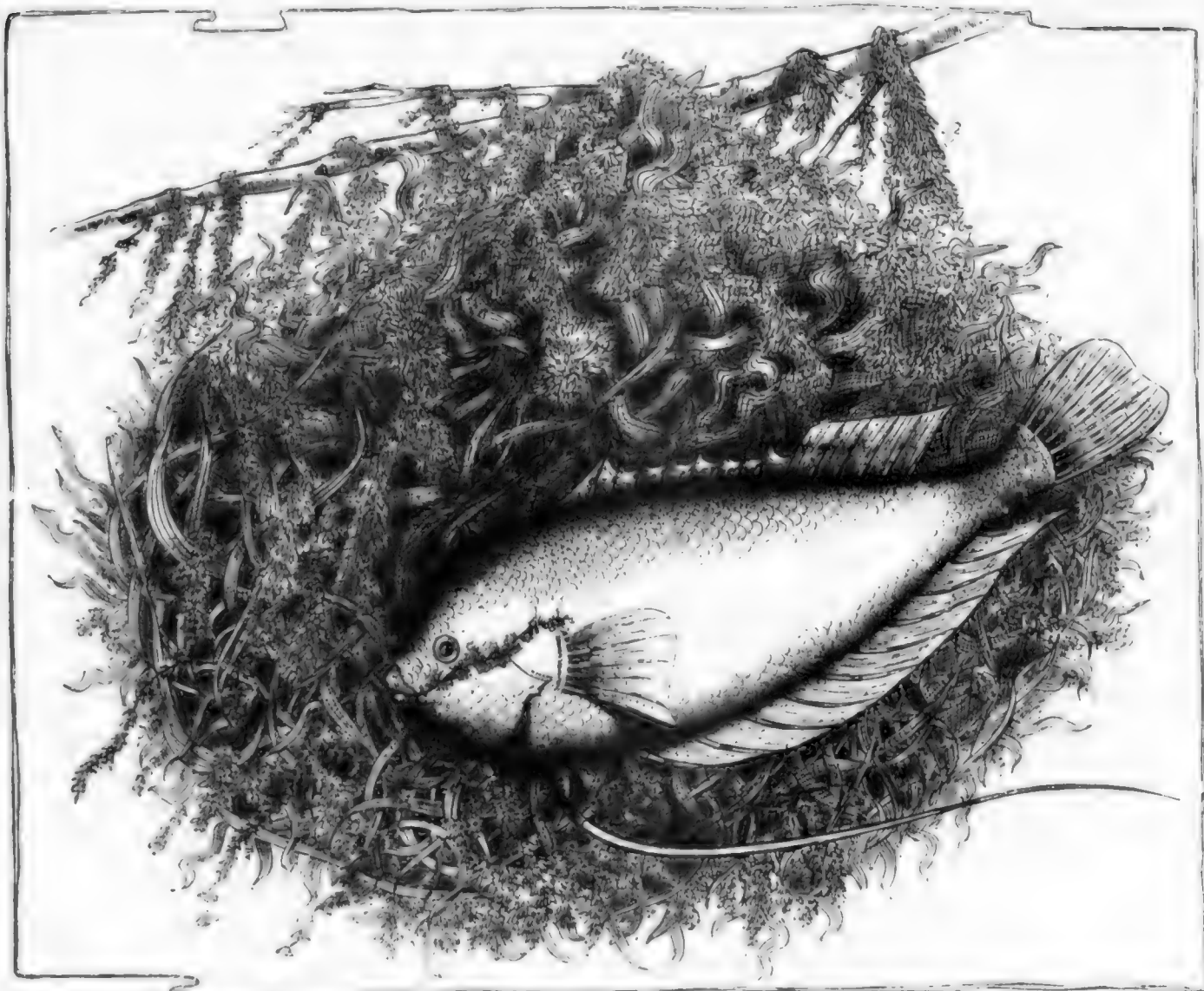
As a rule, the heaps, or mounds, were about three feet in height, and three or four feet across, the tops being

rounded or quite flat. The stones on top were often bright and clean, as if recently handled, while those on the sides were covered with moss. The largest heap found was, as near as I could measure with an oar, nearly ten feet in diameter, and perhaps three or four feet in height, but the majority accorded with the first measurements given.

"Them heaps?" said an old Canadian oarsman, when questioned, one day, by the discoverers; "why, them's chub-beds. Chubs make 'em; they're houses for the little chubs. No, I've never seen 'em carryin' a stone, but I've seen chubs lyin' on 'em in June, after the spawn had been laid."

And this was the tenor of all the explanations given by the men living on the river, with one exception. Curiously enough, this was one who was considered the most expert oarsman on the St. Lawrence, and supposed to know it as well, if not better, than any one. He was positive that the heaps were the nests of the black-bass, though he, too, had never seen the fish carrying the stones, but only lying on them. He thought that they heaped them up with their tails. He had caught the fish while on the heaps, he said, by dropping the hook under them, then jerking it up, so snaring them.

In appearance, the chub, or *Semotilus*, resembles somewhat a Southern mullet. The mouth is upon the under side, and seems adapted for obtaining food by suction, after the manner of the sturgeon; though this cannot be considered the rule, as I have taken them on a fly and minnow while black-bass fishing. They have large, silvery scales, and when turned slightly, so as to expose their sides to the sun, present a dazzling appearance. As regards size, I have seen them fourteen inches long, weighing two or three pounds.



HANGING NEST OF THE GOURAMI.

This, then, is the mound-builder of the St. Lawrence, and if we were to watch the mounds in June, or, perhaps, the last of May, we should find out that they are nurseries, as the old Canadian said, for the young chubs. The small fry of the river are in constant danger from many sources. Pickerel, black-bass, yellow-perch, dogfish, and many others, are ever on the lookout for the tender young of other fishes, and it would seem that the chubs especially realize this, as they erect their curious heaps, that are certainly monuments of their patience, for the sole protection of their coming progeny.

As some of these mounds contain thousands of pieces of stone, the amount of labor involved in their construction can well be imagined. Each stone or pebble is carried in the mouth of the fish, and dropped in the place selected until the pile gradually assumes a dome-like form; and, as some of these heaps are at a distance from beds of gravel, where material could be obtained, the finny builders must have, by a rough estimate, traveled, in all, several hundred miles while erecting their nests. When the nursery is completed, the eggs are deposited, and, sinking, find shelter among the crevices. The parent fish remains in the vicinity until they hatch, the young still finding protection among the stones until they are large enough to care for themselves. The old fishes undoubtedly use the same nests year after year, renewing them by piling up a fresh supply of stones.

It is very natural to draw comparisons between the birds and fishes, and this curious mound-building of the

chubs calls to mind the similar habit in the Australian bird *Megapodius*. During the breeding season it piles up an enormous heap of leaves and rubbish, until the accumulation is sometimes twenty-five feet around and three feet or more high. In the top of this the eggs are deposited, and hatched by artificial heat, the young, for the first few days, returning to it for refuge. Several other birds form a similar nest.

The chubs are not the only submarine mound-builders. The little dace, which are so common, erect very much such a fortress as the chub for their eggs, though they are rather more particular in their building. The little housekeepers first clear away the chosen spot with their tails until a perfectly smooth space is seen; small pebbles are then brought in the mouth and dropped until a flooring is established. Upon this some eggs are deposited, then a layer of stones, and then more eggs, until, finally, a mound several inches in height is the result, composed of more or less regular alternate layers of eggs and pebbles.

These mounds can be found along gravelly shores, but they are so small that sharp eyes are required to discern them.

Perhaps the most remarkable of these mound-builders, at least, as regards the size of the stones employed, are the lamprey-eels. It will be remembered that the mouth of this fish is really a great sucking-disk, by which it can attach itself to any substance and cling tightly, breathing through the round gill-holes. When the breeding-time arrives, the eels become very active, swimming

about here and there, using their tails to brush away the bottom weeds, and clearing away a place very much as the dace. This being accomplished, the eels, often huge, bulky creatures, scour the adjacent bottom, in swift running streams even, swimming far up against the current in search of stones. Having found one to suit, the sucking-mouth is fastened upon it, then, by a wriggling movement, it is lifted from the bottom, and, retaining an upright position, the fish and its load are borne down-stream by the current until over the clearing, when the stone is dropped. Sometimes fifty or more of these fishes work conjointly at the same mound, and frequently one fifteen feet in length is the result.

When a large stone weighing two or three pounds is found, two eels will fasten to it and together carry it down-stream. After the nest is completed to their satisfaction the eggs are deposited about it, and are swept into its interstices, thus finding protection from the many predatory fishes which would otherwise prey upon them. After a time the young appear, curious, blind creatures, differing much from the parent, and here they remain until sufficiently able to look out for themselves; but it is only after two years that they attain perfect resemblance to the parent mound-builder.

The most remarkable lamprey-nest on record was observed by Mr. John M. Batchelder. In describing it this gentleman says: "During the month of June I had an excellent opportunity to observe the manner in which the lamprey-eel (*Petromyzon marinus*) builds a stone dam for the deposit of spawn, and for the protection of the progeny.

"The location of the structure was in the Saco River, Maine, within the ripples near the foot of the lower falls, three miles from the sea, and near the level of mean high water. It was nearly at right angles with a shore wall of granite, and was about 15 feet long and from 1 to 3 feet in height. Its position and triangular shape in vertical section were well adapted for securing a change of water and a hiding-place among the stones for the young.

"When I first noticed the movements of the eels they were diligently at work, their system of operation being very methodical; but I was not able to determine whether there was any action by single pairs, as their movements were rapid, and the number engaged at one time must have been fifty, while it is probable that a hundred were at work; for they were constantly coming from various directions to take or resume their places on the up-stream side of the dam.

"The river-bed at this point was made up of water-worn stones, chips of granite and fragments of bricks, over which there was a steady flow of water, the depth being four or five feet, but varying with the level of the tide.

"The mode of raising the material was the same in all cases. The eel attached his mouth to the stone, and then, with many wriggings and contortions (the head always pointing up-stream) lifted it from the bottom; he then backed down-stream, floating with the current until the stone was over the centre of the heap, when it was dropped, lodging sometimes on one side and sometimes on the other. He then usually returned for more material to the deep and comparatively still pool formed above the dam by the previous excavations, but in some instances was unable to stem the

more rapid current at the top of the dam and was carried below it. When this happened, he swam around the outer end of the dam and returned to the pool to resume the work.

"I noticed, in many instances, that the heavier stones were lifted by two eels working alongside of each other, and carried to their proper places in the structure. Half-bricks weighing two pounds were thus transported by one individual, and many of the stones were of much greater weight. Later in the season many of the eels were lying quietly upon the up-stream side of the dam, and about the middle of June all had disappeared.

"The temperature of the water, when the river current was not met by the tide, was in June about 64° F., and in July 71°.

"Stones of various sizes lying at the base of the shore wall were removed, and it was evident that the stability of this wall would have been impaired if it had been built upon a pebble or gravel foundation instead of a solid ledge."

Numbers of fishes conceal their eggs among rocks or piles of pebbles. The salmon of the Canadian rivers forms a furrow in the pebbly or sandy bottom, and in the elongated nest deposits its eggs. The trout makes a little nest at the bottom of streams in a similar way, and the marine toad-fish (*batrachus*), deposits its eggs among stones, often in an empty oyster-shell.



STONE-MOUND NEST OF DACE.

The fishes that build in this way have their analogies among certain birds; but even a closer resemblance may be seen among many more, which construct nests out of vegetable matter found upon the bottom. One of the most familiar of these is the common stickleback, which can be obtained in any of the aquaria-supply stores. The little fish has a wide range, being found in foreign waters as well as in our own, and everywhere is famed for its architectural abilities. When the breeding season approaches, the male assumes a nuptial garb of an intense pink hue, and begins to exhibit unwonted activity. Short investigating tours are made in every direction for the collection of bits of weed and grass, and the erection of the nest is commenced. Its situation and shape often depend upon circumstances. Sometimes it is formed upon the bottom; again, it is swung pendent from some twig or branch.

When upon the bottom, a regular method has been observed. First, a platform or flooring is laid of soft bits, then the sides are formed by placing upright pieces of twigs, and over these are thrown others, constituting the roof, so that the nest has all the features of a house. In others, bits of material and decayed weed are brought and dropped until a little heap of oval form has accumulated. Through this the male—for he it is that performs all the family duties—forces his way until an entrance or hallway is made through it, large enough to admit his body with ease. Everything being now complete, he seeks out a female, and drives her into the nest, where, after the eggs have been deposited and she has escaped, he stands guard day and night until the young appear. At this time all intruders are attacked with the greatest vigor; even large fishes are pounced upon, and torn and lacerated by this pugnacious parent.

In watching the building operations of the stickleback, it will be noticed that the little creature rubs itself against the nest at various intervals; careful examination will show that it is binding the material together with cords of a viscid secretion taken from a pore in the abdomen. When the cord first appears it is clear, but immediately becomes dark, stringy and tough.

The fifteen-spined stickleback is a common form in Europe. Its nest is about eight inches in length, of an elliptical or pear shape, and made up of a mass of weed, often *Fucus nodosus*. This is all bound together by a glutinous cord that holds it firm.

Mr. Couch, the English naturalist, thus refers to a nest observed by him: "During the Summers of 1842 and 1843, while searching for the naked mollusks of the country, I occasionally discovered portions of seaweed and the common coralline hanging from the rocks in pear-shaped masses, variously intermingled with each other. On one occasion, having observed that the mass was very curiously bound together by a slender, silky-looking thread, it was torn open, and the centre was found to be occupied by a mass of transparent amber-colored ova, each being about the tenth of an inch in diameter. Though examined on the spot with a lens, nothing could be discovered to indicate their character. They were, however, kept in a basin, and daily supplied with sea-water, and eventually proved to be the young of some fish. The nest varies a great deal in size, but rarely exceeds six inches in length and four inches in breadth. It is pear-shaped, and composed of seaweed, or the common coralline, as they hang suspended from the rock. They are brought together, without being detached from their places of growth, by a delicate opaque white thread. This thread is highly elastic, and very much resembles silk, both in appearance and texture; this is brought

round the plant, and tightly binds them together, plant after plant, till the ova, which are deposited early, are completely hid from view. This silk-like thread is passed in all directions through and around the mass in a very complicated manner. At first the thread is semi-fluid, but by exposure it solidifies, and hence contracts and binds the substances forming the nest so closely together that it is able to withstand the violence of the sea, and may be thrown carelessly about without derangement. In the centre are deposited the ova, very similar to the masses of frog-spawn in ditches. Some of the nests of these fishes (fifteen-spined sticklebacks) are formed in pools, and are consequently always in water; others are frequently to be found between tide-marks, in situations where they hang dry for several hours during the day, but whether in the water, or liable to hang dry, they are always carefully watched by the adult animal. On one occasion, I repeatedly visited one every day for three weeks, and invariably found it guarded. The old fish would examine it on all sides, and then retire for a short time, but soon return to renew the examination. On several occasions I laid the eggs bare, by removing a portion of the nest; but when this was discovered, great exertions were instantly made to re-cover them. By the mouth of the fish the edges of the opening were again drawn together, and other portions torn from their attachments, and brought over the orifice till the ova were again hid from view. And, as great force was sometimes necessary to effect this, the fish would force its snout into the nest as far as the eyes, and then jerk backward till the object was effected. While thus engaged, it would suffer itself to be taken in the hand, but repelled any attack made on the nest, and quitted not its post so long as I remained. And to those nests that were left dry between tide-marks the guardian fish always returned with the returning tide, nor did it quit the post to any great distance till again carried away by the receding tide."

Mr. Ransom thus refers to the habits of the ten-spined variety: "On May 1st, 1864, a male was placed in a well-established aquarium, of moderate size, to which, after three days, two ripe females were added. Their presence at once roused him into activity, and he soon began to build a nest of bits of dirt and dead fibre, and of growing confervoid filaments, upon a jutting point of rock among some interlacing branches of *Myriophyllum spicatum*—all the time, however, frequently interrupting his labors to pay his addresses to the females. This was done in most vigorous fashion, he swimming, by a series of little jerks, near and about the female, even pushing against her with open mouth, but usually not biting. After a little coquetting, she responds and follows him, swimming just above him, as he leads the way to the nest. When there, the male commences to flirt. He seems unaware of its situation, will not swim to the right spot; and the female, after a few ineffectual attempts to find the proper passage into it, turns tail to swim away, but is then viciously pursued by the male. When he first courts the female, if she, not being ready, does not soon respond, he seems quickly to lose his temper, and, attacking her with great apparent fury, drives her to seek shelter in some crevice or dark corner. The coquetting of the male near the nest, which seems due to the fact that he really has not quite finished it, at length, terminates by his pushing his head well into the entrance of the nest, while the female closely follows him, placing herself above him, and apparently much excited. As he withdraws, she passes into the nest, and pushes quite through it, after a very brief delay, during which she deposits her ova.

The male now fertilizes the eggs, and drives the female away to a safe distance; then, after patting down the nest, he proceeds in search of another female. The nest is built and the ova deposited in about twenty-four hours. The male continued to watch it day and night, and, during the light hours, he also continually added to the nest."

In some notes on the three-spined stickleback, Mr. Baker writes: "It has been remarked that after the deposition of the eggs the nest was opened more to the action of the water, and the vibratory motion of the body of the male fish, hovering over its surface, caused a current of water to be propelled across the surface of the ova, which action was repeated almost continuously. After about ten days the nest was destroyed, and the materials removed. And now were seen the minute fry fluttering upward, here and there, by a movement half swimming, half leaping, and then falling rapidly again upon or between the clear pebbles of the shingle bottom. This arose from their having the remainder of the yolk still attached to their body, which, acting as a weight, caused them to sink the moment the swimming effort had ceased. Around, across, and in every direction, the male fish, as the guardian, continually moved. Now his labors became more arduous, and his vigilance was taxed to the utmost extreme, for the other fish (two tench and a gold carp), some twenty times larger than himself, as soon as they perceived the young fry in motion, continuously used their utmost endeavors to snap them up. The courage of the little stickleback was now put to its severest test; but, nothing daunted, he drove them off, seizing their fins, and striking with all his strength at their heads and at their eyes. His care of the young brood when encumbered with the yolk was very extraordinary; and, as this was gradually absorbed and they gained strength, their attempts to swim carried them to a greater distance from the parent fish. His vigilance, however, seemed everywhere, and if they rose by the action of their fins above a certain height from the shingle bottom, or flitted beyond a given distance from the nest, they were immediately seized in his mouth, brought back, and gently puffed or jetted into their place again."

The same care of the young, bringing them back to their nest till about the sixth day after hatching, has been remarked by Dr. Ransom in the ten-spined stickleback.

After the stickleback, in point of constructive ingenuity, comes the little fish *Antennarius*, so common in the gulf-weed, where its resemblance to the surrounding weed gives it almost perfect protection. The nest of this little mimic is a bunch of the weed resembling a football, bound together by bands of a viscid secretion probably taken from a pore or pores, as in the case of the stickleback, and is often as large as a Dutch cheese. In or upon this nest, which floats among the other weed, the little white eggs are attached or glued, and here remain until hatched, the young finding protection in the interstices of the nest. A good specimen, though a small one, of these nests, may be seen in the collection of the Philadelphia Academy of Sciences.

It is evident to the observer that this constructive ability on the part of some fishes shows our finny friends to be possessed of more intelligence than we generally give them credit for, and places them, in many respects, on an equal footing with the birds.

That fishes build nests has been known from the earliest times. Aristotle and many old writers refer to it. M. Olivi described the nest of the black goby. This

nest is a depression in the sand, as if the fish had built a cellar, over which is thrown a mass of weed, covering it perfectly. The male fish carefully tends the family until they are large enough to care for themselves.

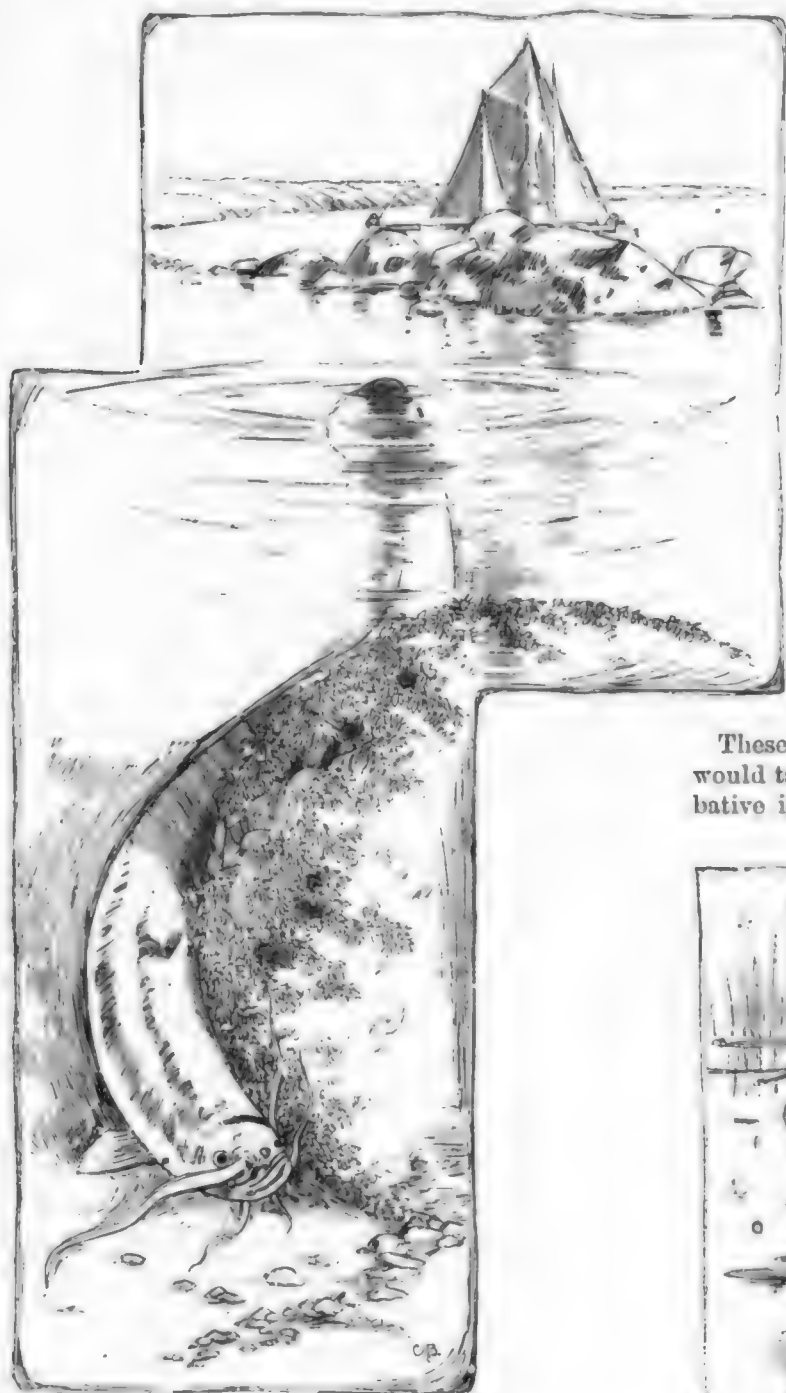
Many of our common fishes form nests comparable to that of the gull. The common perch (*Perca fluviatilis*) makes a slight hollow in the gravel of ponds. They spawn during the Winter, and their actions and habits can often be watched through the ice. The little sunfish (*Eupomotis aureus*) scoops out a nest on the bottom of streams they frequent. The banded sunfish (*Mesogonistius chetodon*) forms a similar nest in the late Spring.

In all these cases, and there are many more, the nest is of the simplest kind, and the male, as a rule, guards it with great diligence and care. I have seen one of these little parents stand by the nest until an oar was placed almost against it, only leaving when it was absolutely obliged to.

To return again to the fishes whose nests may be considered more or less complicated in their structure, we find the gourami occupying a prominent place. This fish is indigenous to the rivers and streams of South-eastern Asia, where they attain a length of five feet, though their average size is much smaller than this. According to Gill, who quotes numerous authorities, the gourami has been an inhabitant, from time immemorial, of the fresh waters of Cochin China on the mainland of Further India as well as the Islands of Java, Madeira, Sumatra and Borneo, and may, therefore, be presumed to be indigenous to all those localities. It is also found in Malacca and the adjoining small island, Penang, or Prince of Wales Island, but it is said to have been introduced into those places from Cochin China. The history of its successful introduction into the Islands of Mauritius and Bourbon (or Réunion) is a matter of record and well known. Attempts have likewise been made to introduce it into the West Indian island, Martinique, the French South American colony, Cayenne, the Cape of Good Hope, Australia, Egypt and France, but hitherto without satisfactory results.

In the care which it takes of its eggs and young the gourami resembles the sunfishes of temperate North America and the cichlids of tropical America and Africa. The spawning season falls in the Autumn (March and April) and Spring (September and October) of the trans-equatorial Islands of Mauritius and Bourbon. When that time has come, the males and females pair off, and each pair selects a suitable place, wherein they construct a rude nest. Like all intelligent animals, they will only propagate when insured a suitable temperature for the eggs and young, a fit retreat for the building of the nest, with plants and mud for its construction, and aquatic plants suitable for food for the young. The bottom selected is muddy, the depth variable within a narrow area, that is, in one place about a yard, and near by several yards, deep. They prefer to use for the nest tufts of a peculiar grass (*Panicum jumentorum*), which grows on the surface of the water, and whose floating roots, which rise and fall with the movements of the waters, form natural galleries, under which the fish can conceal themselves. In one of the corners of the pond, among the plants which grow there, the gouramis attach their nest, which is of a nearly spherical form, composed of plants and mud, and considerably resembles in form those of some birds.

The nests, of course, vary in size in proportion to the fishes, but the usual size is somewhat less than a man's hand in length (about five or six inches). The fishes are



BALL-WEED NEST OF CATFISH.

employed some five or six days or a week in building, and their task is rendered easier, when the pairing season has arrived, by placing in the water, almost at the surface, branches of bamboo (*Bambusa arundinacea*), to which are attached bundles of fine dog's-tooth grass. The gouramis take this grass, and with it form their nests in the branches of the submerged bamboo in a manner analogous to that with which the common silk-worm avails itself of the branch which is presented for it to make its nest upon. When the nest is completed the female deposits her eggs, which in a moderate-sized individual amount to about 800 or 1,000. After the eggs have been deposited, and while they are hatching, the parents remain near, jealously guarding them, and rushing with fury at any ordinary intruder near their domains; thus they continue to guard the young for a time after they are hatched. The eggs are soon hatched (within a fortnight, according to Mr. Clark), and in the nest the young find a refuge, where they are free from a thousand dangers by which they would be otherwise threatened during the first days of their life; while in

the macerated vegetable matter, of which their nest is partly composed, they obtain their earliest food, and that which is most suitable to them in their most delicate condition. Soon, however, they make short excursions from the nest, but under guidance of the parent fish, who is prepared to give them aid in case of need. They do not soon disperse, but keep together in shoals.

One of the most interesting nest-builders is the little paradise-fish, also common in the East, and sometimes brought to this country. Several specimens were kept in an aquarium in New York city at one time, where their actions excited the greatest interest. I was particularly struck with a curious movement they made. Whenever they met each other they would stop and expand the gills to the utmost, so that the red membranaceous mass showed plainly. The mouth was also opened, and the enormous dorsal and opposite fins extended. This salute, for such it seemed, given, they passed on to repeat it indefinitely.

These fishes were exceedingly playful and tame, and would take flies from the hand. That the family is combative is well known, and in Siam and various portions



NEST OF THE CHUBFISH.



NEST-DAM BUILT BY LAMPREY-EELS.

of the East, these fishes are kept for the sole purpose of exhibiting their fighting powers. Two fishes are first placed in separate glasses where they can see each other. Their ire is soon excited, and, when thoroughly aroused, they are allowed to meet, the result frequently being the death of one of the contestants. So excited do the natives often become over these sanguinary engagements, that they wager their clothing, and even their families, on the result.

The little paradise-fish is one of the most remarkable of all finny builders, in that it uses, as a rule, no outside material in the construction of its nest. When about to build, the fishes rise to the surface and inhale air, carrying it beneath the water and releasing it, whereupon it rises as a bubble and remains upon the surface. Others are now added, and, in a short time, a raft of these little objects is seen floating about, bound together by a delicate glutinous material, evidently taken from the fish's mouth. This raft is added to until it is, perhaps, two-thirds of an inch thick, and, in the midst of the air-balloons, the spawn is then placed; the young finding protection in this nest, that resembles a bit of foam upon the water, and living for some time upon the fragile material of which their cradle is made.

The method by which the *Macropodus* places its eggs in the nest is ingenious in the extreme, and is described by Francis Day, F. L. S., in the following: "M. Carbonnier, who has studied the habits of the Chinese butterfly-fish (*Macropodus*) in his private aquarium, in Paris, where he had some in confinement, observed that the male constructs a nest of froth of considerable size, fifteen to eighteen centimeters horizontal diameter, and ten to twelve high. He prepares the bubbles in the air (which he sucks in

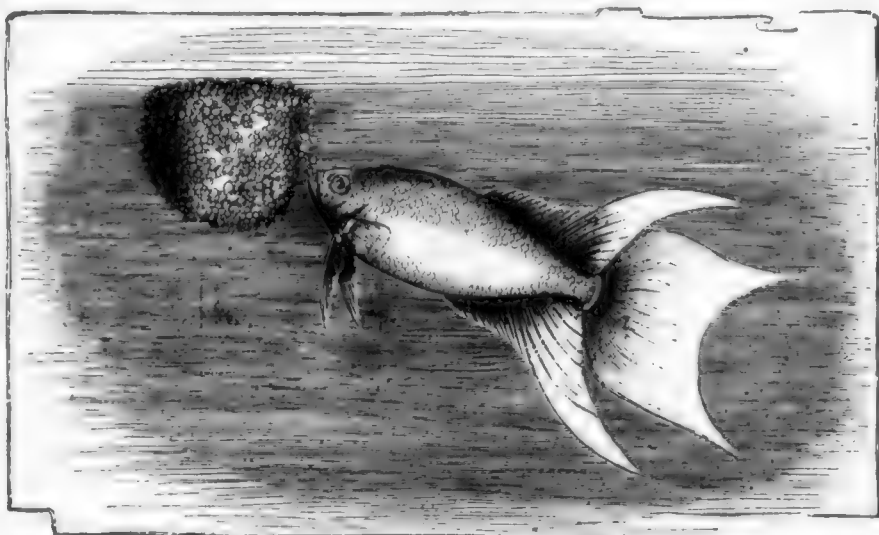
and then expels), strengthening them with mucous matter from his mouth, and brings them into the nest. Sometimes the buccal secretion will fail him, whereupon he goes to the bottom in search of confervæ, which he sucks and bites for a little in order to stimulate the act of secretion. The nest prepared, the female is induced to enter. Not less curious is the way in which the male brings the eggs from the bottom into the nest. He appears unable to carry them up in his mouth; instead of this, he first swallows an abundant supply of air, then descending, he places himself beneath the eggs, and suddenly, by a violent contraction of the muscles in the interior of his mouth and pharynx, he exhales the air which he had accumulated by the gills. This air, finely divided by the lamellæ and fringes of the gills, escapes in the form of two jets of veritable gaseous powder, which envelop the eggs and raise them to the surface. In this manœuvre the *Macropodus* entirely disappeared in a kind of air

mist, and when this had dissipated he reappeared with a multitude of air-bubbles, like little pearls, clinging all over his body."

Many of the catfishes, so-called, are expert nest-builders, and Dr. Abbott has recorded an instance observed by him, which shows that these fishes exhibit remarkable attachment to their young. A brood of young catfishes were taken from the mother and placed upon the shore in a glass in sight of the parent, who finally left her native element, and endeavored to approach them; when they were placed by her side, the entire family wriggled back to the water. Few if any but water birds would essay the water to rescue their young, no matter what the emergency. Here we have a case of heroism among fishes.

Certain South American catfishes make nests of straw, binding the bits together into a rude nest, while the one known as the *Hassar* forms its nest in holes in the banks of streams.

Mr. Charles Girard describes an interesting nest of a



PARADISE-FISH BUILDING ITS NEST OF BUBBLES.

catfish observed by him. He says: "In visiting a small pond, situated above Schnylkill Falls Village, an innumerable quantity of small fish were seen along shore, near the surface of the water. On approaching them they all suddenly disappeared, and the water being muddy, we could not tell where they went. A scoop-net brought to light a subspherical mass, composed exclusively of green confervæ, and which, after examination, proved to be a regular nest, constructed, as we suppose, by the parent fish, whose progeny it contained, for in it the small fishes seen a moment before near the surface had gone to seek shelter. In all probability the eggs were deposited in it, and when hatched, the young, instead of dispersing themselves, remain for some time congregated under the care of the parent, who provides food for them.

"The number of young fish gathered around the nest was at least from three to four hundred, and of different sizes. The largest were about one and a half inches long, and the smallest about three-quarters of an inch. This difference in size seems to be as indicating that eggs had been deposited and fecundated at different periods in the nest.

"They all had the abdomen distended like fullgrown individuals before spawning. But this was owing to the stomach being gorged with food. The skin of the belly was so tender that soon after death it was entirely decomposed, the intestine and stomach then appearing outside of the abdominal cavity.

"The structure of the nest was very simple: confervæ, in strings, were disposed circularly all around. The size of the entire structure was about eight inches in its longest and six inches in its shortest diameter. There was at least one opening to get in and out, but this portion of the nest we could not examine thoroughly from the want of clear water; and after having been kept for some time out of the water it was entirely deformed.

"The nest lay at the bottom of the pond, one foot and a half deep in that place, and protected by aquatic plants growing along shore. The water here is never subjected to any violent motion, and thus the soft materials of which it was constructed were resistant enough for that particular locality."

The *Ceratodus*, the fish of ancient lineage found in Australian waters, is a home-builder, forming its nest in the weeds at the bottom of streams, both parents, it is said, guarding the fry until they are capable of caring for themselves.

RECENT PROGRESS IN SCIENCE.

A MILWAUKEE (Wisconsin) newspaper gives some interesting facts as to the change of level in Lake Michigan. Its statements are derived from the records at the lighthouse, where, since 1859, the Government has taken three daily observations of the height of the water. This year the water in Milwaukee Bay was a foot lower than in the Summer of 1885. Last September the water reached the highest level it has attained since 1859, a period of twenty-seven years. In 1876, however, the water-level was very high, but not quite so high as last year. The lowest stage of the water recorded was in February, 1873, when the water-level was four feet below the level of 1888. The annual flood tide of the water is in September and October, and the annual ebb tide in January, February and March. The greatest difference in the water-level noted in one year was in 1871, when it was 2.6 feet higher in the Fall than in the preceding Winter. Before 1859 the observation of the water-stages depended upon private sources, and they are conflicting. In 1852 Solomon Juneau, who had resided in Milwaukee since 1818, said that never in his recollection had the water in the bay been so low as in 1820, and never so high as in June, 1838, when the old Indian meecourse was six feet under water. The difference between the water-stage of 1819 and that of 1838 was 4.6 feet at Milwaukee and 5 feet 3 inches at Detroit. The lake annually rises and falls from 12 to 18 inches.

The *American Druggist* gives an account of an invention for writing on glass, which is particularly useful to druggists or

chemists who wish to label bottles in cases where pasted labels are liable to soak or be worn off. The preparation used is called "diamond ink," and is used by means of a common pen, which at once etches a rough surface on the parts of glass it comes in contact with. Analysis proves this preparation to be a mixture of ammonium fluoride, barium sulphate and sulphuric acid. The barium sulphate seems to act as an absorbing medium, and when the semi-fluid mass is used, it makes a white mark, and prevents the spreading of the watery liquid; it also seems to make the acid etch a rougher surface. It is made by mixing barium sulphate 3 parts, ammonium fluoride 1 part, and sulphuric acid a quantity sufficient for decomposing the ammonium fluoride and making the mixture of a semi-fluid consistency. The sample examined was contained in a glass bottle holding nearly two fluid drachms, and which was thickly coated on the outside with asphaltum, on the inside with a thick stratum of beeswax, and was stoppered with a rubber stopper. It is claimed by the manufacturer that the mixture contains no hydrofluoric acid and does not corrode a pen; but of course it does corrode a pen, and hydrofluoric acid is the one thing that does the etching. Any one making this mixture, and wishing to keep it in a glass, may coat the bottle inside with paraffine, beeswax or rubber. It should be prepared in a leaden dish, and is preferably kept in a gutta percha or leaden bottle.

A RECENT article by Mrs. Mary Trent gives an excellent account of the *Aphides*, or plant-lice. Wherever vegetation abounds we may find one or more species drawing food supplies from the stems and leaves of the plants. The most common green aphids, and also some of the dark-colored ones that often attack our chrysanthemums and other composite plants, fasten their beaks in the tender herbage, where successive generations live and die without changing their places, and were they not destroyed or kept in check by the numerous carnivorous insects which prey upon them, they would soon kill the plants they attack. Their wonderful power of rapid increase has been shown by the experiments of Reaumur. A single aphid may in one season, through its generations, be the progenitor of nearly six billion of descendants. Another class of aphids are clothed in long white filaments, and when seen sailing through the air they look like flocks of down, their bodies being completely hidden from view by the white substance. When these filaments are examined under a glass they look like crinkled wool. The maple-leaf plant-louse (*Pemphigus acerifoli*) is a good example of this group of aphids. Last Summer this species infested the maple-trees that lined either side of a street, and it was astonishing to see how quickly a colony would be formed after one of these sailing acrobats, with its long white streamers, took up its abode on the under side of a leaf. Where so many could find places to fasten their beaks was something of a mystery. Each colony kept within its own limited territory, never crawling off to adjacent leaves. But at certain periods in their lives some of them felt the impulse of emigration, to go where they could found new colonies, and loosening their holds, allowed themselves to be wafted away by the wind; sometimes they sailed long distances before alighting. Occasionally the wind was so strong that one would lose control of navigation and land on the wrong tree, but it never anchored there, and very soon set its sails and alighted on a maple. Insignificant as it was alone, it soon showed its power by its wonderful increase. In a few hours after it had taken up its abode, the leaf would be dragged down by the united weight of the bodies of its offspring. Males are unnecessary among these creatures; generation after generation of females found colonies, and carry them successfully through without the help of the other sex. Although most species of plant-lice are great pests, yet a few have been made subservient to man. The lac-insect is an Asiatic species of plant-louse belonging to the genus *Coccus*, from which sealing-wax is made, and also a basis for varnish. But the most valuable is the cochineal insect (*Coccus cacti*), of South America, which is raised on a species of cactus. At the right time the insects are gathered and plunged into boiling water, and afterward dried, and this is the cochineal of commerce, from which is obtained the most brilliant of scarlet dyes. The family *Ichneumon* is made up entirely of carnivorous creatures that prey upon the injurious ones. Several are known to feed upon the larvæ of the Colorado potato beetle, and others eat their own vegetable-feeding relatives, and, singularly enough, these cannibals are free from the offensive odor which characterizes so many of the vegetarians; some of them are beautifully marked with brilliant colors.

ONE of the most conspicuous objects at the late "Colonies" Exhibition in London was a log about five feet in diameter, whose polished end was the centre of attraction in the Western Australia section. This log was of *Eucalyptus marginata*, called *jarrah* by the natives—a tree which grows abundantly in the western part of Australia, and often attains huge size. Stems have been found measuring as much as 80 feet to the first branch, with a circumference of 32 feet at a height of 5 feet from the ground. The jarrah timber is hard, tough and durable, and being proof against the ravages of the teredo and white ant, it is highly esteemed for piles, dockwork and shipbuilding purposes, as well as for railway-sleepers and building constructions. It requires a somewhat special process of seasoning; and it is, above all, important that it should not be felled during the rainy season. The system of seasoning jarrah, which is found to give the best results, is as follows: About four or five weeks before the tree is to be felled it is girdled, thus effectually preventing any fresh sap from rising, and as the leaves continue to draw the sap out of the tree it becomes partially seasoned before it is cut down, as much as three pounds of water per cubic foot being extracted from the standing

log in this manner. When the leaves have withered, the tree is felled, and at once removed to the saw-mill, where it is converted into scantlings or boards of the sizes required, which are then stacked, and entirely covered with sawdust until properly seasoned. If not treated as above described, jarrah will remain imperfectly seasoned for many years, and, if the heart is allowed to remain in the log, it cracks and splits to such an extent as to render it almost useless; while, on the other hand, if seasoned and converted in the above manner, it yields very sound boards and scantlings. A portion of a jarrah pile which was taken out of Perth Bridge, over the River Swan, after having been for thirty-five years and nine months between wind and water, is exhibited, and shows no sign of decay nor trace of the ravages of the teredo; and a short piece of the same wood, also exhibited, which has served as a tramrail on the jetty at Bussleton for forty-two years, shows how very little it has suffered from the constant wear of the wheels upon it during that period. Jarrah is frequently very handsomely figured, being shaded, or mottled with dark waves and veins, and, notwithstanding its density and hardness, it is easily worked by machinery. It takes a very fine polish, and might be used to advantage for shop-front fittings, counter-tops and cabinet-work. Its greatest uses, however, will undoubtedly be for sleepers and piles for harbor-work. Another eucalyptus (*E. diversicolor*) accompanies the jarrah forests, and is distinguished by the name of karri. This timber, when sawed up and partly seasoned, so closely resembles the other that it requires a keen judge to tell it from the jarrah. The karri grows to an enormous size, some trees being no less than 300 feet in height by 60 feet in circumference. Those interested in the karri claim for it all the attributes and advantages of jarrah, and it must be admitted that it stands a greater transverse strain than that wood; but, while its suitability for internal work is well established, it is open to question whether it will last as long as jarrah in contact with the ground or for marine structures.

RUSSIAN LAPLAND.—Some very interesting facts in regard to Russian Lapland have been communicated to the French Geographical Society by M. Rabot, who dwelt for seven years at Kola, the capital of that province. The country is a vast desert; only the coast is occupied, and even this, by hamlets at fifty or seventy-five miles distant from each other. In the interior of the country only clans or nomadic tribes are to be encountered. Kola is important, not alone by its population, but from its situation on the crossroads of Russian Lapland; these extend to the Frozen Ocean and the White Sea, over a peninsula equal in area to half the size of France. Kola has about 800 inhabitants, and consists of perhaps 100 houses. These are made of wood and painted coquettishly, either white, with a blue border, or green. Towering above them is the inevitable onion cupola of the Greek Church. The houses consist of a cellar and a single story; the former is the Winter, the latter the Summer, residence, and the apartments have each an independent entrance, so that the corridor is a very respectable labyrinth. The streets have the width of a boulevard, and are bordered by sidewalks of planks, and at stated distances there are lamps, each surmounted with the Russian flag in zinc. The police—and they are everywhere in Russia—have nothing to do save to roll their cigarettes, herd the cattle which browse in the streets, and suppress riots between the dogs. The latter are as numerous as in Constantinople, only in Kola the dogs are not scavengers, and in part replace horses—which are rare in the country—to transport wood and water. No case of hydrophobia has ever occurred among such dogs. Around Kola are forests of birch and pine, fringing the fjords; the latter sparkling like silver, and receiving streams of water, rippling music as they flow. The air is invigorating from the balsamic perfume of the forests and the saline vapors of the sea. The wooden houses are painted. There are no roads, strictly speaking, in Russian Lapland. In Summer the rivers and the caravan tracks through the forests do that duty, and in Winter the ice and snow. The sparse populations find it difficult to live; if their scanty harvest fails, famine is the consequence. Many people quit the villages in February, to return in Autumn, and hire themselves out as laborers and fishermen on the shores of the Frozen Ocean, and even as far as Norway. This means traveling a distance of 700 miles to gain some 30 frames, and with that sum to purchase flour. The flour, too, has to be carried home on the owner's back, if he has no reindeer. The women are better porters than the men. Traveling on the river is effected in the lightest and most primitive of skiffs; eddies and cataracts are frequent; the frail bark, however, is provided with a good keel, to enable voyagers to grip when upset in the river. In passing through the forest, every exposed part of the body must be covered with red cloth, to keep off the mosquitoes. In the course of an hour the victim can be so disfigured as to be completely unrecognizable. But then the insects rarely have the chance to meet a visitor. The mosquitoes are so numerous that one can trace his name on the cloud swarm as if they were sand. They will pursue you like death or a constable, and even into the middle of a lake. In Winter the soil is covered with snow, and in Summer with white moss. Game is very plentiful, especially woodcocks; a dog barks at them, when they remain mesmerized till knocked over with a stick like barndoor fowl. There are bears, but they avoid men, and the only hunting accidents are those caused by sportsmen firing on each other. The neighborhood of the White Sea during its Summer of eight weeks recalls Italy and the Apennines. Kendallask is the prettiest village, lying on the edge of the "blue" white Sea, in a flood of light, and "with verdure clad." As round Kola, the hamlets are forty or fifty miles apart, and the people live in underground huts like moles, as in old Bulgaria. No one can stand upright in a hut, and it only accommodates six persons; the one entrance

serves for chimney, window and door. Inside are branches of birch—for furniture; a few skins thrown across these serve at night for beds. The fireside in the centre is composed of a few rough stones; close by is a shelf containing the sacred image of St. Nicholas, before which all the family kneel and bless themselves after every meal. Beside the hut is the trunk of an old tree, twelve feet high, and notched with steps; on the summit of the stump is a pigeon-house combination, in which the flour, provisions and Sunday apparel of skins are kept as the safest place against vermin. Good fishing abounds, and to cook the fish it is cut up into small morsels, boiled, then emptied on a plank, when each guest grabs what he pleases; the water in which it was cooked washes all down. The flesh of the reindeer is only eaten in Winter. A poor person can have fifty deer, a rich man a thousand. They graze at large, and when one is wanted it is caught with a lasso. A reindeer is yoked or saddled like a horse, and will carry one hundred weight at the rate of three miles an hour. Those nomadic Laplanders who live in the forests make all their implements out of the horn and bone of the reindeer, and in their mode of life correspond to the peoples of the epoch of the reindeer in more southern climes. The bark of the birch is made into buckets, bottles and boots; it serves as a capital oilcloth and match-wood. Similarly to the natives of Africa, these wandering Laps prize highly, and have a weakness for, gaudy colors and iron knickknacks.

ENTERTAINING COLUMN.

"WHY is a baby fed from ten to a dozen times a day? Because babies, bless 'em, should be filled up whenever they show symptoms of 'hollerness.'"

A TOMBSTONE in the churchyard at Edwalton, near Nottingham, England, has this inscription:

"She drank good ale, good punch, and wine,
And lived to the age of ninety-nine."

"AN ill-tempered man, rebuking his son for misconduct, said, 'When I was your age my father would not let me go out at night.' 'A pretty father you had!' sneered the son. This maddened the irritable old man, and he vociferated, 'I had a great deal better father than you have, you young rascal!'"

THE story is told of a patient who was directed by his physician to take one pill three times a day in any convenient vehicle. The dictionary showed the word vehicle to mean "carriage, omnibus, horse-car, wagon, cart." Thereupon he concluded to ride out every time he took a pill, and the result was that he improved wonderfully.

A GERMAN paper gives a test for watered milk, which is simplicity itself. A well-polished knitting-needle is dipped into a deep vessel of milk, and immediately withdrawn in an upright position. If the milk is pure, some of the fluid will hang to the needle, but if water has been added to the milk, even in a small proportion, the fluid will not adhere.

"WHAT a number of ladies there were at church this morning wearing sealskin cloaks!" exclaimed Boggs's wife. "I counted no less than twenty-seven." "Do you think that is the proper way to occupy one's mind while at church?" replied Boggs. "I didn't notice a single one." "One can scarcely be expected to notice such things when one's fast asleep," said Mrs. Boggs.

A VISITOR surprised a distinguished professor, who was saying to his baby, "On-ny, no-ny, o mussy, tick his little footsy tootsies." Just then he caught sight of the visitor, blushed, and muttered, "No, no, you must not expose your pedal extremities by extending them beyond the protecting covering of the blanket, or you will lay yourself open to attacks of catarrhal affection!"

AID TO THE DROWNING.—A contemporary gives these pithy directions for giving first aid to the drowning: 1. Go through his pockets. 2. If there are any trees round, hang the subject by the legs to let the water run out. If you are in a city, use a lamp-post. 3. If the subject be a small man, pummel him with your fists to start the circulation. If he be a large man, give him a shock with a galvanic battery. 4. Go through his pockets again.

"TO BE TAKEN AS READ."

A certain physician, who called his wife "Mrs.,"
Was by her, from custom, called "Dr."
If pleased, he would greet her with conjugal Krs.,
But if cross, in the cupboard he Lr.

Thereupon, by advice of her brother, the Col.,
She altered the Dr. to Mr.,
Till at length (so it's told in a society Jol.)
Once more in good humor he Kr.

"I SAW you nodding in church this morning," Crimsonbeak got fired at him between the courses of Sunday's dinner. "Well, suppose you did," replied he. "It was while the collection was being taken, too," continued the wife. "And what were you doing?" "I was giving my mite. I contributed a penny." "Well, isn't a nod as good as assent, any day?" Mrs. Crimsonbeak caused the pickles and everything sharp—but Crimsonbeak—to be removed from the table.



A SPANISH PEASANT GIRL.



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